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CUP YACHTS

OUR INTERNATIONAL
PARADE MANNEQUINS

16-page lift-out: **BABY KNITWEAR**

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OUR COVER

● Staff photographer Keith Barlow found the three young Courtneys — Grog (5), Sandra (10), and Toni (7) — at Smiggin Holes, in the N.S.W. snow country. The children were on holiday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Courtney, of the Sydney suburb of West Ryde.

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"LEARN WHILE YOU EARN"

By KAY KEAVNEY

Opportunities are now limitless for anyone who wants to study, says world authority on correspondence teaching.

LEARNING by correspondence has changed many lives, and it could change yours.

You live in the country — or you live in the city but you're housebound by young children. And you've always wanted to matriculate, to study art or farm management or the insides of a car.

You can do all this, and more, by correspondence.

"This applies Australia-wide," said Miss Renee Erdos. "Every State has its own correspondence school for technical and vocational training, and general adult education."

"Contact the technical education correspondence teaching service in the State where you live."

Renee Erdos is brown-eyed, with softly greying hair. She is in love with teaching, and is healthily unimpressed by her own qualifications as one of the world's top experts in her field.

She is Head of the School of External Studies of the N.S.W. Technical Education Department. She was chosen by UNESCO out of the whole world to write a textbook on teaching by correspondence.

She is world President of the International Council on Correspondence Education. And she has just returned from a seminar held in Sweden for leading educators from six emergent African nations.

There were three lecturers — Dr. Lars-Olaf Edstrom, of Sweden, Mr. Roy Prosser, of Edinburgh, and Renee Erdos.

Renee's book, "The UNESCO Source Book on Teaching by Correspondence," was the seminar's basic text.

"Australia has well over a half-century's experience in teaching by mail," she said. "With a huge continent and a small, scattered population, we've had a special need of it, and it's integrated into our education systems for both children and adults."

"But countries with highly concentrated populations are using it, too."

"During the war, for example, when people in Denmark couldn't go out at night, adults took to continuing their education by correspondence."

"The idea spread, and now, in many ways, the Scandinavian countries lead the world."

"These days, there's a new understanding of what education really is — that it's not just something you get while you're young but a continuing process throughout life. Studying by correspondence means that you can learn while you earn, a very big factor for adults."

"It's particularly helpful to married women who are hungry to learn and develop new skills even while they're bringing up their families."

Renee came to this life's work of hers almost by accident.

Child of a Hungarian father (who died while she was young) and an Australian mother, she was educated at Loreto, Kirribilli, N.S.W., and Sydney University.

Toward the end of the war, she was teaching English and History at Armidale High School, when she answered an advertisement for someone to teach history by correspondence to servicemen.

"In my innocence — never having seen a correspondence course — I imagined I'd be given a list of people and just write to them," she said, smiling.

"Then I found out I'd

the same, in passes, credits, and honors."

Today, about 18,000 students are learning by correspondence from the N.S.W. School of External Studies, of which Renee is Head.

Courses are extraordinarily comprehensive, ranging from Bread Manufacture to Accountancy, from Meat Inspection to Pest Control, from the Higher School Certificate to Pig Raising or Electrical Engineering.

"Apart from certain courses requiring an apprenticeship, all are open to women. In fact, women are tackling a great diversity of studies."

your work continues to be satisfactory.

"You can enrol at the school at any time. Instruction is continuous throughout the year, because the school doesn't observe the normal college vacations."

Easy approach

"As a general rule, the correspondence courses are intended for people who can't personally attend college. So if you live in the area you need special permission to study by these means."

"But the interests of the students come first. If you have a good reason for wanting to take the correspondence lessons, we're always

exhausting and most stimulating in her life.

She told me, "The Sweden Institute for Developing Areas conceived the idea of holding a seminar for Central and Eastern Africans, and the Dag Hammarskjöld Foundation organised and financed it. It was at Uppsala, 70 miles north of Stockholm, for five weeks."

"Distinguished leaders in education came from Sudan, Ethiopia, Uganda, Tanzania, Kenya, and Zambia. We three directors gave lectures and led the discussions, and also conducted a workshop on course writing."

"The second week was wonderful. We all went out case-studying round Scandinavia, taking a look at correspondence schools and adult education institutions."

"We visited, for instance, Sweden's Folk High Schools, which are really a kind of university, mainly for people who dropped out of education when they were young."

"You don't have to matriculate to go to them, and they're all residential. Lots of the students do go on to university afterwards."

"Sweden is also opening Colleges of Adult Education, one of the most imaginative projects I've ever seen."

"I went to that seminar to teach, but in fact I learned a tremendous lot."

"When the African participants heard I was going home via Africa, all of them invited me to their countries to see the work in progress."

"So I visited them one by one, and was showered with hospitality, with all my nice African hostesses insisting on cooking me the specialty of the country."

"I put on too much weight, and ended up with a relaxed throat, but I enjoyed every minute of it."

African answer

"Oh, but the problems of Africa, where often primary teachers have had no more than primary education themselves!"

"For people like these, correspondence lessons are especially useful."

"At this stage, they're less helpful for students, because of the high degree of illiteracy. But they will become increasingly important. There isn't room in the secondary schools for all the people who want to go there, and correspondence can help to bridge the gap."

"Incidentally," said Renee Erdos, "it's amazing how many Australians and New Zealanders are scattered around these young African countries, helping them to establish their education systems."

Among them, this distinguished and unassuming Australian has certainly played her part.



MISS RENEE ERDOS, head of the School of External Studies, Sydney.

have to sit down and write an entire course of study!

"Well, I did sit down, and tried to translate into written terms what I was teaching orally in class. This was really my apprenticeship — learning by doing."

"In 1946, I was seconded to Sydney Technical College to help train returned service men and women for matriculation. From 1948 to 1958 I was head teacher of History at the School of General Studies, which included both internal and external students, so that I was teaching in class and by correspondence at the same time."

University model

"We worked on the principles that the University of New England has applied to external university teaching, and with spectacular success. At New England, external and internal students are taught by the same staff, follow the same course, and sit for the same examinations. Results for both are about

"Courses of instruction are written, and all work is read and commented on by the teacher or teachers."

"Sometimes, one teacher both writes and comments on the course, sometimes it's two separate people, both of whom make their careful comments."

"With practical courses there are certain periods in the year when students must come to the college for workshop experience. For instance, every February there's a two-week practical session for country apprentices in Hairdressing."

"Believe me," Miss Erdos added warmly, "there's nothing cold or lonely or isolated about learning by correspondence. You get to know your teacher, and he or she gets to know you, in a very special way."

"The teacher is as interested in your progress as you are yourself. And you can gauge your progress all along the line. You can develop at your own pace, so long as

ready to listen and meet your special needs."

The school has a staff of more than 400 teachers, working part-time. Usually, they are full-time oral teachers or specialists in certain subjects.

"We also have a number of married women with young children on our staff, who are keeping their eye in, and have a special understanding of married women students in the same position."

Fees are moderate, covering two years, though it isn't necessary to take two years on a given course. (In some States, books and working materials are included in the fees.) Of course, students must sit for exams at the fixed times.

For Renee Erdos, teaching has not only been a real labor of love but has meant extensive travelling, at home and abroad.

Her latest trip, to Sweden and Africa, was the most

New career for lovely model

"Life changes so suddenly when you become a mother," said model Maggi Eckardt, hugging her baby son. She and her husband, Herve Hutter, of Toorak, Vic., have called him Gaetan.

By BEVERLEY COOPER

Pictures by Les Gorrie



● Mrs. Herve Hutter and son, Gaetan. Maggi brought back baby clothes from a modelling stint in Paris early this year, but she made and embroidered all Gaetan's nightgowns. In Paris she especially liked the one-piece jump suits. "This is how French mothers dress babies," she said. "The suits seemed so practical that I got several."

GAETAN HUTTER, aged three weeks, was a tiny pink bundle blinking at the light as his mother, international model Maggi Eckardt, lifted him from his frilled bassinet.

Maggi — Mrs. Herve Hutter, wife of the French Commercial Attache in Melbourne — had arrived home from hospital not long before with the baby, her first child.

She laughed and said, "My husband talks to him in French already."

"I do speak French, too, but I'm so busy trying to bring up his mind that I forget what language I'm using."

Maggi was wearing a French dress-coat in emerald-green, with long front zip and flared skirt, which "did" as a maternity outfit until the baby was born.

In fact, so slim did she remain throughout her pregnancy that she had no need for maternity clothes.

"I chose several dresses in Paris earlier this year and sent them out by sea," she said. "But they didn't arrive until shortly before the baby was born, so it was lucky that I didn't really need them."

Gaetan's green-and-lemon nursery in the Hutters' delightful cottage in Toorak,

● Back home at the Hutters' Toorak cottage after an outing. Maggi's red and black dress is by St. Laurent. The English pram was lent by friends.

Vic., was formerly Maggi's dressing-room.

One wall is taken up with a huge, two-tiered wardrobe, built by her husband, and modelled on those in the couture houses where, Maggi explained, "day dresses are at the bottom and evening wear at the top."

Walls and ceiling are covered in a French flower-patterned fabric by Paul Dumas. Bright patches of color are the lemon-painted chair and matching rug.

By the window hangs a sketch of a man and girl which Melbourne artist Mirka Mora did on the back of a letter to Maggi and her husband early this year.

"I had not told anyone I was pregnant," said Maggi, "but there was an intriguing note in French underneath the sketch."

"It read, translated: 'There is something hidden in the dress of this pretty girl, but I don't know who.'"

"Mirka must be psychic."

"We were so delighted with the sketch that we put it in a maple frame and hung it in the nursery."

Judged by her fashion pictures, Maggi could be thought aloof.

But the camera does lie

this time, for no one could be warmer or more natural.

It was a delight to listen to her quiet chatter to her baby while she posed with him for these pictures.

"I'm feeding him myself — it's marvellous. I didn't think I'd be able to," she told me.

Like another famous model, Baroness Fiona Thyssen, Maggi followed the method of psycho-prophylaxis for her baby's birth.

"I first heard about it from my girlfriends in Paris, where it was originated by Dr. Fernand Lamaze," she said.

"I trained with a wonderful physiotherapist who taught me how to relax and breathe correctly with each contraction during labor."

Not nervous

"When the time came I wasn't a bit frightened as I'd thought I might be."

"I was so well prepared and knew so much about what was happening that I couldn't be."

"It was fantastic to see my child take his first breath. And I remember noticing at once how long his eyelashes were."

Maggi and her husband have redecorated their century-old cottage with richly colored wallpapers as a background for dark furniture in oak, cedar, and pine.

Bright Persian and Spanish rugs cover polished floors, while flowers are everywhere.

Maggi arranges them in anything that comes to hand — an old pewter pot, a bread basket, jugs, and stone jars.

Colorful dried field flowers, rushes, and weeds mingle with fresh blooms.

On the day I visited her the heavy sweet scent of jonquils wafted deliciously through every room.

The Hutters did most of the work themselves. And they have yet another project in mind.

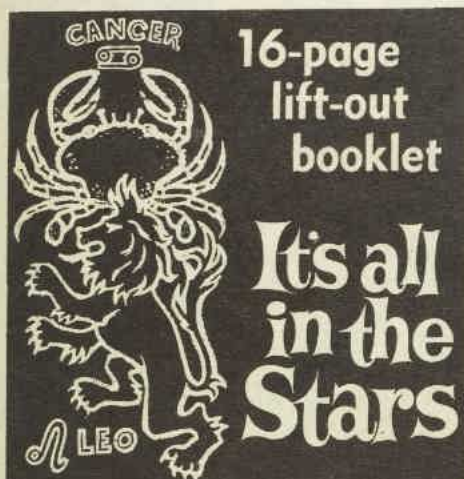
"When we return to France eventually to live we want to build a round house in stone, in Provence," said Maggi.

Meantime, Gaetan will meet his French grandparents for the first time early next year when the Hutters go back on leave.

His other grandparent, Maggi's mother, Mrs. Irene Eckardt, lives nearer at hand, in Sydney.

NEXT WEEK

★ What do the stars say about your chances of happiness in marriage? The famous American astrologer Zolar tells you — and outlines the characteristics of wives and husbands born under each zodiac sign . . . all in our fascinating



★ In color . . . a preview of the filmed splendor of "Camelot" — and news of an entertaining contest.



★ In color . . . the beauty of a garden as it comes to life in the rain, glowing with colors not seen in bright sunshine.

★ In color . . . our cookery experts explain how to make perfect rock cakes — and a butter cake, too.



★ In color . . . the dash and prettiness of spring fashions, showing clothes that set the style in shapes, colors, and fabrics (watch for tent dresses!).

AND . . .

**ELEGANT LINENS
IN PRINT**

An extra eight-page lift-out — in color, patterns for flattering spring fashions.

● According to Mrs. M. Marks, of Sydney, pictured here with her daughter Susan and seven Pekingese dogs, pets who live with people as intimately as hers do have an IQ of 3-year-old children.



Pekes might be snobs, but they've a ton of courage

WHERE Mrs. M. Marks, of Sydney, goes her two half-persian cats and seven pekingese dogs go — be it as far afield as England and Spain.

"They are the ornaments of my life," she said, stroking the silky coat of Wing-tong, the baby of the family, whom she calls her lion. "He and Ling-foo—he's nicknamed 'Me-too' because he always comes up when I'm petting one of the others—were born in England last year."

Although the sight of her pretty blonde daughter Susan exercising nine animals on a ship's deck, or in a sun-washed Spanish plaza, caused little comment, Mrs. Marks said that fellow travellers sometimes took a righteous attitude.

"You know—a gentle reminder about so many people starving in Europe. Yet it's not only people with money who travel with their pets; I was amazed at the number of animals in tourist class."

According to Mrs. Marks, globe-trotting with nine animals presents very few problems. Carefully "packed" in baskets and birdcages, they behave like veterans—"The two oldest pekes, Chi-chi and Sooy, have crossed the Line three times," she said.

The only trouble she came up against on the homeward sea voyage was her pets' objection to the food.

"They live like little people," she said, "and weren't accustomed to raw dog meat. But the stewards fed them with scrapings from our plates." She smiled. "Living on delicacies like rump steak, they grew as fat as pigs."

Another problem can be the month-long separation when the pets are in quarantine. That was why the family flew straight to Spain from Sydney in 1964.

"In Spain there are no quarantine restrictions," Mrs. Marks said. "I also thought I would like to get closer to Europe. But unfortunately I didn't like the atmosphere, so we moved on to England after only a month."

While their four-legged family was serving a six months' quarantine sentence at an English kennels, the family couldn't bear being without

a pet. They went into the local pet shop, where, according to Mrs. Marks, "a little tortoiseshell hand came out and grabbed my skirt. It wouldn't let me go."

That was how Soraya, the youngest cat, joined them for 50 cents.

Although her pets are "well treated" in quarantine, Mrs. Marks has one complaint to make. "They become rough and undisciplined. And during the 60-odd days they were in quarantine in Sydney they almost forgot their names."

You don't have to be with Mrs. Marks long to realise that her love for her pets is rather like a mother's for her children. Instead of making animal sounds like barking or purring, they speak or grumble, and, when they are really mad, they shriek and sometimes even swear.

Just like any mother, Mrs. Marks denies having a favorite. But there's a special warmth in her voice when

Mrs. Marks enjoys globe-trotting with her "little people"

she mentions Ahchu, the "fighter" of the family, named after the Chinese god of animals.

Born with a deformed shoulder, he almost died in England.

"He had a slipped disc and every time I touched him he wept. The vet advised me to have him put to sleep. But I thought, if people recovered from slipped discs, why couldn't a dog?"

So with an electric hand-massage machine Mrs. Marks gave the little peke physiotherapy daily for about six months.

"Today he is a healthy and joyous dog," she said proudly.

In Mrs. Marks' opinion, if you love animals you leave yourself open to grief. That is why she would never own just one pet.

"Animals' lives are so short that if you don't have at least two you would spend your life in perpetual grief."

Mrs. Marks, who has owned no other breed of dog since 1926, knows all there is to know about the pekingese—including the 4000-year-old Chinese legend of their ancestry.

It seems a lion fell in love with a marmoset, the daintiest of all the monkeys. Of course, the match was hopeless.

The lion was so miserable he prayed to the Chinese god of animals for a solution. Ahchu said he would change the love-sick lion to the size of a marmoset, but he would retain the lion's courage and the knowledge that he was the king of the beasts.

"The babies were the pekingese," Mrs. Marks said. "As you can see, the Peke has the mane and mantle of a lion, and the face of a monkey."

While she has found the ideal pet in the pekingese—"because of his courage and arrogance. He is an innate snob, too!"—Mrs. Marks is still looking for the ideal country to live in.

"I suppose you could say I'm looking for a Utopia. I've been everywhere, except the Americas, but there has always been something wrong. Either the place is in the hurricane belt, or it's too hot, or there's no water."

Mrs. Marks said sadly she's even lost her illusions about England, the country she has loved since a childhood visit in 1916. "And the entire character of Europe has changed since World War II."

Since her homecoming in May, Mrs. Marks is seriously wondering whether she may have reached journey's end.

"I am convinced Australia is the coming continent. There has been a remarkable growth in Sydney. I can feel the thrusting drive of a young and vigorous country, a country with a future and no past."

Smiling, she added, "I feel rather like the main characters in Maeterlinck's 'Bluebird,' who, after searching everywhere for the bluebird of happiness, came home and found their pet bird was blue."

—VALERIE CARR

After triumphing over heavy seas, gale-force winds, and dead-calm halfway across the world in a 20ft. cutter he designed and built himself . . .

Bowen is new home for lone sailor

By GRACE BARTRAM

WHEN Ken Weis sailed his 20ft. gaff-rigged cutter into Bowen Harbor, North Queensland, last May, he had every intention of continuing a solo voyage which had brought him across the Pacific from his home in Vancouver.

From Bowen, he planned to continue northward to the Orient, then home by way of the Aleutians.

Two weeks in friendly, sun-drenched Bowen (population 6000) dramatically changed his mind.

Australia has gained another settler, and Thumbelina, Ken's cutter, now dips and tosses like a mettlesome pony at her moorings in the boat harbor.

Ken designed and built her three years ago. A draftsman by trade, this blue-eyed, 6ft.-tall Canadian grew up on a farm in Alberta.

He was never a spectator or team sportsman, preferring bush-walking or canoeing. The idea of sailing alone to Australia evolved after a couple of years of sailing in Canadian waters.

In three weeks, Ken and Thumbelina cruised for 786 miles around Vancouver Island. "Overboil, undertow, cross-currents, freezing cold, everything to make life miserable," he recalls.

Once, in heavy seas, a passing whaler fired her cannon in salute, while captain and crew waved, and her skipper shouted, "Are you all right?"

Ken saluted back, yelling, "Yes, I'm OK," and muttering to himself, "if I survive your wake!"

On June 4, 1966, within two weeks of first thinking of sailing Thumbelina across the Pacific, Ken was on his way. To provision and prepare his boat took him just a day and a half. Ethel, his wife, was apprehensive about his voyage, but looking forward to flying to Honolulu to meet him at the end of the first stage of his journey.

I sat in Thumbelina's cockpit and studied the remarkably small space Ken lived in. On the waterline, Thumbelina is 17ft. 8in., and 7ft. 8in. in the beam, drawing 3ft. of water, displacing 24 tons.

In the cabin, headroom is 4ft. 9in., so Ken was able to sit comfortably without being cramped. He slept on an air mattress and averaged an extraordinary ten to 12 hours a night.

Thumbelina is planked with red cedar, an unusually soft timber for the purpose, but used because it came in the width Ken wanted. She has fir frames, with mahogany coachwork and trim, and her working sail area is 280 square feet.

There are no frills — a small sink, 40 gallons of fresh water, a simple primus, a few books (I noticed one on Nelson's battles, another on the history of the Spanish Armada).

Reason for trip

Much of Ken's time was absorbed by navigation, working as many as 14 reductions a day in a series of running fixes, using the sun only.

"Why make a journey like that in a 20-footer," I asked. Ken grinned drily.

"Because I didn't have a 30-footer."

"Why did you want to do it, anyway?"

"I didn't really know," he said, "until I reached Honolulu and saw lots of elderly tourists, looking pathetically tired as they tried so hard to enjoy something they'd planned and worked for maybe half their lives."

"Then I knew why I was doing the trip. I was taking a year out of my retirement, and using it now, while I'm young enough and fit enough to enjoy every minute of it."

Before he left Vancouver, Ken was told that navigation to Honolulu would be easy, because all he had to do was sail south until he could hear jet aircraft in the traffic lane from Vancouver to Honolulu. Then he could sail along, homing to Hawaii on the sound of passing jets.

To his surprise, Ken found this was so. However, some days out from Honolulu the noise of the jets ceased.

Ken checked and rechecked his navigation figures. Only on reaching Hawaii did he discover there was an airline strike which had brought all jet traffic to a standstill.

The weather at Honolulu was light, with moderate seas. After 34 days at sea, the last two on dead-reckoning, he was ten miles south-east of his theoretical course line and two miles better in distance.

On the 35 days to Honolulu, Ken was at the tiller for only the last six hours.

"By trimming at sail and tiller, Thumbelina steers herself to the windward," said Ken. "Across the wind and downwind all that is required is sheeting the jib to the weather side of the



● Ken Weis aboard Thumbelina, which he sailed alone from Vancouver to find a new home in Bowen. Inset, his wife, Ethel.



tiller, with bunji cord to leeward."

By day there was always plenty to do, adjusting sail, preventing chafe, cleaning lamps, cooking, domestic chores. Once or twice through the night he'd interrupt his ten to 12 hours' sleep for a quick check of course or to read the log. The slightest change in Thumbelina's motion would wake him.

I asked Ken what making his first landfall at Honolulu was like.

"Coming through Molokai channel and approaching Oahu, the beauty of the scene was exquisite."

Five miles offshore, the waves were gigantic. From the crests, Ken could see the

flash of car windscreens in the sun on the shore, but in the troughs everything vanished but the towering water.

Ken arrived at Hawaii without charts for his landfall, but he said he recognised Waikiki from travel posters.

He hailed a small ketch, asking the occupant to point out Honolulu harbor to him.

The man reacted with an incredulous stare and a cry of "Are you KIDDING?" However, he guided Thumbelina through the reef to Alawai basin, where Ken was warmly welcomed by the Hawaii Yacht Club.

Only three sharks

Ken lost no time at Honolulu in phoning his wife. As soon as she could get on a plane, she joined him.

Ethel considered going on with Ken in Thumbelina to Papeete, but decided to go by air and meet him there. Ken says Ethel is not a very keen sailor, and Thumbelina's short energetic gait isn't calculated to produce any enthusiasm.

From Honolulu to Papeete, capital of Tahiti, Thumbelina pounded along in heavy seas and winds of up to 25 knots. On the whole trip Ken saw only three sharks — and the one between Honolulu and Papeete looked to be as long as Thumbelina.

Ken remembers taking a firm grip on the companionway with both hands and keeping still for fear of provoking or frightening it into activity. I thought it strange that he had seen so few sharks, but Ken said that he had little rubbish to jettison. He cooked oatmeal for

breakfast, but for other meals ate from cans, seldom bothering to heat the contents.

The cans sank straight away, so there was nothing to attract scavengers. Ken had no ill-effects from his restricted diet, noticing only that he had an increased appetite for fruits and salads whenever he reached port.

Soon after Ken had crossed the equator, a shark took his log rotor, trailing underwater.

"I hope," he said darkly, "it continued to rotate in his stomach."

Arriving at Papeete, Thumbelina was boarded by a pilot who couldn't speak English, but who made up for this by expressive head-shaking as he surveyed three broken shrouds, a broken head stay, the jib in a mess, and all the sheets with broken strands, evidence of the rough earlier days of this leg of Thumbelina's journey.

Papeete, said Ken, has the most slippery mud he has ever encountered. Trying to save Ethel, who had joined him, from skating off the edge of the wharf, Ken's feet shot from under him. He recovered consciousness with an elderly Tahitian holding up his head and groaning deeply on Ken's behalf.

Another lone voyager, who'd sailed unscathed from England in a ketch, was nursing a broken arm from a fall.

At Papeete, Ethel came aboard Thumbelina to sail with Ken to Rarotonga, one of the Cook Islands. Ken remembers as a "sailor's reward" a sunset one night



● Thumbelina, left of picture, at anchor in Bowen, shows no trace of her long voyage. At one stage she ran into gale-force winds.

Continued on page 7



New! Suntime Teasers

... to colour you gay

*A teasing hint of colour—or shimmering frosted lips
when fashion says bright, they'll colour you right.*

Just a hint. Just a tease.

Never haughty, just naughty.



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creamy Super Rich and Dewkissed,
in Pink Wink, Orange Flirt, Cocoquette and
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Helena Rubinstein

SKY-DIVERS' ENGAGEMENT

Parachutists have heads in the clouds, but plan down-to-earth wedding.

● Most people in love have their heads in the clouds, and Jim Fox and his fiancée, Faye Glassford, aren't any different. Except that their cloud happens to be 10,000 feet above the ground.

BOTH are expert parachutists — Jim is the Australian champion and Faye is the Western Australian women's champion.

But when it comes to marriage plans, Jim and Faye have their feet firmly on the ground.

"Parachuting is a sport — we don't want one of those gimmicky weddings," said Jim.

Faye agreed and said their marriage in November would be a traditional one.

"Some people think it is fun to have a way-out wedding," she said. "Not us. Parachuting is a serious business and so is marriage. It is silly — and dangerous — to have any romantic feelings when jumping."

Jim, who comes from Sydney, took up parachuting four years ago at Camden, N.S.W.

"I was interested in flying and went to Camden to see what parachuting was like. After one jump, I was stuck. It's a much more exhilarating sport than flying."

He began competitive jumping after about nine months.

Later, Jim went to Towns-

ville as an instructor at a club, and that is where he met Faye.

"I didn't know anything about parachuting," said Faye, who left her home in Perth to stay in Sydney for two years. When she met Jim, she was working her way back to Perth via Darwin.

"I used to go to the club at weekends to watch, and became interested myself," she said.

Their romance at this stage was little more than a

By
Jacqueline Lee Lewes

casual relationship. Both left Townsville and Jim went on to win the Queensland and, later, the Australian championships.

Meantime, Faye had become an avid jumper and saw Jim at various championships she attended as a spectator.

They saw each other again back in Townsville, where Faye was working as a draftsman and Jim (a plumber by trade), who had been chosen as a member of the 1966 Australian para-

chute team, was raising money to send the team to Leipzig, in East Germany, for the world championships.

"When the team left, I went back to Perth, where I worked, wrote letters to Jim, and jumped," said Faye.

"That's when I entered the Western Australian championships and became the women's champion."

Jim spent six months touring Europe, England, and the United States after the world championships.

On his return last November, he went to Perth, where he and Faye announced their engagement.

Both are living in Sydney now, jumping at weekends and making plans for their future.

"People not involved in the sport find it very hard to understand why it becomes so important to you," said Jim.

"The feeling when you jump is hard to describe. It is the freest feeling I think I have ever experienced. Time slows down and the 30 seconds of free-falling seem like hours."

"You leave everything behind. It is very quiet and relaxing — and the view is tremendous."



● Jim Cox and Faye Glassford. Faye says, "Parachuting is a bond between us and we will continue it after our marriage."

Bowen is new home for lone sailor

Continued from page 5

when they were hove to five miles south of Raiatea.

"Huahine to the east was backlit and a royal blue; Raiatea, a soft green with bluish, misty valleys; Tahaa was green, grey, and blue; and beyond, a bit of Bora Bora was a dark silhouette."

Ken remembers "going through a reef into a lagoon, the roar of the reef breakers getting ever louder, the close proximity of palms on the shore, the surge of the swell, nerves tightening like banjo strings, and suddenly you are through and into quiet waters."

He said, "Sailing to Bora Bora was a glorious experience, threading Thumbelina's way through a maze of reefs between Raiatea and Tahaa, ghosting past native villages and uninhabited bays, with the lush growth up the mountain slopes, and, out to sea, the curl and roar of reef waters."

On the voyage from Rarotonga to Auckland, Ken again was glad that he'd put

Ethel aboard the Mariposa. He struck gale-force winds to 45 knots in the vicinity of the Kermadec Islands and had to hove to for three days.

Only on reading the notes he made on his voyage did I learn how the main boom struck Ken suddenly across the stomach, hurling him into the water behind Thumbelina.

He said he remembered spitting out a mouthful of salt water and seeing Thumbelina some distance away at the end of the lifeline he provisionally had on.

He grinned as he described the speed at which he got back on board; so quickly that on removing his oilskins later, he found that his T-shirt wasn't even wet.

When the gales were abating, Ken has a vivid recollection of seas like huge spires up which water squirted to open like a fountain-head and rain back.

On November 30, he found an easy way to give up smoking—he ran out of tobacco. He hasn't smoked since.

After the gales came a period of doldrums, though he was not in the latitude for such calm. By December 3, he was still largely becalmed.

Sometimes, ripple streaks of faint wind appeared, and, by careful manoeuvring, he was able to glide from one finger breeze to the next. Another "sailor's reward" came when, at sunset, irregular ripples of water caused by the finger breezes remained an intense blue, while the glassy, oily calm water everywhere else ran riotously bronze and golden.

Felt forsaken

Being becalmed was an intensely depressing experience, during which he felt for a while that he was utterly forsaken.

On December 4, he at last saw the first trace of New Zealand.

It was then bone-shakingly cold and he was glad of his heavy Canadian gear—thick jackets, thermal underwear, knee-high boots.

Ken was three weeks over

his estimated time of arrival in Auckland, and Ethel was greatly relieved when he arrived.

Ken and Ethel stayed in Auckland for five months, then Ethel boarded a ship to return to Vancouver, and Ken set sail for Noumea.

He again met bad conditions, with waves running furiously.

Ken remarked, "Someone once said that, as a conductor tries to bring everything to harmony in music, so a sailor tries to create harmony between the elements and his vessel."

In the Tasman Sea, he found it impossible to harmonise Thumbelina with the sea.

He found Noumea very beautiful, the Melanesians a handsome people.

At last he set sail for Australia. The coastline first appeared as a small scrap of mountain outline. For three days afterwards, it gradually grew through cloud breaks as Thumbelina sailed along in strong winds.

She had taken 11 days to sail 1100 miles from Auckland to Noumea, and the same time for the Noumea-Mackay crossing of 900 miles. The winds didn't abate until after he had made port at Mackay.

Eleven thousand miles of ocean were behind Ken and Thumbelina when he finally broke out the Australian flag.

At last Thumbelina reached Bowen, some 140 miles north of Mackay. It takes more than a perfect climate to make a man change his plans, and, indeed, his whole life, as drastically as Ken did.

"The first thing I noticed about Bowen," Ken said, "as I walked along the streets, was that passers-by gave me a greeting, a wave, or a nod. They recognised me as a human being, they acknowledged my presence."

To bolster funds, Ken found work at the meatworks for a couple of weeks, then was laid off when heavy June rains interfered with normal operations.

One night, a bit of a blow came up as Ken walked out on to the float at the meat harbor to row out to Thumbelina, where he had been sleeping.

Just then, Henry Darwen, chairman of the Harbor Board and editor of the local newspaper, came down to invite Ken home to more comfortable quarters overnight.

Ken accepted Henry's invitation just as Arch MacDonald arrived on the same mission. Ken had met Arch at the meatworks. This, Ken felt, was typical of the kindness he'd found in Bowen. He was impressed.

The proximity of the Great Barrier Reef, the talk of huge fishing catches, the beautiful beaches, and the warm winter sunshine worked their spell on Ken.

But because work was then difficult to find, he decided he would have to leave. A few hours before he was due to up-anchor, a message arrived from Doug Lowcock, a local builder. He offered Ken a job as draftsman.

Ken threw his dirty breakfast dishes in Thumbelina's sink, locked the cabin, and went ashore. (Three weeks later, they were still there!)

Now Ethel is busy packing in Vancouver and soon will fly off once more to join Ken in Bowen, and a new life.



RANGER H.Q. From left: Mark (Ken James), Matt Hammond (Ed Devereaux), Jerry King (Tony Bonner).

HELICOPTER hovers above heliport. The area, taking in the fiord-like inlets of Middle Harbor, looks spectacular from the helicopter.

ED DEVEREAUX (above) is splendidly cast as Matt Hammond. Tanned and vigorous, he looks and acts like a bushman and handles his two screen sons like the practised real-life father he is.



Kangaroo heroine of new Australian TV series

● "Skippy," a television series for children, is one of the few local productions of which Australians can be unreservedly proud. It is not just "good for an Australian series" — it is good by any standard.

OVERSEAS television networks also seem to think "Skippy" is a good series. It has already been sold in England, Europe, Canada, and Japan.

In Australia "Skippy" will be shown soon Commonwealth-wide on the National Nine Net-

VILLAIN. Frank Thring as Dr. Stark, a private zoo-owner who covets the animals and employs poachers to steal them for him.

work. Photographed in full color, the series shows the Australian bush at its best and provides an ideal setting for Skippy, the heroine.

Skippy, a female "forester" kangaroo from Queensland, is a real heart-stealer. She has beige-colored fur, soft brown eyes, and eyelashes a film star might be proud of.

In the series, Skippy lives in Waratah National Park, a fictitious flora and fauna reserve situated on the east coast of Australia.

Most of the scenes for "Skippy" are filmed in Kuringai Chase — just north of Sydney — and other national parks in N.S.W. At Duffy's Forest, near Belrose, an outer Sydney suburb, a realistic Ranger Headquarters was built on 24 acres of Crown land.

"Skippy" gained the approval of the N.S.W. Government with the pilot episode, which was made in Kuringai Chase.

The Government immediately set aside 24 acres of bushland for use as the film set and also gave the producing company, Fauna Productions, access to the surrounding 500 acres.

"Skippy" is the story, week by week, of the adventures of a group of Waratah Park rangers headed by Superintendent Matt Hammond (played by Ed Devereaux).

Matt and his two sons, Mark (Ken James) and Sonny (Gary Pankhurst), live in Waratah Park.

Sonny, nine, and Mark, 16, have spent all their lives in the park and are expert bushmen.

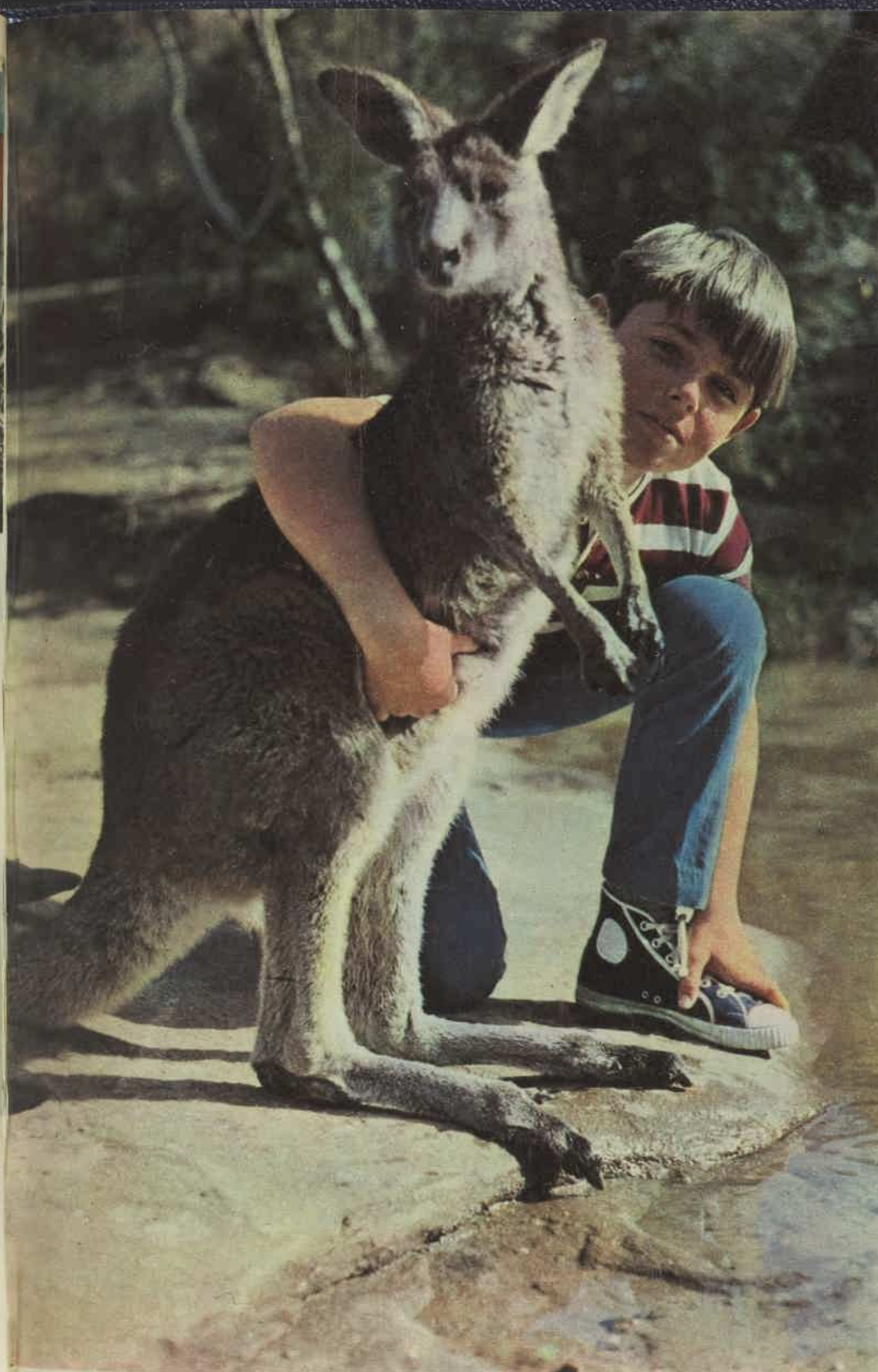
Near their home is a heliport from which Jerry King (Tony Bonner) operates. Jerry, a young helicopter pilot, is chief fire-spotter and trouble-shooter for the rangers.

Skippy is an orphaned kangaroo found in the bush and brought home to the boys. They raised her and she has become their constant companion.

They think Skippy should be on the staff as a ranger, and not just a pet. I couldn't agree with them more.

Leaping through the bushland and rocky headlands carrying messages in her pouch, Skippy would be hard to beat as a means of communication.

—NAN MUSGROVE

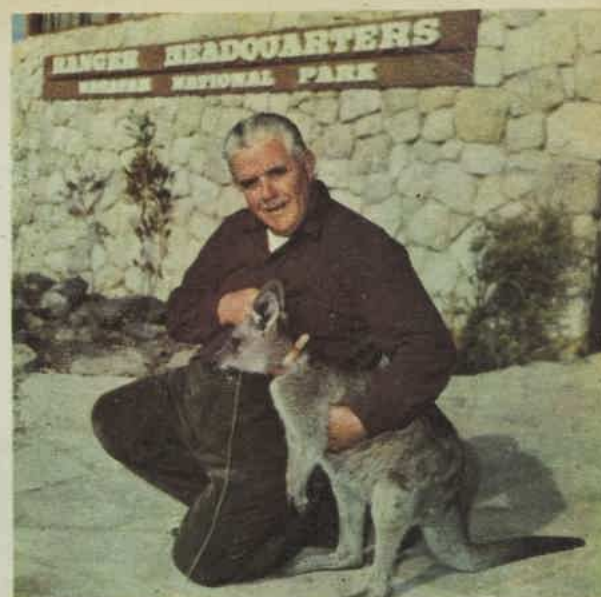


SONNY (Gary Pankhurst) and Skippy. Gary's daily schooling is supervised by a teacher on the set.

BELOW: Matt Hammond (seated) plans helicopter action with pilot Jerry (left) and elder son Mark.



BELOW: Dr. Anna Steiner (Elke Neidhardt), research scientist, in her caravan laboratory.



SCOTTY DENHOLM with Skippy.

BEHIND THE SCENES

THE man who makes Skippy hop to order is Scotty Denholm, formerly one of Australia's best-known policemen.

Scotty Denholm, now retired and permanently employed by Fauna Productions, is best remembered as the man who introduced tracker dogs into the N.S.W. Police Force.

He told me that his work with police dogs began in the early 1930s, soon after William Moxley murdered a young couple near Liverpool, N.S.W.

Moxley, on the run from the police, holed up in French's Forest, north of Sydney.

The then Commissioner of Police, William Mackay, believed that police dogs would have found Moxley.

He'd heard about young Constable Denholm, who'd had a dog with him during the Rothbury coalmine riots in 1931 and always kept a dog at Police Barracks. He gave him the job of training dogs for the N.S.W. police.

Three of Scotty Denholm's most famous dogs were the alsatians Tess and Zoe and a bloodhound called Disraeli.

He finds kangaroos much harder to train than dogs.

"They're affectionate and easy to tame," he said. "And you can teach them to box quite quickly. But try giving them directions and you've got big trouble."

Trouble or no, Skippy comes on the call of "Here, Skip," carries messages in her pouch, jumps into a car on command, sits like a statue, scratches on windows or doors to attract attention, and salutes service personnel smartly with her paw above her right eyebrow.

Scotty is proud of her and the stand-ins who do her rehearsals. He loves his job in films. But since he got it he can't bear to watch "Flipper" or "Lassie."

"All I see is those animals looking at their trainers just outside the picture," he explained.

I can guarantee you won't see Skippy doing that.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg



FILM BROTHERS Sonny and Mark Hammond play with a litter of eight dingo pups found in the park. The pups were six weeks old when this picture was taken.

ON THE SNOWFIELDS



ABOVE: Country girls Miss Anne Seccombe, of "Glendara," Rowena (at left), and Miss Charmian Hooke, of "Wirragulla," Dungog, on their way back from first station at Thredbo Village to the Alpine Horn Lodge, where they stayed for a week's holiday.



ABOVE: A brief rest for Mr. Doug Thorne, Mrs. John Sainsbury, Miss Peggy Carter, and Mr. Alan Penny (left to right) after a brisk run down the slopes at Smiggin Holes. Mr. Thorne was staying at Yeti Lodge, Mrs. Sainsbury and Miss Carter at Pindari Lodge, and Mr. Penny at Happy Jack, all in Thredbo Village.



AT RIGHT: Miss Rosemary Epps, who holidayed at Smiggins Hotel, waiting with Mr. John Macfarlane, of "Noosa," Wagga, for their turn to go up on the T-bar at Smiggin Holes.



AT LEFT: Novel form of transport for six-year-old Simon Edmondson, who skied down the slopes at Smiggin Holes but found it much easier going up piggyback with his mother, Mrs. Pat Edmondson. The Edmondson family were staying at the Canberra Alpine Club at Smiggin Holes.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT *By Mollie Lyons*

REUNION with her family for Mrs. Stephen Welsh, who is holidaying here from Bangkok, where her husband is in the United States Foreign Office. She is staying with her parents, Captain and Mrs. A. W. Salisbury, and seeing her sister, Mrs. Frank McCall Power, every day. By the way, the McCall Powers and their sons, Jason and Elton, leave on September 8 for a ten-day stay in the snow at Perisher.

JUST back after a three-and-a-half-month trip abroad, Mrs. Edmund Collins told me that she arrived in London on the very day her second grandchild, Lucinda Jane, was born and went straight from the airport to the hospital to see her son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Anthony Collins, and the new arrival. Just four weeks later, three of them, the new babe, and her little brother Angus, left by car for the Continent and spent two months touring Portugal, Spain, Austria, Italy, France, and Holland, and the Scandinavian countries. The Anthony Collins' will be returning to live in Sydney in six months' time.

SISTERS Mrs. Patti Edwards and Mrs. Daryl Isles looked stunning at the grand opening of the Opera season. Mrs. Edwards wore a full-length off-white heavy silk theatre coat and pinned a diamond clip in her long black hair. Mrs. Isles also chose a full-length beautifully cut theatre coat, but hers was in shocking-pink.

JUST-ENGAGED Christine Vickery is wearing a superb square emerald given to her by Peter Henchman. Christine is the daughter of the Harland Vickerys, of McMahon's Point, Peter the son of the Humfry Henchmans, of Woollahra.

SPOKE with enthusiastic committee member Mrs. Terry Jones about the second function arranged by the recently formed RAN Officers Wives' Association. It's to be a bring-and-buy morning at Tresco, the lovely old sandstone residence of Rear-Admiral T. Morrison and Mrs. Morrison (who is the president). For mothers there will be a creche in the garden where they can leave their little ones while they have coffee on the spacious veranda overlooking the harbor, choose Christmas gifts and decorations, or buy plants from a stall set up in the garden. Date of the party is September 13.

FIRST baby for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clayton—Kim Pamela—was born on August 28 at King George V Hospital. Mrs. Clayton was formerly Robyn Stanton.

A HONEYMOON on Lord Howe Island will follow the marriage of Gayle Tyas and Graham Abel at the Baptist Church, West Ryde, on September 9. The bride will be attended by Julie Tyas, Jill Gale, and Christine Mansley.

DATE for your diary . . . the International Antique Exhibition to be held at the Australia Hotel on August 31 to September 20. The exhibition has been arranged by the United Nations Association Social Committee as part of Freedom From Hunger Week.

MRS. HAROLD HOLT, wife of the Prime Minister, will be guest-of-honor at a reception given by the Women's Group of the N.S.W. Liberal Party at the Trocadero on September 11. More than 1000 women are expected to attend.

BELIEVE that Black and White Committee members are so pleased with the move to Woollahra from the city of their committee rooms. The new rooms, in Woods Avenue, have their own charming courtyard as well. Secretary Pat Prichard, who's frantically busy just now with bookings for the International Vogue Fashion Collection dinner and premiere on September 19, finds it makes such a difference to her—she's only one mile from home.

FORTNIGHT'S holiday cruise for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Macpherson who left in the Iberia on August 31 for Fiji. At the ship to wave goodbye were their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Noakes, and their grandchildren, Stuart and Catherine Noakes.

NOVEL idea thought up by the Independent Theatre for their newest production—August Strindberg's "The Dance of Death"—should make an entertaining night's outing. Usually only part one or part two of this play is produced, but the Independent is showing both parts with a three-quarter-hour break after the first, during which dinner will be served. Starting time for the play is at the unusual time of 6.30 p.m.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 13, 1967



AT LEFT: Holidaymakers from the country Mrs. John Hewitt (at left) and Mrs. John Ryan, both of Armidale, who spent two weeks at Valhalla Lodge at Smiggin Holes, decided upon an early start for their day's skiing.

AT RIGHT: Miss Loretta Marker, of Adelaide, and Miss Joan Sellick, of Broken Hill, had fun building a snowman on the hill overlooking Smiggin Holes. They spent a fortnight's holiday at The Royal Coachman.



ABOVE: Drinks around the bar at apres-ski time for Dr. and Mrs. John Excell (at left) and Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Carpenter, who were all staying at Marritz at Perisher.



AT LEFT: One of the prettiest skiers on the snow at Crackenback was English visitor Miss Serena Poole, who holidayed at Thredbo.

BELOW: Hot coffee after a day on the slopes for Miss Patricia Joseph, Mr. Colin Stoner, and Miss Janet Le Lievre (left to right), who were among members at the Tarrawonga Club Lodge.

AT RIGHT: Sisters Miss Candy Raymond and Miss Vicki Raymond (at right) played cards with Mr. Ray Cole beside the fire at Ullr Lodge, at Perisher Valley, while a blizzard raged outside.



● Rev. Lazarus Lami Lami, resident minister of Croker Island, off the coast of the Northern Territory, and Mrs. Cecil Holmes, of Darwin, show some of Mrs. Holmes' fine collection of Aboriginal bark paintings and carvings. Sandra Holmes and the Rev. Lami Lami are collaborating in writing a book about his people.

By GLORIA
NEWTON



LEGENDS OF THE "DREAMING TIME"

ALTHOUGH the Rev. Lazarus Lami Lami is a fully ordained Methodist minister he sees nothing strange in shedding his clothes, painting his body, and joining in his tribe's ceremonial dances.

"God gave me Christianity and my tribal beliefs. I accept them both," he told me with a quiet, charming smile.

A full-blood Aboriginal, a member of the Maung tribe from Goulburn Island, he is resident minister of Croker Island.

But in the past few months he has taken on another task. In collaboration with Sandra Holmes, author, photographer, researcher, and collector of Aboriginal art, he is writing a book about the legends of the Aborigines.

Mrs. Holmes, her husband, Cecil, and their two children live in Darwin.

Their comfortable home is crammed with one of Australia's finest collections of Aboriginal carvings, bark paintings, and musical instruments.

"The idea of the book was born when Lazarus, who always visits us on his trips to the mainland, related the

beautiful stories that lie behind these paintings," said Mrs. Holmes.

"He told them in such a fascinating way that I thought they must be put down. They give such insight into the beliefs and history of the Aborigines. With the modern age reaching out so quickly among them now, these stories could be lost for ever.

"So, at Lazarus' suggestion, I started taking them down. When I write a chapter, I read it out to a tape and send it off to him to check. 'Talking letters,' he calls them.

The secret language

"He is an expert on the tribal legends, but if he comes across anything of which he is not sure — spelling of names, facts — he consults the old men on the island.

"We have to be very careful not to use 'inside' words — the Aborigines' secret language. We must be careful to use only the 'outside' words — words that are used in their everyday conversation.

"The book, which we are calling 'Design for Dreaming,' will be illustrated with pictures of the paintings and

● An Aboriginal minister and a Darwin researcher are collaborating on a book to record the history of the Aboriginal tribes.

will tell of the Aborigines' 'dreaming time' — their creation, their history.

"They put all this into their paintings because they have no written language to record it."

Mrs. Holmes, a composed, striking brunette, grew up with Aborigines. Born in Menindee, N.S.W., she played with them as a child and became fascinated with their lore, their dances, and songs.

"My mother and father had a good attitude, luckily. They didn't say, 'Don't go near them.'"

When her family moved to Kalgoorlie, W.A., she again sought out the nearby tribes as friends and started to learn their dances and the songs.

"I studied modern ballet to help me, and gave many recitals of the ancient tribal dances.

"No, I didn't modernise

them. If you do that you just turn them into modern ballet, and I like the real thing.

"For my performances I wore plain black tights and replicas of their masks which I made myself.

"Only recently," she added, laughing, "I was walking past a discotheque in Darwin one night with Lazarus and I asked him what he thought of the gyrations being executed by the young people inside.

"He looked at them very thoughtfully for fully 60 seconds and then said: 'Sandra, to me they are like flying foxes. They cling together and utter weird cries.'"

Mrs. Holmes studied anthropology for two years at Sydney University.

When she went to Darwin with her husband, Cecil Holmes, film-maker and editor of "The Territorian,"

and their children, a boy, 13, and girl, six, Sandra Holmes started doing research for the Institute of Aboriginal Studies at the Australian National University, Canberra.

"I still spend a lot of time in the Territory, quite often with anthropologists or to do the sound recording and continuity for the films my husband makes for the missions and for the Department of the Interior.

"My collection? I started it with a few pieces my father had. Then I have picked up other pieces in my travels inland.

"A lot of the good artists know I'm passionately interested in their work and they bring it to me when they come to Darwin.

Collection of rare pieces

"One of the last and greatest cave painters, Yirawala, who lives at Liverpool River, is a very good friend of mine.

"But it is really Lazarus who has gathered the best of my collection, which at the moment contains more than 500 pieces.

"I have been allowed to photograph some of the old ceremonies—some no other

woman has ever seen—and to take down some of their laws.

"The pictures, of course, will never be published. I would not betray any trust placed in me. They will be sent to the Australian National University.

"The Aborigines like older people to take down their laws. They are very precious to them and they will only entrust them to someone they feel believes in them.

"The key to getting along with the Aborigines, to win their trust and confidence, is to be genuinely interested, sympathetic in your understanding of their beliefs.

"And listen to them — instead of telling them what to do. That happens too much. When it does, they retreat into their own world.

"That is why I am so happy about this book. I remember Lazarus saying how wonderful it would be if these beautiful haunting stories could be written down for the young people of his race.

"I can't do it on my own, Sandra. I remember him saying, 'Won't you please help me?'"

"That made me very proud and very happy."

THE FRIENDS OF SYDNEY HOSPITAL

"Whatever the hospital wants us to do, we will give it a go" . . .

A HOSPITAL needs not only a highly qualified staff, modern equipment, and the money to obtain more of both: it also needs friends — or so Sydney Hospital has found since it gained 170 friends in a group who call themselves just that, "Friends of Sydney Hospital."

It all started with another social committee to raise funds for the hospital. A doctor's wife asked Mrs. John Davenport, of Double Bay, to help the committee get organised.

As committee president, Mrs. Davenport organised the usual functions, which raised \$8400 for an X-ray plant.

It was the first time Mrs. Davenport had been inside Sydney Hospital, and she began to take a good look around.

The oldest hospital in Australia, Sydney Hospital is a conglomeration of dark, heavy stone buildings to which every year about 90,000 outpatients come for 210,000 treatments and about 10,000 are admitted as in-patients.

They are tended by a resident medical staff of 90, with 16 full-time specialists, 150 honoraries, and 420 nurses.

Mrs. Davenport saw it as a cold, impersonal place staffed by efficient, white-coated officials too busy to guide the patients round the massive structure or stop to reassure or cheer them.

"The patients tended to feel lost, dejected, and over-run by officialdom, and I thought what a good thing it would be if there were

people to help guide and cheer them and lighten the hospital atmosphere," she said.

"People who did not wear the white dress of official staff but could add a little color, warmth, and friendliness."

In other words, the hospital needed friends as well as money.

Mrs. Davenport's "friendly service" began in 1962 with voluntary drivers to transport people to and from the hospital and a magazine service for the wards.

Admit patients

By 1963, the Friends were wearing colorful floral smocks to identify themselves and were ready to take on any job for patients and staff.

"Whatever the hospital wants us to do, we will give it a go," they said.

(The Friends had organised two other committees for fund-raising—the Lamp-lighters, for the Eye Hospital's urgent needs, and the Rum Runners, for equipment in the main hospital.)

The Friends installed tea machines in Outpatients and Casualty, and guided outpatients to the various clinics.

They next offered to take over the admission routine, to free nurses for more important duties.

A select number were trained by hospital staff and they now handle the entire process of admitting patients and showing them to their wards, working in shifts from Monday to Friday.

By late 1964 they had so won the confidence of staff and patients that they were visiting wards to chat to

patients and do any special little services for them.

They organised a trolley service for the wards, taking in sweets, small toilet articles, clothing, stationery.

They also began a "needy cupboard" of supplies of clothing and other personal items to give to needy patients or accident cases.

As an additional job, they tackled the restoration of the hospital's small chapel, which had fallen into neglect and disuse. They stripped and varnished pews and the pulpit, painted walls and ceiling, and donated a new marble transept. The interdenominational chapel is now in regular use.

In their fifth year (1966-67), 170 Friends handled about ten different services for the hospital, working a total of 50,000 hours.

Services are: admissions; guiding; record-keeping in Outpatients, Orthopaedic Section, and Cardio-Vascular Clinic; voluntary drivers (there are now 40 cars); trolley service to wards; ward visiting; needy cupboard; and running the Sydney Hospital Little Shop on Macquarie Street to cover their expenses.

Mrs. Lesley Northash, a foundation member of FOSH and director of volunteers, said many often went beyond rostered duties, doing washing, posting special mail, seeing patients off on transport, and sometimes even taking patients to their home for further recuperation.

Typical comments from the Friends:

"I feel I am really doing something worth while — this organisation isn't a tea and cakes affair. Every

woman does a job and every job done is a real service to someone." (Mrs. Winifred Firth.)

"It is wonderful seeing how much the patients appreciate the little things we do for them. I have made many friends." (Mrs. Meryl Hinchliffe.)

"My husband was a patient here and the help he was given by the Friends made me decide to become one, too." (Mrs. Dorothy Bradwyn.)

Mrs. Davenport said it was the happiest committee she had ever worked with. Everyone was so busy doing a real job, there was no time for bickering.

(FOSH members are having a fifth Birthday Party on September 7 to celebrate five years of happy co-operation. Their patron, Lady Cutler, will be guest-of-honor, and Sir Kenneth Coles, president of the hospital board, will be one of the speakers.)

The Friends have also proved something else—that although friends don't necessarily follow money, money certainly follows friends.

"Although the main purpose of the Friends was voluntary work, we have never been short of funds," said Mrs. Davenport.



● Schoolgirl Candy Strippers (from left) Diana Palmer, Jenny Gole, and Deborah Bassett get ward assignments at Sydney Hospital from Mrs. John Davenport, who started the "friendly service" in 1962.

"In five years, we have raised \$27,000 for the hospital, and subsidiary fund-raising groups have raised an additional \$5300."

Another group of helpers has joined the Friends — the Candy Strippers, 16 senior girls from SCEGGS, who help on Saturday mornings under the supervision of FOSH members.

This idea was started by FOSH, not because they needed more helpers (they have a waiting list of voluntary workers), but because they wanted to give schoolchildren a chance to do voluntary work and broaden their outlook.

Smiling faces

"We feel the experience is invaluable for these young girls—they learn how a hospital is run, what it is like to help others," said Mrs. Davenport. "And if they have any special interests, such as nursing, accountancy, social, or library work, they can get a taste of these at work in the hospital."

"Their cheery help, smiling young faces, and bright pink candy-striped uniforms brighten the wards tremendously."

What has been the reaction of official staff? Mr. H. R.

Beer, chief executive officer, spoke for them.

"We think the Friends of Sydney Hospital have been tremendous," he said. "They have provided us with services we would never be able to give as we could not afford the extra staff and amenities."

"They have brought a friendliness into the hospital and make the patients feel they are really cared for, which is the ideal."

Asked to estimate the money the voluntary workers save the hospital, Mr. Beer said: "Money cannot buy this sort of service. It comes voluntarily from people who get a great deal of satisfaction out of helping others. It is the spirit that counts."

"The voluntary workers give us thousands of hours of service, which must run into many thousands of dollars in value."

Mr. Beer paid tribute to Mrs. Davenport. "She looked at this bare, stark place and saw the need to add warmth and friendliness. With her band of volunteers thoroughly infected with her own enthusiasm, she has added these qualities to our hospital."

—Barbara Martyn



● Mrs. Christobel Winrow (left) and Mrs. Meryl Hinchliffe, in colorful floral smocks, the Monday team for the ward trolley service.



● Mrs. Caroline Furey takes admission details from Mrs. Audrey Clark, of Collaroy, with baby Lisa Michelle. This work frees nursing staff.



● Mrs. Lesley Northash, a foundation member and director of FOSH volunteers, writes a letter for Miss Patricia Harrington, of Kingsford.



The day of the dreary diet is over!
Vita-Weat helps you slim without starving.
It gives you energy because it has the natural
Vitamin B goodness of whole wheat.
Only 23 calories in every **Peek Frean's**
****Vita-Weat.****



The snappy one!

"The Power Game"
ratings go UP

Victory for loyal fans

By
NAN MUSGROVE

● "The Power Game," TCN9's big-business serial, the sequel to "The Plane Makers," has made show-business history — it is the first show on Australian TV ever to survive a bad rating.



LADY WILDER (Barbara Murray), who is determined to keep her difficult husband.



SIR JOHN WILDER, left (Patrick Wymark), with associate Don Henderson (Jack Watling) in "The Power Game." (TCN9, Mondays, 9.30 p.m.)

than his face, apparently makes him attractive to women.

I mean women viewers. They are mad about Wymark generally.

Personally I am madder about the show, and anyway I am mad about bald Brigadier Davidson, of "The Ratcatchers," and no one else can dim his image at present.

Wymark played John Wilder, the head of an aircraft factory, in "The Plane Makers." In "The Power Game," he is Sir John Wilder. He has left the aircraft industry and has taken a seat on the board of Elberton's bank in London.

Wilder, still a ruthless and ambitious man, is soon in full cry after the chairmanship, currently held by Sir Gordon Revidge (Norman Tyrell).

Sir Gordon, no business slouch himself, sees through Wilder's game and sees that Bligh Construction, a huge engineering company, has far

relationship with Wilder is that Wilder wants the chairmanship of the National Exports Board.

See what I mean about those wheels within wheels in "The Power Game"? If you haven't seen it, get to it or you really will regret it.

The ugliness of Australia

"THE Australian Outrage," Project '67's offering for Sunday, September 10, at 10 p.m., comes from the controversial camera of brilliant young documentary maker Stefan Sargent.

Sargent, a great needler — this time he is at us about our suburban and city ugliness — talks and shows us our ugly great hoardings, the rearing telephone poles, wires, and power stations on the harbor foreshores.

He is concerned, he says, by the visual decay of our environment.

Sargent himself is as Australian as the delectable meat pie of the same name. He is in fact a descendant of the man who first made them — his grandfather.

He loves Australia but would love to improve it, and his needling goes with an impish sense of humor.

Part of the great Australian ugliness he shows are advertisements pasted over hoardings and fences round new constructions — one of them for Sargent's pies.

★ ★ ★
THE Shrimp (Jean Shrimpton), an expert, if you remember her Melbourne Cup visit, in unwittingly ruffling feelings, has done it again, this time in Spain.

Jean has been in Madrid to make some TV commercials, which is the *In Thing* to do at present. She was feted right and left in Madrid until, at a Press conference, she indiscreetly revealed that she would get 750,000 pesetas, about \$12,000, for less than a week's work.

Spanish models stormed indignantly round their bosses demanding more money, and the Press got at the Shrimp in a stormy interview that Jean ended by staging a walkout just after it began.

She made the commercial, though, collected the money and retreated to England and the safe world of high-paid magazine covers.

TIN LEGS WON'T STOP HIM GOING TO WAR

By Ray Saunders

● A soldier with tin legs has volunteered to serve in Vietnam. He is Major William Brian James, Regimental Medical Officer at Duntroon Military College, Canberra.

MAJOR JAMES lost both his feet in a mine explosion one winter night in Korea in 1952.

He was 22, on his first posting to a battle area, engaged to be married, and a fighting officer who had passed out from Duntroon less than 12 months before.

Despite his injuries that night in Korea, he assisted his wounded men from the area.

He was awarded a Military Medal for his bravery and devotion to duty.

Today, 16 years later, he is a doctor who has asked to be sent to Vietnam with a Field Ambulance.

To become a doctor, Major James resigned from the Army in 1957.

He gained his degree at Sydney University and rejoined the Army as soon as possible afterwards.

Last November he came back to Duntroon as the RMO.

Major James said: "What success I have I owe to my wife, Barbara."

"We were engaged when I lost my feet and she stuck with me through the lot."

"There is nothing unusual in what I have done."

"I have trained for Army life since I was 17. I would feel at sea in any other way of life."

But the fight back was not as easy as the Major makes out.

When he was studying, his basic income was about \$18 a week.

At this time he began to raise a family and met budget needs by selling second-hand refrigerators.

Today with his wife and children he lives at the college.

The family of two boys and two girls are Bill (7), Lee (5), Jack (3), and Cathy (1).

Major James said he was six foot two inches before losing his feet. "Now I am six foot one, they cut an inch off me."

While a cadet at the college he held the President's Cup for Australian Rules.

He said: "I yell from the sidelines. I can run, but only in short bursts."

"I stick to squash and tennis now."

"However, the squash is too hard on my tin legs and the ankles crack at times."

For those who have suffered similar injuries he said: "Don't think of what you can't do — think only of what you can do."



greater need of Wilder's talents, negotiates a merger with the bank, makes Wilder joint managing-director of Bligh's.

Round one went to Sir Gordon without doubt, but I'll bet Wilder will be back rampaging after that bank chairmanship.

Wilder's emotional life is very interesting in "The Power Game," too. He has the same wife as he had in "The Plane Makers" — Barbara Murray, who plays Lady Wilder.

In "The Plane Makers" her husband's neglect made her want to leave him, but she now feels differently.

She is determined to keep her difficult but dynamic husband, although she has strong competition from Sir John's new mistress, Susan Weldon (Rosemary Leach).

Sir John being Sir John, it is difficult to say which of the ladies, wife Pamela or mistress Susan, he loves for her own sweet sake.

Susan is an economist who has become a high executive officer in England's Civil Service, and becomes embroiled in Sir John Wilder's activities because of her position on the secretariat of the National Exports Board.

I think the key to her

READ TV TIMES FOR
FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said when I asked her the definition of a true gentleman, "Well, let's see if I can remember, because there are not too many of them around lately. I'd say a true gentleman is a man who never heard the joke before, who rises when a lady enters the room (how long is it since you've seen that happen?), who opens the door for his wife, carries her groceries, and tries to be a nice man. I would say that applies to almost every country in the world except Scotland. Why not Scotland?"

MOMMA'S MORAL: A true gentleman is one who can play the bagpipes — and doesn't.



MAJOR W. B. James, his wife, Barbara, and son, Jack, aged 3.



Not such a good day? Don't you believe it. The day starts right at home with a great big bowl of golden sunshine. Kellogg's Corn Flakes. The family needs that nourishing goodness...that get up and go! Mum, start them right every day with the big, crisp flavour of the real corn flakes.

Home is a bowl of *Kellogg's* Corn Flakes

Just two ounces of Kellogg's Corn Flakes give you the goodness of sun-ripened corn plus one half of your daily

requirement of the essential vitamins: Thiamine (B₁), Riboflavin (B₂), Niacin and Food Iron. *Registered Trade Mark. #44



TOP MODELS FOR PARADES

● Here and overleaf are pictured the four top overseas models who will visit Australia for the Myers/Farmer's International Vogue Fashion Parades to be staged in Sydney and Melbourne. They are Lillina Monti, of Milan, Bobo Faulkner, of London, Helene Delrieu, of Paris, and Ann Burke, of New York. They will be joined by eight Australian models.



● Lillina Monti, aged 25, of Milan, who adores photography and has her own small darkroom to develop the many pictures she takes.

LILLINA MONTI, of Milan

"IT'S true that Italian men prefer a little more than a little less weight," said lovely, lean Italian model Lillina Monti, "but thank goodness Alessio likes skinny skyscrapers."

Lillina was talking about her fiancé, Milan architect Alessio Arenosto.

"I think I am about 5ft. 10in., but many say I'm a little more," she said. "I weigh about 8st., so I am quite skinny by Italian standards."

Alessio is one of the people Lillina will miss when she visits Australia for the International Vogue Fashion Parades.

"I'm afraid I only know about Australia from school — a land of kangaroos and boomerangs," she said. "But I've started to read about it and know its cities are big and modern. I want to see as much as possible — and at least one kangaroo."

One of Milan's busiest models, Lillina, 25, started her career soon after she left school seven years ago.

"I wasn't 'discovered' or anything as exciting," she said. "I was working as a secretary and somebody said, 'Why don't you try to be a model instead?' So I did."

She began as a house model with the Milan fashion house "Hobby" ("The patron was a very rich lady and it started as a hobby," Lillina said) and did all their showings for the next 18 months.

With this background and her striking looks — she has olive skin, huge brown eyes, and jet-black hair — Lillina

was soon in demand in the Italian fashion world.

"It seems funny now, but as a teenager I used to be so embarrassed about my height," she said. "I was this tall at 14 and developed quite a complex."

"I was always in the back row at school and used to take so long to find the courage to stand up in buses I often missed my stop."

But her height has proved one of her greatest assets on photographic and parade assignments in Italy, France, Germany, England, and the U.S.

"I loved working with the marvellous photographers in New York like James Moore and Milton Green — it was so stimulating," she said. "I like to go to town with each garment. I would really like to be an actress — and modelling is the nearest thing."

Although she has about half a dozen hair-pieces and a short chestnut wig, Lillina can also do many things with her own straight, shoulder-length hair.

"I like to change my mood with every garment," she said. "You ask me if I'm well known for something special — well, I guess that is it."

"One day I make up my eyes with red shadow, another with yellow. I like to be a little crazy sometimes."

Lillina, who likes to take an hour ("but I can do it in 20 minutes") to put on her make-up each morning, never stops experimenting. Her latest is wearing two pairs of false eyelashes on her upper and lower lids.

"I used to paint lashes on my cheekbones for a more dramatic effect, but this is better," she said.

Although her wardrobe includes a couple of vivid singlet-minis and trousers from Carnaby Street, Lillina mostly wears classic, elegant clothes, often originals from the fashion houses where she works.

"When I've done a showing I'm always saying, 'Don't pay me, I'll take this dress instead,'" she admits. "That way I don't feel quite so extravagant."

While she doesn't wear jewellery ("just my boy's watch"), she loves shoes ("I have about 30 pairs — they match every dress") and tailored trousers.

Although she likes the London Look fashions, Lillina doesn't often wear mini-skirts. "When I'm made-up with my false eyelashes, that's enough for people to stare at," she said.

Lillina loves music — everything from Brahms to the Beatles — and believes she inherits this because her grandmother was a sister of Toscanini.

She designs, paints, does pencil sketches, and has hundreds of photographs she has taken while travelling on fashion assignments.

While she visits discotheques occasionally ("I don't go, but I like to watch"), she likes to discover new restaurants ("because I like to eat") or go on country picnics with Alessio.

"Oh, I know I will be homesick in Australia," she said. "But I am excited about the trip."

BOBO FAULKNER, of London

WHEN Bobo Faulkner was invited to Australia it was hard to tell who was the most excited — Bobo, her Australian actor husband, Trader Faulkner, or her brother Michael Minchin, aged 21, who is sailing around the world and hoping to make Rushcutters Bay at the time the parades are staged in Sydney.

Trader said he was just as thrilled as his wife that she had been asked to Australia.

"I had planned to take her there myself," he said, "but you know how it is in show business. It is difficult for us to get the time to go anywhere together."

The Faulkners even take their holidays separately. That is why Bobo said "yes" to the Australian invitation from Cyprus, where she was on holiday with their daughter Sasha, an engaging 16-month-old.

Tall, good looking, with a flair for clothes, a dress designer and a public relations consultant, Bobo never thought of modelling until

she was a young mother. About that time, the swinging mum was making her way in the fashion world and Bobo, walking into an agent's office, said: "I wonder if I could do some young mum modelling?"

Gavin Robinson, the South African who is busy creaming off the best of the English modelling talent, replied, "Oh, no you are not. We are going to make something of YOU."

Few girls crash the exciting, lucrative field of modelling at 26. That is what Bobo did.

Bobo's dark brown hair and creamy olive complexion assured her success in Spain when she worked on a big sherry advertising campaign. Her picture was used all over the world.

Trader took his young wife to Spain. "We stayed five months," he said. "That is when Bobo perfected her Spanish."

She speaks it so well that their house in Wimbledon is staffed with Spanish servants.

Trader's mother, Mrs. Sheila Faulkner, known in

the theatrical world as "Willie," lives on a houseboat at Chelsea.

Mrs. Faulkner, who once danced with Pavlova and had her own dancing school in Sydney, said, "Bobo is a super model and, oh, what a hard worker. She will love Australia."

Also with the same interest in the parades are Bobo's parents, who live at Liss, in Hampshire. Her father is a retired headmaster of a Dorset grammar school.

"Won't it be exciting when Michael and Ann meet in Sydney," said Mrs. Minchin. She explained that Ann Helen is her daughter's real name; Bobo is the pet name her husband gave her.

Trader Faulkner and his mother-in-law have fascinating tapes of the voyage Michael is making in the 49ft. cutter Carophyl.

"Michael started off from Bosham, in Sussex, and sailed to the West Indies," Mrs. Minchin said.

"There he worked for an American charter company and was asked to find a crew and skipper Carophyl on the rest of the voyage."



● Bobo (real name Ann) Faulkner, of London, wife of Australian actor Trader Faulkner. All the models will be flown to Australia by Pan-Am.

some vinyl Nairn floors
have to go
through murder



some don't;
so we make two

They both have the same colours.

The same tile size.

The same look.

So what's different?

Well,

our Vinylcraft tiles are made from a mixture of vinyl and asbestos.

The asbestos makes the tiles very hard and tough so they resist scratches, indentations and cigarette burns better than any other vinyl flooring.

Our new tile (Superflex) is a flexible vinyl.

No asbestos.

Because of this it is softer and quieter and has more of a gloss finish; but it doesn't stand up to as much punishment as Vinylcraft.

So what do you use where?

Well,

if we were you we'd probably choose Vinylcraft for rooms where the floor does its hardest work: the kitchen, laundry and roller game rooms.

And probably we'd go for Superflex in relaxation and sleeping rooms. (Where you need all the quiet you can get.)

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But only you know what rooms are going to get what sort of treatment.

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N166 W.W.

TOP MODELS for PARADES

HELENE DELRIEU, of Paris

HELENE DELRIEU is a quietly elegant young Parisienne who has lived all her life in the centre of Paris.

"My father, Dr. Jean Delrieu, was Mayor of the 2nd Arrondissement, which is the heart of Paris," she said.

She grew up beside the Seine and could see the Eiffel Tower from her bedroom window. She still lives beside the Seine and through the small windows of her top-floor flat can still get a glimpse of the tower that dominates Paris.

"When I was asked to go to Australia, I was thrilled," said Helene. "Although I have been to almost every country once, some many times, Australia seemed rather far away and I despaired of ever having the opportunity."

"You see, I love swimming and tennis, but I'm not a rugged outdoor type, so the beaches and the cities appeal to me."

Helene's parents are both dead, but she said her father would have been astonished if he had lived to see how her career as a model had opened up a new, fascinating world.

"He was an intellectual and gave all his five children an academic schooling," she said.

But at 16, Helene pleaded to be allowed to become a mannequin.

"It was such an unheard of profession in our family,

my father was quite shocked," she said.

She was about to give up the idea and go to the Sorbonne when she met Pierre Cardin, who was just opening his now flourishing fashion house.

Dr. Delrieu knew Cardin and as Helene said: "It required little persuasion after Monsieur Cardin had spoken for me."

Helene became one of Cardin's favorite models. She was the first of the tall, skinny mannequins with neat heads and gentle gazelle-like air who were to become typical of the house.

Helene remained top model even after Hiroko, Cardin's little Japanese mannequin, joined the staff.

She stayed with Cardin for nine years. Now she works for Philippe Venet.

"It is a smaller house and I like the excitement of being with a designer who is making his way quickly up to the top," she said.

"Also, my work allows me a lot of free time, so I can do photographic work and travel."

She was working in Mexico when the Australian invitation brought her back to Paris to prepare for the trip and to have the clothes she will model for Venet designed on her.

In the parades she will wear both Cardin and Venet designs, and her own wardrobe will be almost entirely from these two houses, although she will have lots of what she described as "fun" clothes.

She has definite ideas about dressing. "I'm not a mini-skirt type," she said. "I think mini-skirts are for the country or for holiday so I wouldn't dream of wearing one on the boulevards."

After ten years as a model, at 26, Helene is philosophical about money and career. "What is the use of earning a lot of money and not having time to enjoy it?" she asked.

Her life is a full one. As well as her apartment in Paris' fashionable Passy, she has a country chateau left to her by her grandmother.

"It is very beautiful and only three-and-a-half hours by train from Paris," she said. "I go there for weekends and holidays."

"It is so large that my sisters and brothers, when they are in France, share it with me. We each have a wing."

"I do a lot of entertaining there. It is expected."

"And it is great fun to be back where you have your roots. It gives such a sense of belonging. All the people around have known my family for years."

Although Helene is a top model with an exciting career, she thinks marriage is important and doesn't believe she will hanker after travel all her life.

Her constant escort is a 32-year-old businessman.

"We have the same tastes," she said. "He likes music and opera and we love to dance at New Jimmy's or Castel's."



● Helene Delrieu, of Paris, aged 26, for nine years a Cardin model, who now works for Philippe Venet. She will model clothes from both houses.

● Dates and locations for our exciting International Vogue Fashion Parades are:

Farmer's, Sydney: Daily parades in Farmer's Rose Room from Wednesday, September 20, to Wednesday, September 27, inclusive, at 3.30 p.m. Tickets \$1.50, including afternoon tea.

Evening parades are at 6.30, and there will be a 10 a.m. parade on Saturday, September 23. Tickets \$1. Bookings at Farmer's show booking office, ground floor.

Preceding the daily parades in Sydney, there will be a gala night at the Went-

worth Hotel on September 19, with the proceeds to aid the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W.

Myers, Melbourne: Daily parades in the Myer Mural Hall from Monday, October 2, to Wednesday, October 11, at 3 p.m. and again at 8 p.m. Bookings at Myers' booking office.

The Lady Mayoress' Committee will benefit from a dinner and parade in the Myer Mural Hall on September 30.

ANN BURKE, of New York

AS a little girl growing up in the Connecticut (U.S.) highlands, Ann Burke used to look high into the treetops and see hundreds of imaginary cockatoos.

Now 32, a successful New York model, she still has her eye on cockatoos—a pair, if possible.

She will arrive in Australia with letters, affidavits, certificates, the lot, to pursue her aim. Realistically, she hopes to bring back the protected birds, not for her private pleasure (unacceptable under the regulations) but to give to New York's Central Park Children's Zoo.

Despite her sophisticated employment, Ann is at heart unconventional. Scorning taxis, she rides her bicycle to modelling assignments.

After the day's work is done, she passes up cocktail parties in favor of a daily trip to the Central Park Zoo to feed and look after her friends, the animals.

At home, however, Ann limits herself to three cats, four finches, and a canary. "I think it's a cruelty to have dogs in the city," she said.

A blue-eyed brunette, she has been modelling for six years and has been married to Joseph L. Burke for five. Her husband is a partner in the couture house of Burke-Amey.

Ann had been the "house model" at \$80 a week for a year when she married the boss. She then left and began freelancing. Now she earns \$40 an hour and works an average of 20 hours a week. This leaves her time to cook gourmet meals and look after a tastefully decorated duplex in East Seventy-Eighth Street.

She is warm and outgoing and talks a blue streak to the greengrocer, the janitor—anyone within earshot. They all know she's going to Australia.

Born in Baltimore, she is the granddaughter of the late author-playwright Fred-eric Arnold Kummer, whose

comedies ran on Broadway in the 1930s and who often collaborated with Victor Herbert and Sigmund Romberg in musicals.

Considered in the trade as a "Garbo type," Ann is so adaptable she can model any of the newer fashions.

For herself, she prefers simple, tailored clothes.

Ann looks best with short hair, which she does herself, visiting the hairdresser only for a periodic cut. She has several hairpieces for special effects.

She can make up for a job in 40 minutes—probably a course record for a New York model.

She says she likes her work, and she goes at it carefully and conscientiously. "But it is a spoof, isn't it?" she asks.

Ann is looking forward to the Australian trip as "the most exciting thing that's ever happened to me," she said, poring over books on flora and fauna.

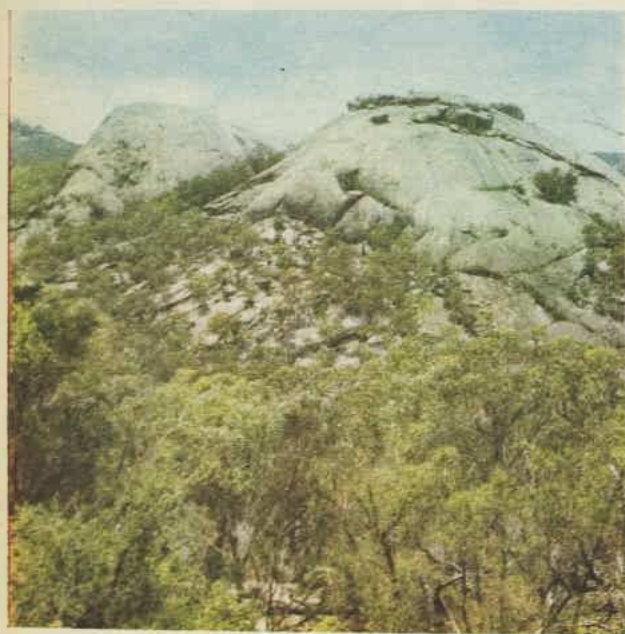
"I'm open to any offers for trips into the bush. I'll even catch my own cockatoos if necessary."



● Ann Burke, of New York, aged 32, who rides a bicycle to modelling engagements, loves animals, and wants to see the Australian bush.



THIS GRANITE TOR towers 100ft. above a ridge in Girraween National Park. The balancing rock on the top has a resemblance to the profile of the great Sphinx of Egypt from some vantage points.



THE PYRAMIDS rise 3600ft. above sea level and 700ft. above the surrounding country. They are the first dominating features in the park as one approaches by road from the New England Highway.

GIRRAWEE'S TIME-HEWN GRANITE

● Girraween National Park—the Aboriginal name means “the place of the flowers”—is in Queensland’s southern granite belt near the border on the New England Highway.

It attracts thousands of visitors between August and March, when more than 250 kinds of wildflower bloom. Because of the altitude—3000ft.-odd—it has many flowers normally found only in southern New South Wales and Victoria.

Great granite outcrops are a feature of the region, and the most spectacular of these, with their accompanying pre-

cariously balanced boulders, are the Pyramids and the Sphinx. There is a new picnic and camping area at the base of the Pyramids, seven miles from the highway (the turn-off is five miles north of Wallangarra).

Girraween National Park is the only habitat in Queensland of the superb lyrebird (*Menura superba*), which sings in gullies of Victoria and eastern N.S.W. The only other lyrebird, *M. alberti*, lives in the border rainforests nearer the coast.

Girraween is also the only Queensland habitat of the naked-nosed wombat.



LEFT: Wildflowers along the track from the picnic ground to Bald Rock Creek add to the enjoyment of this short walk. The park has flowers in profusion from late winter through to early autumn.

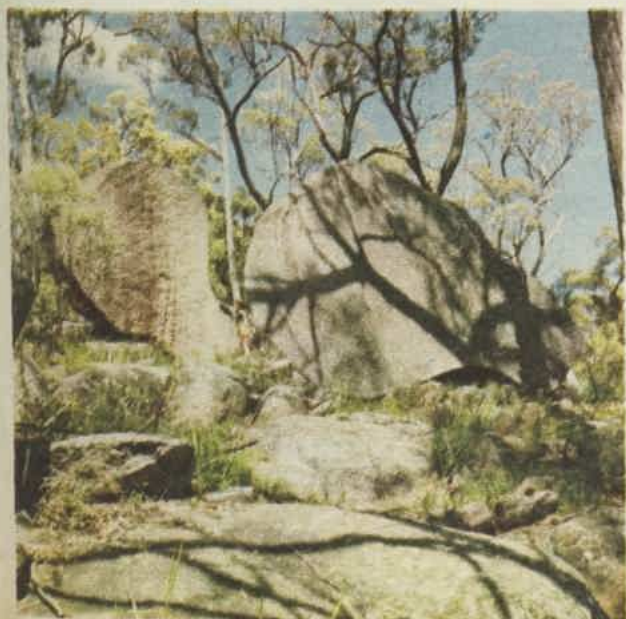
RIGHT: Phebalium is vividly in bloom during September and October.

Pictures by Ken Taylor

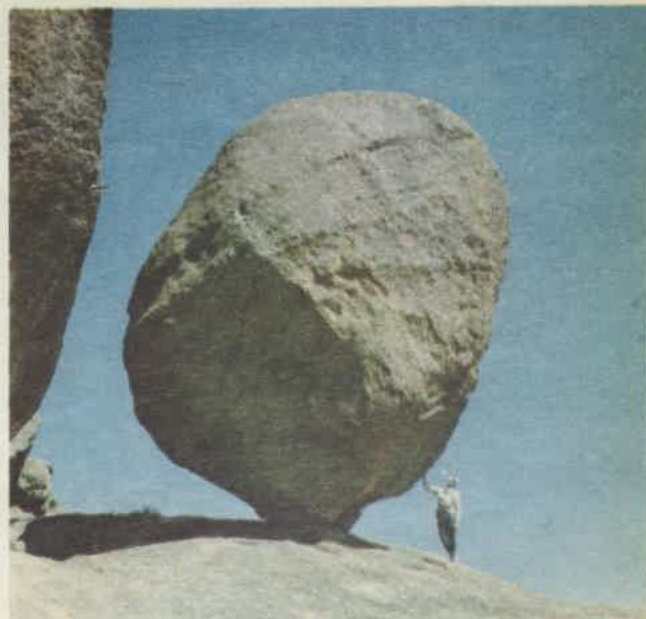




RUNNING ALONG A BED of clear granite slab, the cool water of Bald Rock Creek welcomes summertime visitors to Girraween National Park in southern Queensland. The park, 150 miles from Brisbane, covers 13,000 acres.



LEFT: A stroke of lightning 54 years ago is reputed to have been the cause of this huge boulder splitting clean in two.



RIGHT: This balancing rock near the summit of one of the two Pyramids stands nearly 40ft. high on a base roughly 3ft. in diameter. One day it must topple, but that day is still probably an age off.



REVLON DESIGNS 'THE BEAUTIFUL BLAZERS'

-AND THE RUSH TO REAL COLOR IS ON!

Pale shades are passé today. It's time for bright lights. High-voltage pink—juiced-up orange—arresting copper—to try on NOW!

Revlon sees it (in fact, decrees it): now's the time to plunge into color! But not off the deep end (the outlook for lips is far from dark). It's bright-as-blazes, fresh as rain. Clean. Clear. Crashingly chic. Slip (quick!) into 'The Beautiful Blazers'—Revlon's great bright way to play it!



MISTER MELON

BLAZER PINK

COPPER CANE

ALL 3 SHADES IN 'MOON DROPS' WET LIPSTICK AND MATCHING CRYSTALLINE NAIL ENAMEL.



We are proud of this Australian

"Dame Pattie" will throw down a challenge at Newport, U.S.A. this month. And the heart of every Australian sails with her.

The challenge started long before "Dame Pattie's" keel was laid. Long before the first thoughts of naval architects were committed to paper. It started in the minds of some bold Australian businessmen, backed by all-Australian companies. Now "Dame Pattie" has come from a dream to a reality.

Petersville Australia, along with many others, have backed, organised and supported our 12 metre Australian from its inception.

Whenever you purchase Edgell and Birds Eye products you are supporting an all-Australian company that is proud of its tradition of producing Australia's finest quality food.

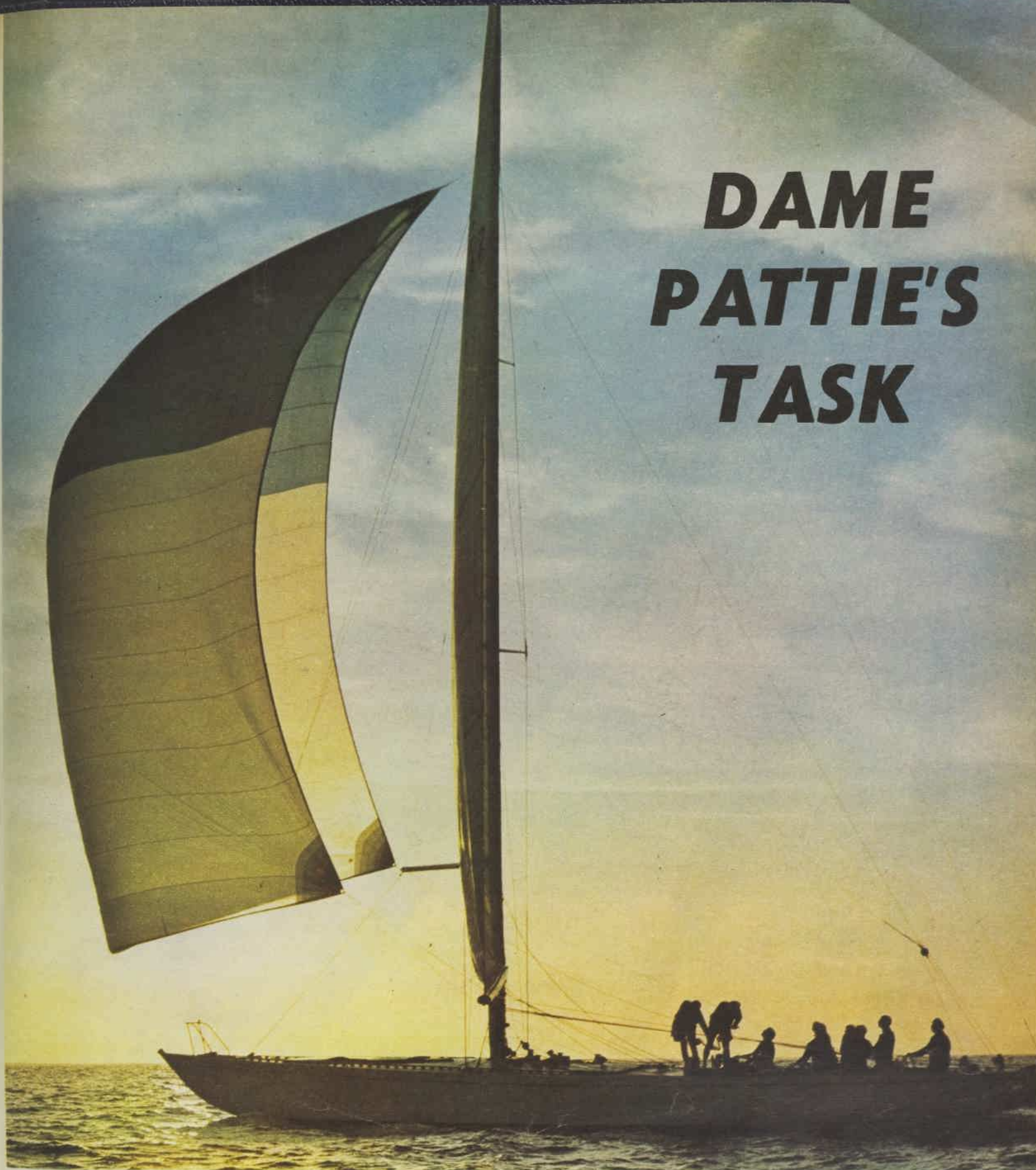
Good luck and fair wind to "Dame Pattie".



PETERSVILLE AUSTRALIA LIMITED SHARES ARE LISTED ON ALL AUSTRALIAN STOCK EXCHANGES



DAME PATTIE'S TASK



Picture by Douglass Baglin

DUEL FOR "THE OLD MUG"

● When Dame Pattie (above) crosses the starting line on September 12 for the first race in the 1967 America's Cup series, the Americans will be defending this most coveted of all yachting trophies for the twentieth time — they won "the Old Mug" from England in the middle of last century and have held it since. This is Australia's second challenge; the first, by Gretel

five years ago, provided some of the best races in the history of the contest. Dame Pattie was built in Sydney expressly for this challenge, and is owned by a syndicate of Australian companies headed by the Victorian-based company Petersville Australia Ltd. Jock Sturrock, a Melbourne timber merchant who steered Gretel in 1962, is skipper. This picture was taken at sundown.

OVERLEAF: THE DEFENDER



SYNDICATE MEMBER
H. C. SLEIGH LIMITED

Let's GO GOLDEN FLEECE...the powerful one!

THE AUSTRALIAN WEEKLY NEWS - SEPTEMBER 18, 1967

From page 25

AMERICA'S CUP DEFENDER

INTREPID, newest and least conventional of the 12-metres. Warwick Hood, the Australian who designed Dame Pattie, has remarked, "The American's bow is so blunt . . . she's quite disturbing to look at if you like pretty yachts" — but he admitted he was deeply impressed. Her skipper: the celebrated Bus Mosbacher.



AMERICAN EAGLE, another of the four contenders for the honor of taking part in the Cup duel. She was runner-up in the American selection trials in 1964.



CONSTELLATION, who defeated the British challenger, Sovereign, in 1964. She competed again in the 1967 trials; is a handsome yacht of orthodox design.



COLUMBIA, twice defender of the Cup, was remodelled for the latest trials. Her helmsman, Briggs Cunningham, has been Bus Mosbacher's most famous rival.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 13, 1967

AV104

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● A weekly series by
Bill Beatty

SEPTEMBER 10

1806 One pound of tea fetched £6 at an auction sale at Hobart.

1827 Ex-convict inherited Newtown estate, Sydney. The Sydney area now known as Newtown was owned originally by Nicholas Devine, who arrived in the First Fleet and served the authorities for 25 years as Superintendent of Convicts. The large district of Newtown was given to him in recognition of his services. In his old age Devine became enfeebled both in mind and body. But he had a faithful servant and guardian named Bernard Rockford, an ex-convict, and to this man Devine left his big estate. When the servant inherited it, Newtown was already becoming valuable property and a fashionable area, and when Devine's relatives in Ireland heard about it they challenged the will. They maintained that Devine was in his dotage when he made the will and that in any case it was not lawful for a convict to acquire property while still a ticket-of-leave man. The claimants lost the case.

1846 Coal discovered in Western Australia.

SEPTEMBER 11

1795 Hunter assumed Governorship of New South Wales. John Hunter, second Governor of the colony, came out with Phillip in the *Sirius* as second captain. On his return to England he subsequently learned of Phillip's resignation and applied for and was granted the governorship. It was generally considered that he was unsuited to his office. To quote his own words about his sojourn in the colony he "could not have had less comfort, although I would certainly have had greater peace of mind had I spent the time in a penitentiary." Hunter was recalled in 1800. His best services were rendered in his accurate surveys and the assistance he generously gave to explorers, particularly Bass and Flinders.

1803 John Bowen founded Hobart. Bowen was appointed by Governor King as leader of an expedition designed to "establish His Majesty's right to Van Diemen's Land." With a party of 48 others, Bowen landed at Risdon Cove on the Derwent and founded a settlement which he named Hobart. Bowen had graduated from the Royal Naval College and volunteered for colonial service. However, early in 1804 he learned of the renewal of the war between France and England and arranged to be relieved of his local duties so that he could rejoin the Navy. The Colonial Office was insisting on the name of "Hobart" for the new settlement, when in 1891 an Act of the Tasmanian Legislature restored Bowen's original name.

SEPTEMBER 12

1824 Moreton Bay penal settlement temporarily established at Redcliffe Point.

1854 Inauguration of Australia's first railway service. The route was between Flinders Street, Melbourne, and Sandridge, now known as Port Melbourne, a distance of 24 miles.

1914 AIF captured Rabaul, German New Guinea. The previous day a party from HMAS Australia captured Herbertshohe



EXPRESS TRAIN on the Trans-Australian line travels between Port Pirie Junction, in South Australia, and Kalgoorlie, in Western Australia, 1108 miles, in 29 hours. First sod of the line was turned in 1912.

(now Kokopo) with the loss of five killed and four wounded, the first Australian casualties in World War I. The infantry entered Rabaul without opposition, and next day military occupation of the island was formally proclaimed. The German Governor had retired to Toma, ten miles inland. A raiding party brought him to terms and he signed a capitulation, pledging that no resistance would be offered to British occupation throughout German New Guinea.

SEPTEMBER 13

1829 Arrival in Sydney of Archdeacon (later Bishop) Broughton, first Anglican bishop in Australia. Bishop Broughton's efforts were largely directed to encouraging the building of churches and parsonages throughout New South Wales. He established a small divinity school for the training of clergy and began the building of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney.

1835 Arrival of John Bede Polding, first bishop of the Catholic Church in Australia.

1911 Death of James Rutherford, pastoralist and proprietor of Cobb and Co. An American, Rutherford migrated to Victoria at the age of 25. He tried his hand without success on the Bendigo diggings, but he saw other opportunities here. Rutherford interested himself in horse-dealing and soon acquired a partnership in the coaching business of Cobb and Co., which had been started in Victoria in 1853 by Freeman Cobb and three other partners. The company imported several coaches from America to supply the needs of travellers, and subsequently increased their business and widened the area of their operations, until they eventually retired with handsome fortunes. None of the original owners was in the business when its control came into the hands of Rutherford and his partners.

Rutherford extended the operations of Cobb and Co. to New South Wales and Queensland and secured a monopoly of mail contracts. By 1870 Cobb and Co. were harnessing over 6000 horses daily and travelling 28,000 miles a week. At the time of his death, Rutherford was the sole surviving

partner of the corporation. He owned large station properties which he managed himself, even in his eighties.

1926 Railway disaster at Murulla, N.S.W. Ten trucks and a brake-van broke away from a goods train and ran back downgrade on a single line, colliding with an approaching mail train. Twenty-seven people were killed and 42 injured.

SEPTEMBER 14

1801 John Macarthur fought pistol duel with Colonel Paterson. They met near Parramatta and Macarthur wounded Paterson in the shoulder. Paterson was unable to return the fire. Governor King ordered the arrest of both men together with their seconds, Captains Piper and McKellar. Only the Governor's intervention prevented a duel between the two seconds.

1912 First sod of transcontinental railway turned at Port Augusta, S.A. Later, construction operations began also at Kalgoorlie, W.A., and continued until the lines met. The worst problem to be solved was the transport of food, water, and other supplies to the working parties in remote desert country where there were neither roads nor settlements. Water was a particular problem as there were no rivers or creeks for a thousand miles. A limited supply of water was obtained from bores, but in many cases it was unfit for human consumption and even damaged locomotive boilers. Generally the water had to be carried for hundreds of miles by train or camels. The Trans-Australian Railway has the world's longest straight section of line—more than 297 miles over uninhabited country. A supply train, known as the "Tea and Sugar," which has shopping facilities for the employees, runs weekly from Port Augusta to the various settlements on the route.

SEPTEMBER 15

1793 Grose River, N.S.W., discovered by Colonel Paterson.

1829 Edward Hall of the "Monitor" sent to jail for libel on Governor Darling. The pioneer journalist and political reformer

published the first issue of the "Monitor" on May 19, 1826. The paper exercised a strong influence on public opinion. It stood for trial by jury and a popular legislature, and it condemned in the strongest terms the oppression of convicts, public immorality on the part of officers, and even the conduct of the Governor himself. Hall's outspokenness and Darling's anger resulted in seven libel actions, heavy fines, and jail sentences that aggregated three years. Nor did the Governor stop at legal proceedings. He deprived Hall of his right to lease pasture land, took away the convict servants who had been assigned to him, and forbade the employees of the Government Printer to employ their spare time in printing the "Monitor." Nevertheless, he failed to suppress the paper. When he was recalled he attributed this to Hall.

SEPTEMBER 16

1803 Death at Mauritius of the navigator and explorer Nicolas Baudin. Baudin's ships, *Le Geographe* and *Le Naturaliste*, visited Sydney during Governor King's term of office. However, when they sailed off a report reached him that the French intended to annex Tasmania, so King sent HMS *Cumberland* in pursuit. This ship overtook them at King Island, where her commander hoisted the British flag (upside down, in his haste) and proclaimed British sovereignty. Baudin afterwards wrote to King saying that he had no intention of annexing anything, and that his interest in the country was purely scientific.

1914 Australia lost its first submarine, A.E.1, off the coast of New Britain, in German New Guinea.

On August 7, 1914, the Federal Government received from London an official message suggesting that the seizure of the German wireless stations at Rabaul, Yap, and Nauru would be "a great and urgent imperial service."

Volunteers were called for, and on August 19 Colonel Holmes left Sydney in the *Berrima* with about 1500 men—six companies of the naval reserve, a battalion of infantry, two machine-gun sections, and signalling and medical detachments.



● A-line cocktail knit in lightning stripes is gathered from neckline, and has delicate hemline frill. (By Trico.)



● Wool tunic dress with detachable pinafore polo neck by Maljana. A-line skirt is accentuated, sleeves gathered at wrist.



● White wool cocktail dress (Avogolf) in bias Ottoman ribbed design fastens on one shoulder with self-fabric buttons.

ITALIAN KNITWEAR GOES ON PARADE

● These glamorous wool-knit fashions are part of an Italian Influence in Wool collection for Spring-Summer, 1967, by famous Italian couture designers. The garments are notable for chic, originality, and workmanship. They will be displayed in Australia by the Australian Wool Board in fashion parades at Royal Agricultural Shows. Topflight Italian model Adriana Rivetta will model this couture collection at the places and dates at the foot of this page.

● Smash trouser ensemble (right) with black and orange stripes on white wool background. The skivvy top is straight cut, has semi-polo neck. (By Avagolf.)



● Dashing wool-knit Bermuda dress (by Framo) in vivid colors has front opening, is tied at neck with attached scarf in a repeat stripe.



● A sporty two-piece in beige and gold wool features window-pane check skirt topped with short-sleeved jumper. (By Madil.)

PARADE DATES

Parades of these fashions will be at:

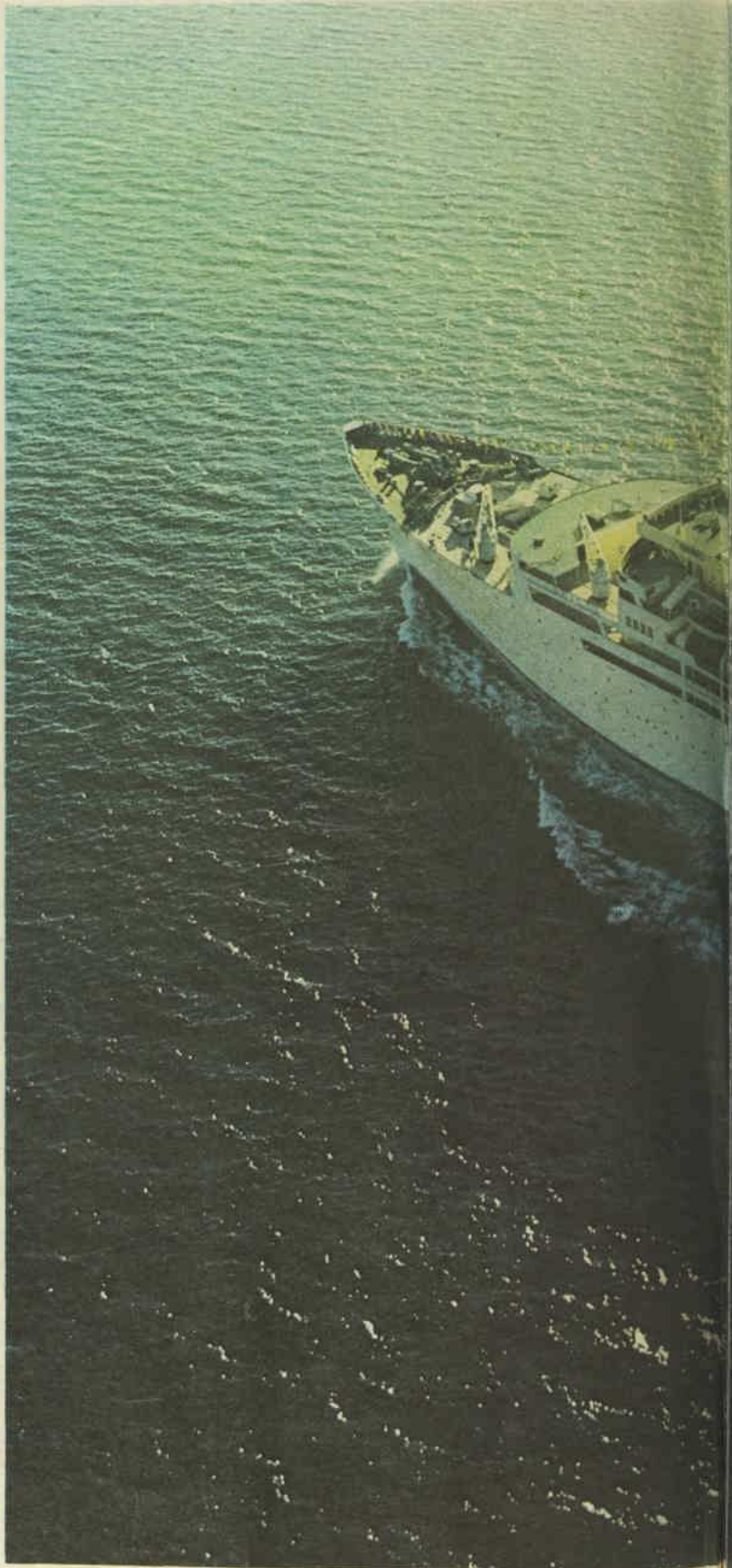
ADELAIDE, Sept. 1-9.

MELBOURNE, Sept. 21-30.

LAUNCESTON, Oct. 11-14.



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LADY BUTCHER KEEPS THE FEMININE TOUCH

● She minds her family; loves to go dancing; and wins trophies for golf.

THREE years ago the world seemed to collapse round Mrs. Alice Hoiles.

At 2 o'clock one April morning, her husband, Mr. Peter Hoiles, died from a heart attack, leaving her with a butcher's shop in Bacchus Marsh, Victoria (about 30 miles from Melbourne), two children under the age of ten, and several hundred sheep to look after.

Mrs. Hoiles, an attractive 47, said that her husband had not been too well for some

By JANE NUGENT

time and only that night had made her promise to do three things should anything happen to him — to keep on the shop, never to touch alcohol, and to make a new life for herself.

It has taken courage and determination, but Mrs. Hoiles has kept the three promises. And she has learned to be a highly successful butcher in the process.

Under the watchful eye of her manager, Mr. Henry Dickson, Mrs. Hoiles has learnt about butchering and it would now be difficult to name a cut of meat she didn't recognise.

The butcher's shop is fresh



WHILE she does a lot of the chopping and carving in her butcher's shop, Mrs. Alice Hoiles likes to serve everything daintily. Below, she prepares for a ball. She makes all her clothes, including this attractive turquoise sheath, which is scattered with pearls.



and bright and one can't help noticing the feminine touch.

"I always keep a big vase of flowers on the counter," she said, "and I refuse to wear slacks in the shop, even though I feel the cold terribly."

Instead, she wears cheerful gingham dresses in five different colors, with contrasting gingham aprons.

Another touch is parsley in every parcel of meat.

Mrs. Hoiles feels that a sprig of parsley makes meat look more appetising.

Another, and important, part of the business is sheep. Mrs. Hoiles sometimes runs as many as 400 fat lambs, kept on 80 acres about a mile from Bacchus Marsh.

Mrs. Hoiles has three children — a 25-year-old married daughter, Joyce, John, 13, and an 11-year-old daughter, Robyn. She also has two grandchildren.

The Bacchus Marsh Marching Girls team is quite a family affair. It was originated by daughter Joyce and her husband, Mr. Des Mundy. Mrs. Hoiles is a committee member and Robyn is team leader.

Almost hidden away in the home were a number of silver trophies, which Mrs. Hoiles admitted she had won at golf.

Regained health

She tries to play two or three times a week — "I love my golf" — and now has a handicap of 20.

And whenever the opportunity arises, Mrs. Hoiles enjoys ballroom dancing.

Mrs. Hoiles said she couldn't have managed without the support of her children and of the public, the local tradespeople, and farmers.

"I can truthfully say that I have regained my health during the past three years. Before that, I had been ill for about nine years."



FAMILY help is needed to disengage daughter Robyn from her marching boots. Robyn, 11, is the leader of the Bacchus Marsh (Vic.) Marching Girls team.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 13, 1967



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Lady Delaco
LOVELIEST BY DESIGN

GROWING, GROWING, GROWN

By
**GILLETTE
JONES**



*Sadly, Peggy tried to
comfort the old dog.*

MARIAN waited until evening, making sure Peggy was in her room, out of earshot, before she told Charles. Peggy had suddenly come up with the idea of working this summer. It seemed Peggy had heard of someone nearby who was looking for a girl to help mind the children.

"Imagine her wanting to work," Marian laughed. "At her age!"

Charles raised his eyebrows at her and said, "Maybe we shouldn't discourage her. She shows ambition."

Marian felt shocked at the reaction. "Charles! I couldn't think of letting her do it. She's just a child."

"Fourteen," he reminded her. "Soon be fifteen. She's growing, maturing."

"But that's just it," Marian protested. "She's not mature, really."

"It seems to me that taking the job would help her to mature, then," Charles said thoughtfully.

Marian shook her head. "To me she's still a baby. I couldn't think of it."

The dog whined suddenly, and Charles said, "What's wrong with Prince? He never wants to go walking at this hour."

"I don't know," Marian said. "He's been acting strange. Not sick, I don't think — just different."

"Well, he's getting old, poor thing," Charles commented, patting Prince's head. "Come on, boy. Let's have a walk."

The next day was Saturday, and Marian dreaded the weekend. Peggy seemed determined to try for a job these holidays, and was bound to give her an argument over the weekend. But as it turned out the job was forgotten because of Prince.

Prince always slept in Peggy's room, and Saturday morning Marian was awakened by Peggy's cries of, "Mother, there's something wrong with Prince!"

Marian went into Peggy's room, noting that Peggy looked like a frightened little girl. When she saw Prince she decided Peggy was right. There was something very wrong.

Half an hour later Marian was driving to the veterinary surgeon. Peggy was cuddling Prince in the back seat of the car, talking softly to the dog.

Marian herself felt scared. They'd had Prince for 12 years — since he was five weeks old. He was just a mutt, in spite of his royal name, but they all loved him. If anything happened to him they would all feel terrible — most especially Peggy, who had grown up with him.

It was diagnosed as heart trouble — worse than they'd first thought.

"He's not too good," the vet said, "but we'll see if he responds to the pills."

They went home with the instructions, and Peggy, her face white with fear, never left the dog's side all the time. Marian thought that if affection could cure him, he ought to be fine. But affection wasn't enough and he worsened. They took him back on Sunday. The vet said, "He's bad."

Marian nodded and glanced at Peggy. The child was holding back tears.

The next day a phone call brought the bad news, and Marian had to tell it to Peggy when she came from school. Peggy burst into sobs and clung to her mother, and Marian joined with some tears of her own. Prince had been a real member of the family.

Finally Peggy got hold of herself and said: "I have to do my homework."

In the next few days Peggy barely mentioned the dog, but Marian knew she was thinking of him constantly. Marian only wished there were a way to make Peggy happy.

On Friday, when Peggy came home from school she looked pensive, and Marian asked: "Is anything wrong?"

Peggy hesitated. Then all she said was: "I heard the girls at school want to all put in and buy me a puppy."

Marian didn't have the heart to say that she didn't feel ready for another dog. Instead she said: "Those girls certainly are good friends — so generous and thoughtful."

Peggy didn't answer, but a little while later Marian heard her at the phone dialling. She overheard some of the conversation, and was so startled that she found herself really listening.

"I appreciate it, Marge," Peggy was saying. "It's very nice, but I'm asking you a favor. Please stop them. Don't let them do it. I'm not supposed to know about it, so will you please talk to them? I don't know if I can explain. You see, Prince was special. He had his own personality. A dog — any dog — couldn't take his place. Besides, any dog in our house is a family pet. It has to belong to everyone."

Marian found her eyes filling with tears. In the midst of the biggest emotional wrench of her young life, Peggy was acting so — so completely differently than Marian would have expected. So mature.

There it was. The word was the only one truly applicable to Peggy's behaviour. Marian was making some quick revisions in her thinking—corrections, really. She felt proud of Peggy.

Peggy was no longer telephoning. Marian rose and went to her. "About that job," Marian said. "If you still want to do it, I'm going to change my mind."

Peggy's eyes shone, and her face broke into a smile for the first time since the crisis with Prince. "Can I, Mum? Can I, really?"

Marian smiled, thinking that Peggy sounded like a little girl again. But she now knew the readiness for more responsibility underneath. She nodded, and said, "And your father has already given his approval." Yes, Charles had sensed the maturity before her, but today she had caught up with him.

(Copyright)

ECHO OF LAUGHTER

BY NOEL COWARD

*My very dear Madame,
I do hope that you
to read this letter
very 17th
have*

MRS. EBONY stood on the steps of the hospital in the glare of the afternoon sun and shaded her eyes with her hand. Ricardo saw her immediately and began to back the Rolls out of the parking lot.

A nurse bustled through the glass entrance doors and was on her way down the steps when she stood for a moment and looked at Mrs. Ebony solicitously. Mrs. Ebony recognised her as the fattish one who had come into the room with the doctor. She had a square, peasant face, with high cheekbones and kind eyes. Mrs. Ebony made an effort to smile at her, but the effort wasn't very successful. The nurse hurried on down the steps, and Mrs. Ebony took her dark glasses from her bag, put them on, and the sharp colors of the day softened.

A man and a woman and a little boy came up the steps, talking in whispers, as though they were about to enter a church. The little boy was clutching a bunch of yellow roses wrapped in mauve paper. Ricardo arrived with the car, sprang out of the driver's seat, and held open the door for her. She answered the anxious question in his eyes with a brief nod and got in.

On their arrival at the hotel, Monsieur Ernest came out from behind the reception desk to greet her. His professional smile faded as he saw the expression on her face. "What is the news, madame?"

"The worst, I'm afraid. It's all over." She took off her glasses and put them back in the bag.

Monsieur Ernest raised his chubby white hands high, with fingers outstretched, as though evil tidings could be manually prevented from coming any closer, then dropped them to his side with a little thud. His round eyes glimmered with sympathy. "Is there anything I can do?"

To page 74

Mrs. Ebony hesitated for a moment as she saw the letter was meant for her.



91
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to keep your hair shining.

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your mind a brush?

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WOMEN
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hairdressers), that
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healthy, silky-soft and
naturally controllable.
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LETTER BOX

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published. Letters must be
original, not previously pub-
lished. Preference is given
to letters with signatures.

**For and
against
in "Mum"
debate**

Something in a name

PERHAPS my future name of Gale influenced my wedding day. I woke to a howling gale and pouring rain. We had to take all the wedding finery to an aunt's home so that the wedding car could drive right to the door. The storm cut the electricity and we couldn't do any last-minute pressing or have our hair set and dried. We arrived at the church at 4 p.m. with most problems overcome, but the storm was still blowing. We were married by candlelight in a slightly draughty church, the beautiful stained-glass window having been blown in a few hours earlier.

\$2 to Mrs. Peter Gale, East Devonport, Tas.

"Hidden body"

AFTER arriving home with the weekly shopping, my four-year-old son started helping me put the things away. Coming across a well-advertised brand of home perm, he exclaimed excitedly, "Oh, boy! Can I have the hidden body, Mum?"

\$2 to "Mother of Eight" (name supplied), Warradale, S.A.

Friendly debate!

I HAVE yet to hear a group of men talking together without becoming involved in what seems to be a straight-out argument. My husband happily assures me, however, that this is friendly debate, and certainly the animosity that is aroused by the "debate" never seems to linger. A healthy thing, perhaps. I suppose that women, who use sweet words in each other's company, are more inclined to hard thoughts later.

\$2 to "Katie" (name supplied), Berala, N.S.W.

Other side of fence

I'VE been wondering if other folk have the same peculiarities as I do. When I travel by car, I spend my time criticising the antics of pedestrians. Yet when I am a pedestrian, I haven't a kind word to say about passing motorists. I've convinced myself I'm just a hard case.

\$2 to Mrs. R. Mowat, Newmarket, Qld.

Unrecognised talent

WHY do we hide our talents? I thought my talent was writing, so wrote millions of words in stories, verse, and plays. Either I cannot write or the readers cannot read. Only lately have I discovered that I would have made a good cook — something I always avoided. At the next show, there may be some cakes made by a would-be author.

\$2 to A. Strudwick, Redfern, N.S.W.

Accidents will happen

● Official U.S. reaction to the attack by machine-guns on the American Embassy in London was that although it was an "unfortunate incident" it was unlikely to create friction between Britain and America. "We treat this as something between friendly countries," a State Department spokesman said.

*It's good to know when bullets fly
Just who is shooting you and why.
A cordial atmosphere, they say,
Is much more seemly, paves the way
For subsequent apologies —
(Profuse and necessary, these).
It makes a difference, yes, indeed,
Though candidly you still may bleed
From wounds inflicted by a friend.
Take heart! Expiring at the end,
You'll find it comforting to know
Your murderer was not a foe!*

— Dorothy Drain

Concern, not worry

MANY people use the word "worry" when what they really mean is being "concerned about." Worrying about the past cannot change it, but it can help us to understand the present, and being concerned about the results of our actions is a part of responsible behaviour. As a mother and grandmother, I plead guilty to lying awake going over an unhappy situation and trying to think what the consequences of action on my part are likely to be. If we love our families and friends, we cannot help but be involved in their lives, and that means being concerned for them.

\$2 to Mrs. D. J. Hall, Brighton, Vic.

Earliest memory

WHAT is your earliest memory? I can recall doing a recitation at a Sunday school concert. I can still see the look of horror on the vicar's face as I turned and handed him the large sticky lolly I had removed from my mouth prior to going on the stage. I was three and a half at the time.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Ory, Bairnsdale, Vic.

JOHN and I have been married for 12 years and have three children, of whom we are very proud. John always refers to me as Mother, at home and in public, and I love it. He does not consider me just a housewife, who is there to clean-up and to feed them. To him I am the mother of his children and I can tell, just by looking at him, what that means to him. The word "mother" gives one a great feeling, and I am proud to be called it.

\$2 to Mrs. Billie McGrath, Wynnam, Qld.

THERE is another side to every story. I was delighted to hear an old girlfriend, with whom I had worked for years, being referred to as Mum by her husband. For me it established her change of status from a secretary in the past to a Mum with a family of her own years later. To me, still a secretary, the term sounded affectionate and cosy.

\$2 to "Old Friends" (name supplied), Lindfield, N.S.W.

WHEN a man refers to his wife as Mum in public, it is rather humiliating. A busy mother with several children can often find that she is in danger of losing her identity, with all the mental and physical demands that are made on her. So, at least, her husband could show his love and respect by calling her by her christian name, in this way showing that he married a girl and not a Mum.

\$2 to "Mum" (name supplied), Newborough, Vic.

IT'S a term of affection for a man to call his wife Mum. My husband called me Cookie, which I disliked very much. (I was not much of a cook, either.)

\$2 to "Anon" (name supplied), Sydney.

I, TOO, would resent being referred to by my husband as Mum instead of being called by my name. Although I haven't suffered this indignity yet, I have been subjected to a still less desirable form of public address and called The Wife. It sounds as though I am part of the furniture and not a person. If anyone else is having the same trouble in trying to break her husband of this habit, respond by making a casual mention of My Old Man soon after the offence. This will draw attention to your feelings.

\$2 to "Jackie" (name supplied), Hobart.

**Ross
Campbell**
writes...

FIT AS FIDDLES

A RESTFUL way of passing the time is to leaf idly through books on physical culture. These books show well-built young men—and, quite often, shapely girls—doing strenuous exercises.

"Keeping Fit," the booklet issued by the Commonwealth Council for National Fitness, is of this kind. While I don't propose to do the exercises in it personally, I'm sure they would be beneficial.

I have only one fault to find with them. To do some of the bending exercises you have to lie on the floor and "brace the feet under a fixed object." The pictures show a chap

with his feet tucked under a chest of drawers.

Years ago I wanted to do exercises like that. But I found it was not easy to get a fixed object.

My bedroom had a built-in cupboard with no space to tuck my feet under. The bed had a space under it, but it was too big.

The only suitable fixed object was the sofa in the living-room. But you feel self-conscious doing exercises in the living-room.

The first time I lay on the floor there one of my daughters came in.



She called out: "Come and have a look at this!"

Like many other people, I prefer to do keep-fit exercises in private, if at all. The sad truth is that those of us who most need exercise do not look a bit like the athletic young men and girls in physical-culture books.

One thing I particularly like about the "Keeping Fit" booklet. It does not pretend that doing exercises is fun or that they can be done without effort.

I was irritated by a recent magazine article that set out a course of "eight lazy exercises." When you got down to details you found the exercises were quite strenuous.

There are some genuine lazy exercises, such as raising glasses, waving cigarettes, and dealing cards. They are enjoyable, but unfortunately they do not keep you fit.

Exercises that do, like push-ups, are hard work. They are also, let's face it, a teeny bit boring. However, they have an important advantage over some of the healthy outdoor sports.

I have a nephew who keeps fit by playing football. He is terribly fit when he is not recuperating from broken arms, kneecaps, and collarbones. But these injuries tend to make him unfit again.

If you must keep fit, you could not do better than try this booklet's exercises, like inverted bicycling and body curls. Though in order to begin the latter you must first find your fixed object.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 13, 1967

Page 39

Hints for a Lovelier Complexion



Margaret Merrill
Beauty Skin Care
Consultant

A soft dewy complexion that is cared for and pampered all through the year is a foundation on which you can confidently build your beauty. Here are some suggestions for skin care beautifying that will make you even lovelier tomorrow and the days ahead.

A Lovely Complexion

Your most precious complexion is beautified and protected when you smooth a film of tropical moist oil over the face and neck every day. This moist oil of Ulan has special isotonic properties that help nature to maintain the natural oil and moisture balance of the skin and reveal the soft, flower-like bloom of your skin. Used as an invisible base beneath make-up, the unique beauty fluid not only guards your skin against the drying effects of the weather and cosmetic pigments but it also serves to ensure that your complexion will look beautifully milky-matt and flawless all through the day.

Lemons for Loveliness

Keep your complexion fair, petal-soft and lovely, free from freckles and enlarged pores, with the natural toning and beautifying action of lemons. After cleansing your complexion, gently smooth lemon Delph freshener over your face and neck to clear away all particles and skin impurities. The surface skin cells and circulation are stimulated and the natural lemon extracts tone and refine the pores to give you soft, blemish-free loveliness.

A Lovelier Teenage Skin

The radiant beauty of the teenage complexion becomes immediately apparent when the skin is toned with special beauty lemons. After normal cleansing, pat lemon Delph freshener over your face and neck as a second thorough cleanse to clear clogged pores and disperse surface bacteria that cause skin blemishes. Delph lemon freshener brings beauty to the teenage skin as it whips up circulation and gives the complexion a superb, young glow. It ideally smooths and prepares the skin for a lovelier make-up. Brushed on the hair it gives the glow of sparkling diamonds.

Make Your Neck a Beauty Asset

For a beautiful, smooth, slender neck that is just as lovely as your complexion, end your day by giving your neck the natural fairing, toning treatment of lemons. Soak a little lemon Delph freshener on to a cottonwool pad and gently dab it all over your neck until you can feel the surface skin cells glowing with a new radiance. Then for added loveliness, smooth on a film of moist tropical oil of Ulan to keep your neck supple, soft and wrinkle-free.

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TRAVELLER'S TALE

ON VILA'S SEA-WALL

Hidden, ancient, colorful — here bubbles the life of the small New Hebrides town.

● If the visitor to Vila wanders down the fascinating main street — in fact, the town's one and only street — he will find at the very end a quaint old French colonial building with walls of square pink stone.

HERE is situated the Bar Sportifs, two Vietnamese shops containing everything from a bar of soap to a bottle of French champagne, a Chinese tailor's, and a Tonkinese barber.

If the traveller looks closer, he will see at the corner of this building a narrow flight of stone steps.

If he walks down these steps and takes a few paces, he will find himself on the old sea-wall of Vila. Hidden, ancient, and colorful—here bubbles the life of the town.

Here I came, seeking an apartment to live in while I wrote this article, and here I saw Monsieur Arrighi, the Spanish-born owner of the building, young, dark, good looking.

With spread hands he explained that the apartment was unfurnished, full of builders' materials, and he could not possibly let Madame live there until he had moved all the junk.

Never mind, said Madame, now determined to live there or die. I'll move the stuff out myself; just let me get in there. Monsieur spread his hands again in a gesture of reluctant assent.

Then I broached the matter of rent, and Monsieur reared up in horror of such a mundane matter. So Madame had to agree, dumb-founded at this noble gesture in the dearest island in the South Pacific.

The apartment was stone-walled, stone-floored, low-ceilinged, with pink-washed walls; dim, cool, utterly charming. It was directly under the Tonkinese barber—a cellar consisting of two large rooms, and a bathroom and kitchen. No power. That day friends helped me move in a camp bed, two chairs, a plate, spoon, knife and fork, and a packet of candles, to be stuck in empty wine bottles. I was established!

The same good friends, Peggy Pelissier and her attractive daughters, Francesca, 16, and Priscilla, ten, who lived in the adjoining apartment, helped me scrub down the stone floors, disinfect and clean the tiny, old-fashioned square sash windows, two of which looked

out to sea—the sea being only 6ft. from the old wooden half-shuttered french doors.

At the windows I hung brilliant red-and-white hibiscus-patterned cotton curtains. While nobody was looking, I "borrowed" one of the potted cactus plants from the back steps of the Bar Sportifs and set it in a corner of the front room.

Peggy Pelissier and her daughters helped me manhandle huge steel window-frames, bags of cement, pots of putty, and large sheets of plateglass into the back-room.

I sat at my typewriter perched on my suitcase,

frizzy-topped little native girl of ten, another a boy of 11 in natty white trousers and flaming scarlet shirt.

They questioned me. "Does Madame sleep here?" "Yes." Their eyes expressed surprise, then with infinite French courtesy, age-old, they asked could they help Madame with the housework?

Madame thanked them politely, but it was all done. So it was. A slice of pineapple for breakfast, a golden-fleshed mango, and a cup of steaming French coffee in Peggy's apartment.

I watched the shipping anchored in the bay in front of me. There was the Poly-

philosopher, and also an expert photographer.

Next to Pat's yacht was the incredible trimaran the Pipedream—made by American missionary-sailor Alan Wolfson. He built the craft in San Francisco with his own hands out of three large pipes. Somewhere along the voyage out he met his beautiful young Hawaiian teacher wife. (They have since returned to Hawaii.)

On board, Al carries 2000 copies of his book on natural health, "God Is My Doctor," which gives a natural cure for every ailment under the sun—from leprosy to heat-rash—and also many and varied health diets.

Deep in the jungle, by a cool tropical pool, fern-edged, overhung with the drooping branches of giant trees, Al has built one of his famous steambaths.

It consists of a large galvanised-iron water-tank, which he found in the jungle abandoned by the Americans in World War II. He installed it on four tree-stumps and, in the bottom, made a hole about 2ft. in diameter. Below this hole is a ladder made of untrimmed tree branches, lashed together with coconut-palm fronds, and up this you climb into the tank.

Inside are seven small cut-down tree-stumps. Underneath the tank is an old empty oil-drum, converted into a fire-heater. While

Infinite French courtesy

which, in turn, was perched on my camp bed, and typed busily away. Everybody thought I was mad, and I thought it easiest to let it go at that.

Peggy Pelissier lent me a beautiful red-and-white island armchair of plaited straw, and when I felt I had earned a rest I would sit in the doorway and watch the life of the old sea-wall.

There was Blondine, a gorgeous, blonde, half-caste New Hebridean, aged 12. Large green eyes looked incredulously into my small room. Flanking her were three other urchins; one a

nesie, just arrived from Tahiti.

A little way away from her rode the French frigate La France. That morning she fired a salute of 13 guns. I never found out what for.

There was the long, graceful white island schooner the Tiara Tepura (Lemon Flower) waiting to go out on the tide for Tanna and a cargo of copra.

Close to the wall lay a small white yacht, the Mahina. Her owner, lone yachtsman Pat Howden, arrived here from Los Angeles and Honolulu. Pat is a scientist, poet, dreamer,



● Susan Dalrymple Hay (right) in the apartment of local businessman Mr. Charles Pelissier and Mrs. Pelissier. At left is daughter Francesca Pelissier.

By
**SUSAN DAL-
RYMPLE HAY, an
Englishwoman who
has spent much of
her life in the
Solomon Islands
and the New Heb-
rides and sailing
the Pacific Ocean.**

you sit inside, a native girl, Mareena, builds in minutes a fierce fire of coconut husks and dry twigs.

While the fire is kindling, you sit on your little tree-stump and wait for the steam to get good and hot, until you are sitting in a damp cloud of steam, quite unable to see your neighbor's face.

After you can stand no more, you descend, and lie upon a slab of rough wooden logs, while Al manipulates your legs, arms, and neck. Then again into the steam-bath. You finish up with a swim in the cold jungle pool and drink a half-coconut shell of fresh sea-water, which, strangely enough, tastes delicious.

Object of this unusual cocktail is to replace the salt which your body has lost through perspiration in the steam-bath.

The net result of this tropical Turkish bath is a marvellous feeling of energy, well-being, cleanliness, and coolness — and this good feeling remains for at least 24 hours.

Owner of the Bar Sportifs is Spanish-born Monsieur Agolo. His plump, curly-haired wife serves the largest — and coldest — Martini-Cinzanos in Vila. Deep ruby red, clanking with ice, they nearly fill the tumbler, all for A30 cents.

Monsieur Agolo sits at a table in the corner with Rocky, his alsatian, at his feet, playing dominoes with a few cronies. Occasionally



● Susan Dalrymple Hay and ten-year-old Priscilla Pelissier (left) in the doorway of the apartment on the Vila sea-wall in which she wrote this article.

● Miss Tessa Franklin (below) in Vila's native market with the harbor in background. Here avocados sell at 3 cents each, bananas just 10 cents a hand.

he will go to the back door of the bar, which overlooks the sea-wall, and blast away at Blondine and her pals in his Spanish-accented French, telling them to get off "his wall" and to stop playing on his property and making a nuisance of themselves.

Blondine replies that she will play where she likes, mimicking Monsieur's Spanish accent, and hurls herself fully dressed from the

will run you up a dress— from your own material— with a Paris cut for \$4.

Across the road is "Madame Druggy," so called because she owns the drug-store cum grocery, where she has been for 40 years.

She sells the most delicious French cheeses of goat's milk, French salami, and excellent vin ordinaire for only 30 cents a bottle.

In the main street of Vila

carved, worn rosewood, from the panels of La Perouse's cabin; a chased-silver shoe-buckle, arched and elegant; an iron hasp from a sea-chest; an old iron nail; a broken pair of dividers, almost shiny they are in such good condition.

Whose hands were holding the dividers when the ship struck?

How come they are broken off short in that strange manner? Was it the tremendous shock that caused them to snap as the wooden hull of the brave little ship struck the coral reef, carrying her crew to their doom?

Which impeccably dressed officer wore the highly fashionable shoe from which was torn the silver shoe-buckle, with its carving of tiny grapes and vine leaves? The buckle has not a dent in it.

As I gaze, I see the two ships foundering and lost on the reefs outside Vanikoro Island. I can picture the natives running, spears glinting in the moonlight, scrambling into war canoes, paddling wildly by the light of the tropic moon toward the "big canoes."

The crew's fate was never known, merely fearfully guessed at, and, guessing, one shudders away from what it must have been.

Later in the afternoon, I stroll down the other end of the town to the native market. Here, on the grass, the natives have spread out their garden produce for sale.

The Tonkinese women wear long, black silk trousers, white silk jumpers, and



down the street, each in their own uniforms. Sometimes, it is true, the French policeman is sucking an ice-cream cone, but it is only fair to say that his English comrade looks at him enviously, obviously wishing that he could relax, too.

The time I like best in my life on the sea-wall is the sunset hour. Then Francesca and Charles Pelissier are home from work, and we get our chairs and sit in a line along the wall, our feet propped up on the low stone balustrade.

Charles provides Peggy and

along the wall. A last customer is leaving Madame Druggy's with his bottle of red wine for supper. Better and cheaper than beer, and no Frenchman sips without his wine.

Somewhere a guitar twangs, then thrums out the chords of an island song. Peggy gets up reluctantly to go inside and stir the simmering French casserole of wild turkey in white wine. There is lap-lap to follow with the native sauce of iced coconut cream. To top it off, there will be hot, bitter French coffee, freshly ground, with a dash of chicory.

Later, when I have eaten more than is good for me, I will walk the few paces along the wall to my own apartment.

I enter the warm darkness and light one of my candles in its fat, green wine bottle. Then I light a Chinese joss-stick which smells of musk and parma violets. Slowly the perfumed smoke drifts outside and mingles with the salty smell of the harbor.

I draw the curtains. The candle flame flares up, lighting my strange little abode with its warm, rosy glow. I look around. Here in the heart of the tropical islands of the South Pacific is peace, amity, love of neighbor, and I am grateful for being allowed to live here a little while.

Frightening masks

broken old jetty, the children's favorite diving-place.

She is quickly followed by her small pals, all wearing their clothes, and they splash about defiantly under Monsieur Agolo's angry gaze, until, discomfited, he returns to his dominoes.

All the children of the town swim in their clothes, returning dripping up the hill, their light cotton clothes clinging to their skinny little bodies.

Along from Monsieur Agolo's bar is the Chinese tailors' owned and run by two Vietnamese girls, Mari- anne and Simone. Both amazingly beautiful, they chatter equally well in French and Chinese. They

is the Cultural Centre, a library and museum housed in an attractive modern building. The museum is full of island curios.

Here are the weird and rather frightening mask of the New Hebrides. Worn by natives at various rituals, such as "Digging of the Yams," "Fertility Rites," and other semi-mystical ceremonies, these masks are fantastic in design and structure. They are painted with vegetable dyes all the colors of the rainbow, but black, white, and red predominate.

Curious, almost venomous faces, with streaks, dots, and daubs of vermilion, white, yellow, and red, and sometimes a brilliant blue, all have their meanings hidden in the folklore and superstitions of the New Hebridean tribes. One figure, carved from stone, hideous and squat, is said to possess malevolent powers, which the chief of the tribe can wield at will to exterminate his enemies.

Away in a corner in a glass case is a handful of rather pitiful relics recently discovered on the Island of Vanikoro from the wrecks Astrolabe and Boussoule, the ill-fated ships of the Comte de la Perouse's expedition.

The huge iron anchor of the Astrolabe is on the lawn outside the museum. It is quite 25ft. long, with flukes 10ft. in diameter, rusted now and flaking away in the hot tropic sunshine, bent and twisted by the contrary currents which flowed over her as she lay on the seabed for those 200-odd years.

I go inside again and pore over the objects in the glass case—musing over one of the sea's strangest mysteries.

Here is a narrow silver pipe of a bosun's whistle, its chain attached, almost in new condition. There is a Louis XVI gold coin, much melted; a small piece of



● Snack Bar, a meeting-place for all Vila and also popular with tourists. It is open until all hours.

Work amicably together

large-brimmed straw hats with conical crowns. Their wares are mangoes, pumpkins, cucumbers, breadfruit, bananas, melons, eggs, crabs, nuts, and fish.

In the evening they set off again in pirogues for the island of Vila across the harbor, their tiny craft carrying unsold fruit and vegetables.

Vila is a condominium — ruled equally by the French and British. In the law courts, a French and an English judge equally preside. Strangely enough, both countries work amicably together.

It is fun to see French and English police walking

me with our favorite Cinzanos and ice, while he opens a bottle of Australian beer for himself, and Francesca and Priscilla share a tonic water with a chunk of ice and a sliver of fresh island lime.

Above, and immediately in front of us, is the tiniest, slimmest baby moon anybody ever saw. And, yes, there is a satellite travelling along slowly but surely. Lights spring up on the foremasts of ships and yachts. The Polynesian is threaded from top to toe with fairy lights of gold.

Delicious whiffs of frying potatoes come from all

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They serve a different blend each week and you'll enjoy a delicious luncheon too.

COMPACT

How to PLAY POSTCODE

(If you get the 5577!)

● **POSTCODE** can be fun, as staff writer Robin Adair found out. He discovered many unusual place names in the lists — and decided to tell a story by using Postcode numbers. The result is below.

See how long it takes you to crack the code. A tip: It's not as difficult as it might appear at first glance. Remember that the first digit indicates the State.

For anyone who's stumped, the story, with "translations," appears at the bottom of this page.

And why not have a shot at a Postcode story yourself? We will pay \$20 each for the best three submitted. Entries must be in our office by September 27, and must be accompanied by "translations" to speed up checking.

Your entry should be no longer than this sample, and can be as short as you like. The address is "Postcode Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Now to the story...

3809 met his 2017

Suddenly, 4730 3065, a 2301 (or was she 2144?) ran into the surgery, pointing to her 3571 6213 6050, 3418.

Dr. 4824 heard her 7255 3415: "The 2621!"

4702 Captain 3065, a 2600 man who had served at 3691, 4351, and 3630, ran a 5656.

6765 the room to watch 3058, suffered an 3223.

He fell 2602 4012 the 7325able only of letting out a 2388.

"I'm in a 2695," said the doctor.

"2259—aren't 2199 fix 4373?" said 3065.

"2640 since you've 2855 on a holiday? 2584 time?"

"3285."

"2493 to retire?"

"I 2826, 2857 year out."

"4179 nonsense! You need 3090 of 4807."

3352 5750 to his defence and Dr. Downs let her 6500, but he didn't have to be very 3741 to know that the Captain would have to 6528 from hard 5470.

Or else it would be 2739.

"2697 hands," said 4730. "Like 2330."

6308, 2577 so often that 4824 decided to lessen 2474 by 6219 a scheme to put him in a 5320—either in an old 3427 home, or in the 2625 3077.

There 3265 2650 would be in 7320 to 3482 and give a 4680 4152 5022.

And he should be 5007 7154.

SOLUTION BELOW

It's a HIPPY hunting ground

★ What would you call a place that sold hippy-type equipment — incense, buttons, etc.? A Sydney shop in that unusual line of business has a neat solution. It's called a psychedelicatesen!

The cheat was a ring-in

● Several hundred apprentices turned up at schools in West Germany recently to take qualifying examinations — only to be sent home without getting a chance to see the questions.

Two days before, it turned out, one of them had telephoned the director of one school, saying he was the director of the Chamber of Industry and Commerce.

He told the school director that the wrong questions had been forwarded for the examination and requested him to repeat the questions over the phone.

The rogue apprentice sat cheerfully writing down the questions to make things easier for himself.

However, the swindle was uncovered in time and the examination was postponed.

WE LITTLE BEAUTY!

■ There should be five very proud — if sheepish — mothers on a farm at Yuna, in the Chapman Valley, near Geraldton, W.A.

In one year, between them they have produced one set of quads and four sets of triplets.

The proud mothers are ewes among Mr. Russell Exten's flock.

At about the same time, a set of quads was born on another property near Geraldton.

The mother there was a Merino - Border Leicester-cross ewe on Mr. F. T. Morrell's farm.

They are Merino ewes, and sheep experts say it's rare for ewes to produce quads — and even rarer in other than cross-breeds or British breeds.

SOLUTION TO POSTCODE STORY

OFFICER met his WATERLOO

Suddenly, ALICE FITZROY, a REDHEAD (or was she AUBURN?) ran into the surgery, pointing to her DINGEE DWELLINGUP MOUNT LAWLEY, BLEAK HOUSE.

Dr. GREGORY DOWNS heard her EMITA WAIL: "The CAPTAINS FLAT!"

BLUFF Captain FITZROY, a DUNTROON man who had served at LONE PINE, POZIERES, and DUNKIRK, ran a PYGERY. FITZROY CROSSING the room to watch BATMAN, suffered an INDENTED HEAD.

He fell DOWNER NUNDAH the TABLE CAPEable only of letting out a WEE WAA.

"I'm in a QUANDARY," said the doctor.

"WYEE—aren't YAGOONA fix THE HEAD?" said FITZROY.

"HOWLONG since you've BINNAWAY on a holiday? BINALONG time?"

"TOOLONG."

"ULONG to retire?"

"I NEVERTIRE, YEARINAN year out."

"LOTA nonsense! You need PLENTY of AYR."

BLOWHARD ALICE SPRINGS to his defence and Dr. Downs let her GABALONG, but he didn't have to be very BRIGHT to know that the Captain would have to WALKAWAY from hard YACKA.

Or else it would be GOODNIGHT.

"WIRRINYA hands," said ALICE. "Like PUTTY."

WANDERING, FITZROY FALLS so often that GREGORY DOWNS decided to lessen THE RISK by COOKERNUP a scheme to put him in a NEW RESIDENCE—either in an old DIGGERS REST home, or in the BIGGA HEIDELBERG REPATRIATION GENERAL HOSPITAL.

There THE SISTERS GALORE would be in COOEE to WATCHEM and give a LITTLEMORE CARINA TENNYSON.

And he should be WELLAND SNUG.

● You worked out, of course, that 5577 (in the heading) signifies CORNY POINT!

WOMEN WITH DRIVE

TIRED of taking a back seat in their men's lives, the wives and girlfriends of many of Sydney motor-racing drivers, mechanics, and writers have combined to form a club with a difference.

Their aim is to make motor-racing safer and more comfortable by raising funds from social functions.

And the first project, already under way, is the purchase of six asbestos fire-fighter outfits to be used at all N.S.W. car rallies.

Mrs. Barry Cooke, social secretary of the club, said everyone associated with motor-racing had been horrified when Lorenzo Bandini, the 30-year-old Ferrari team leader, recently crashed at the Monaco Grand Prix and died of the terrible burns he received.

"Most believed that rescuers in proper fire-fighting suits could have dragged Bandini from the blazing car before he was so badly burnt. He was trapped under his car for five minutes before he could be pulled out."

Men help

Mrs. Cooke, whose husband is editor of a motoring magazine, said most of the wives and girlfriends of the motor-racing fraternity had become tired of sitting on the sidelines of the meetings.

"The men are very enthusiastic about our club, and are giving us all the help they can. Mr. Jeff Sykes, of the Australian Auto Racing Club, has offered to give us the proceeds of one of the club's Warwick Farm, N.S.W., meetings.

"And, as the fire suits cost about \$200 each, the total sum to be gathered is quite a challenge. Now we will have something to do at the meetings instead of just sitting on our own."



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The Australian
Women's Weekly presents

NEW KNITS FOR SPRING BABIES

Matinee coats and jackets, jumpers, bonnets, shawls, dresses, and a pram set to knit for your special baby.



JIFFY JACKETS (left). Knitting directions for this lovely trio begin on page 2. COVER BABY (below). See page 8.



The Australian Women's Weekly — September 13, 1967
FOR SPRING BABIES.— Page 1

JIFFY JACKETS Color picture page 1

Materials: Jacket with Round Neck — 4 (5, 5) balls Emu Scotch Double Knitting, Double Crepe, Bri-Nylon Double Knitting, or Emu Sports in white; 2 balls blue; Jacket with Collar — 4 (4, 4) balls as above in white; 2 balls blue; Jacket with Tie — 5 (5, 5) balls as above in white; 1 ball blue; one pair each Nos. 6 and 7 needles; buttons.

Measurements: To fit 18 (19, 20) in. chest; length, 9½ (10, 10½) in.; sleeve, 5½ (6, 6) in.

Tension: 5 sts. and 6 rows to 1 sq. in.

Abbreviations: Sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped st. over; t.b.l., through back of loop(s); w.fwd., wool forward; m 1, make 1 by picking up bar which lies between st. just worked and next st. and knitting into back of it.

ROUND-NECK JACKET **BACK**

Using No. 7 needles and blue, cast on 62 (64, 66) sts. K 9 rows t.b.l. Change to No. 6 needles and white, work in st-st. until work measures 4½ (5, 5½) in., ending p row.

Next Row: K 15 (16, 17), * k 2 tog., rep. from * 15 times, k to end.

Change to No. 7 needles. Work 5 rows in k t.b.l.

Change to No. 6 needles and st-st., comm. with k row cont. thus:

To Shape Armholes: ** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows until 36 (38, 40) sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 3½ (4, 4½) in., ending p row. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 5 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of foll. 2 rows. ** Leave rem. 16 (18, 18) sts. on spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

*** Using No. 7 needles and blue, cast on 37 (38, 39) sts. Work 9 rows in k t.b.l. *** Change to No. 6 needles and white, k to last 6 sts., sl. these 6 on to pin. Cont. in st-st., comm. with p row until work measures 4½ (5, 5½) in., ending p row.

Next Row: K 8 (8, 9), * k 2 tog., rep. from * 7 times, k to end.

Change to No. 7 needles and work 5 rows in k t.b.l.

Change to No. 6 needles and st-st., comm. k row. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on foll. alt. rows until 18 (19, 20) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures 2 (2½, 2½) in., ending front edge.

Next Row: Cast off 4 (5, 5) sts., p to end.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and foll. alt. rows until 10 (10, 11) sts. rem. Cont. until work measures same as back to shoulder, ending at armhole edge.

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Purl.

Cast off rem. 5 (5, 6) sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front from *** to ***. **Next Row:** Work across 6 sts. and sl. on to pin, break off blue.

Change to No. 6 needles and white, k to end. Complete as left front, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles and blue, cast on 34 (36, 38) sts. Work 5 rows in k t.b.l.

Change to No. 6 needles and white, work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and foll. 4th rows until inc. to 40 (42, 44) sts. Cont. until work measures 5½ (6, 6) in., ending p row. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows 1 (2, 3) times. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 10 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using bk-st., join shoulder seams. Right side facing, using No. 7 needles and blue, pick up and k 14 (16, 16) sts. up right side, k across 16 (18, 18) sts. on back, pick up and k 14 (16, 16) sts. down left side. 44 (50, 50) sts. Work 5 rows in k t.b.l. Cast off.

BUTTONHOLE BAND

Join in blue to sts. left on right front. Using No. 7 needles, work in k t.b.l. until band measures 4½ (4½, 5) in.

Next Row: K 2 t.b.l., cast off 2, k 1 t.b.l.

Next Row: Work to end, casting on over cast-off sts. Work 2 more buttonholes 1½ in. apart. Work ½ in. Cast off.

BUTTON BAND

As buttonhole band, omitting buttonholes.

JACKET WITH COLLAR **BACK**

Using No. 7 needles and blue, cast on 46 (48, 50) sts. K 5 rows t.b.l.

Change to No. 6 needles and white, work in st-st. until work measures 5½ (5½, 5½) in., ending p row.

To Shape Armholes: Work as round-neck jacket from ** to **. Cast off rem. 16 (18, 18) sts.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles and blue, cast on 29 (30, 31) sts. Work 5 rows in k t.b.l. Change to No. 6 needles and white, k to last 4 sts., sl. these on to pin. Cont. in st-st., comm. p row until work measures 5½ (5½, 5½) in., ending p row. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on foll. alt. rows until 20 (21, 22) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures 2½ (3, 3½) in., ending front edge.

Next Row: Cast off 6 (7, 7) sts., p to end. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 4 rows. Cont. until work measures same as back to shoulder, ending at armhole edge.

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Purl. Cast off rem. 5 (5, 6) sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles and blue, cast on 29 (30, 31) sts. Work 5 rows in k t.b.l. **Next Row:** Work across 4 sts. and sl. on to pin, break off blue.

Change to No. 6 needles and white, k to end.

Cont. in st-st., comm. with a p row until work measures 1½ (1½, 1½) in., ending p row.

Next Row: K 2, cast off 2, k to end.

Next Row: P to end, casting on 2 sts. over cast-off sts. Work as left front, reversing all shapings, at the same time making 3 more buttonholes 2 (2½, 2½) in. apart.

SLEEVES

Work as for Round-Neck Jacket.

COLLAR

Using No. 6 needles and blue, cast on 48 (50, 52) sts. Work 5 rows in k t.b.l. Note: Use 2 balls blue yarn, one for each end. When changing color, always twist yarns to avoid a hole.

Next Row: With blue k 4 t.b.l., in white k to last 4 sts., in blue k 4 t.b.l.

Next Row: With blue k 4 t.b.l., in white p to last 4 sts., in blue k 4 t.b.l.

Next Row: With blue k 4 t.b.l., k to last 4 sts., k 4 t.b.l.

Next Row: With blue k 4 t.b.l., p to last 4 sts., k 4 t.b.l.

Rep. last 4 rows once more, and first 2 rows again. Cast off.

FRONT BANDS (2)

Join blue to sts. left on pin. Using No. 7 needles, work in k t.b.l. until band is long enough, slightly stretched, to fit front. Cast off.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 7 needles and blue, cast on 16 sts. Work 5 rows in k t.b.l.

Next Row: With blue k 3 t.b.l., in white k to last 3 sts., in blue k 3 t.b.l.

Next Row: With blue k 3 t.b.l., in white p to last 3 sts., in blue k 3 t.b.l.

Next Row: With blue, k 3 t.b.l., k to last 3 sts., k 3 t.b.l.

Next Row: With blue, k 3 t.b.l., p to last 3 sts., k 3 t.b.l.

Rep. last 4 rows once more, and first 2 rows again. Break off white. In blue, work 5 rows in k t.b.l. Cast off.

JACKET WITH TIE **BACK**

Using No. 7 needles and white, cast on 54 (58, 62) sts. K 5 rows t.b.l.

Change to No. 6 needles and patt.

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 2, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * k 1, p 2, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, * p 1, (k 1, p 1) into w.fwd. of last row, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

5th Row: As 2nd.

6th Row: As 1st.

7th Row: K 1, w.fwd., * sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., w.fwd., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

8th Row: K 1, k into w.fwd. of last row, * p 2, (k 1, p 1) into w.fwd. of last row, rep. from *, ending p 2, k into w.fwd. of last row, k 1.

Cont. until work measures 5½ (5½, 5½) in., ending with wrong-side row.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping cont. of patt., cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Continued on page 4

FOUR NEW BONNETS

Materials—Blue and White Helmet: 2 balls Emu 4-ply Bri-Nylon in blue, 1 ball white; pr. ea. Nos. 10 and 12 needles.

Pink Bonnet: 1 ball Emu 4-ply Bri-Nylon; pr. ea. Nos. 10 and 12 needles; medium crochet hook; 1yd. ribbon; 1½yds. lace.

Yellow Helmet: 2 balls Emu Sports, Scotch Double Knitting, Double Crepe, or Bri-Nylon Double Knitting; pr. ea. Nos. 8 and 10 needles; contrast yarns for embroidery.

Pompon Cap: 3 balls Emu Sports, Scotch Double Knitting, Double Crepe, or Bri-Nylon Double Knitting; pr. ea. Nos. 8 and 10 needles; medium crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 1-3 months or 3-6 months.

Tensions: 4-ply, 6½ sts. to 1in. over g-st. 7½ sts. over patt. Double Knitting, 5½ sts. to 1in. over st-st. 7 sts. over patt.

Abbreviations: P.s.s.o., pass slipped st. over; T2F., k into front of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then into 1st st., slip both sts. off tog.; T2B., k into back of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then into front of 1st st., slip both sts. off tog.; m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color; p.w., purlwise; w.r.n., wool round needle; w.b., wool back.

BLUE AND WHITE HELMET

FRONT SECTION

Right Side

** Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Inc. into 1st st., k 1.

Cont. in g-st., inc. 1 st. at beg. of foll. 5 alt. rows. (8 sts.) Cont. without shaping for ½in.

Inc. 1 st. at shaped edge on next and foll. 3 alt. rows. (12 sts.)

Change to No. 10 needles. ** Cast on 13 (15) sts. at shaped edge. K 4 rows. Join in c.c.

Next Row: * K 1 c.c., leave yarn at back, sl. 1 p.w., rep. from * to last st., k 1 c.c.

Next Row: * K 1 c.c., bring yarn to front (wrong side facing), sl. 1 p.w., w.b., rep. from * to last st., k 1 c.c.



K 6 rows in m.c. (Last 8 rows form patt.)

Cont. in patt. until work is 1½ (2) in. from "cast on 13 (15) sts." Keeping cont. of patt., dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 6th rows until 7 (9) sts. rem. Break c.c.

Next Row: K 2 tog. 3 (4) times, k 1. Break yarn, thread through rem. sts., draw up. Fasten off.

Left side

Work as right side, working in g-st. and m.c. throughout.

BACK SECTION

Left side

Work as right side of front section from ** to **. Cast on 11 (13) sts. at shaped edge. K 4 rows.

Join in c.c. Work in patt. as right side of front until work meas. 1½ (2) in. Keeping cont. of patt., dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 6th rows until 5 (7) sts. rem. Break c.c.

Next Row: K 2 tog. 2 (3) times, k 1. Break off yarn, thread through rem. sts., draw up. Fasten off.

Right Side

Work as left side, working in g-st. and m.c. throughout.

TIE ENDS (Make 2)

Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 6 sts. Work in g-st. for 14in. Cast off.

PINK BONNET

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 93 (99) sts. K 3 rows.

** Comm. with k row, work 7 rows in st-st., k 1 row. **. Rep. from ** to ** once.

Change to No. 10 needles and patt.

1st Row: K 3, * sl. 1, k 2, p.s.s.o. the 2 k sts., k 3, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 3, * p 1, w.r.n., p 1, k 3, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: P 3, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to end. 4th Row: Purl.

Cont. in patt. until work measures approx. 3½ (4) in., ending with 3rd patt. row.

Next Row: P 10 (4), * p 2 tog., p 16 (7), rep. from * to last 11 (5) sts., p 2 tog., p 9 (3). 88 (88) sts.

To Shape Back — 1st Row: * K 6, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. (77 sts.) 2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

Continued overleaf

FOR SPRING BABIES — Page 3

JIFFY JACKETS Continued from page 2

Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows until 44 (48, 52) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures $3\frac{1}{4}$ (4, $4\frac{1}{4}$) in., ending wrong-side row. Cast off 6 (7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 7 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of foll. 2 rows. Cast off rem. 18 (20, 22) sts.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles and white, cast on 26 (30, 30) sts. Work 5 rows in k t.b.l. Change to No. 6 needles and patt. as for back. Cont. until work measures $5\frac{1}{4}$ (5, $5\frac{1}{4}$) in., ending wrong-side row.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog. Dec. 1 st. each end of every foll. alt. row until 17 (21, 21) sts. rem.

2nd Size Only: Keeping armhole edge straight, dec. at neck edge as before, until 18 sts. rem.

All Sizes: Keeping armhole edge straight, dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 3rd row until 13 (14, 15) sts. rem. Cont. until work measures same as back to shoulder, ending at armhole edge.

Next Row: Cast off 6 (7, 7) sts., patt. to end.

Next Row: Patt. to end. Cast off rem. 7 (7, 8) sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles and blue, cast on 34 (38, 38) sts. Work 4 rows in k t.b.l.

Next Row: K 3 (5, 5) t.b.l., * m 1, work 4, rep. from * to last 3 (5, 5) sts., m 1, work to end.

Change to No. 6 needles, patt., and white. Inc. and work into patt., 1 st. each end of 9th and foll. 4th rows until inc. to 50 (54, 54) sts. Cont. until work measures $5\frac{1}{4}$ (6, 6) in., ending wrong-side row. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows until 40 (42, 42) sts. rem. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 12 (14, 14) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT BAND

Using No. 7 needles and blue, cast on 6 sts. and work in k t.b.l. until band is long enough, slightly stretched, to fit up right front, across back, and down left front. Cast off.

TIE (2)

Using No. 7 needles and blue, cast on 6 sts. Work 6 in. in k t.b.l. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron over damp cloth. Using bk-st., join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves.

Round-Neck Jacket: Using flat-st., join front bands to fronts. Sew on buttons.

Jacket with Collar: Using flat-st., join front bands to fronts. Sew collar to neck, comm. and ending inside front bands. Sew on buttons. Sew on pockets, placing lower edge of pocket two rows above g-st. border and side edge of pocket 2 sts. in from side seam.

Jacket with Tie: Using flat-st., sew on front band. Sew ties on to front band at beg. of neck shaping.

FOUR NEW BONNETS Continued from page 3

3rd Row: * K 5, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Cont. dec. in this way until 22 sts. rem.

12th Row: P 2 tog. all along row. Break yarn, thread through rem. sts., draw up. Fasten off.

YELLOW HELMET WITH EMBROIDERY

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 8 (8) sts.

Next Row: Purl. Comm. shaping:

1st Row: K twice into every st.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K twice into 1st st., k 2, * k twice into next 2 sts., k 2, rep. from * twice, k twice into last st.

5th Row: K twice into 1st st., k 4, * k twice into next 2 sts., k 4, rep. from * twice, k twice into last st.

7th Row: K twice into 1st st., k 6, * k twice into next 2 sts., k 6, rep. from * twice, k twice into last st.

9th Row: K 9, * k twice into next 2 sts., k 8, rep. from * twice, k 1.

11th Row: K 10, * k twice into next 2 sts., k 22, k twice into next 2 sts., k 10.

13th Row: K 11, * k twice into next 2 sts., k 11, rep. from * twice.

15th Row: K 12, k twice into next 2 sts., k 28, k twice into next 2 sts., k 12.

17th Row: K 13, * k twice into next 2 sts., k 14, rep. from * once, k twice into next 2 sts., k 13.

19th Row: K 14, k twice into next 2

sts., k 34, k twice into next 2 sts., k 14.

21st Row: K 15, * k twice into next 2 sts., k 17, rep. from * once, k twice into next 2 sts., k 15.

23rd Row: Knit.

25th Row: K 16, * k twice into next 2 sts., k 19, rep. from * once, k twice into next 2 sts., k 16.

27th Row: Knit.

29th Row: K 17, * k twice into next 2 sts., k 21, rep. from * once, k twice into next 2 sts., k 17.

31st Row: Knit.

33rd Row: K 18, * k twice into next 2 sts., k 23, rep. from * once, k twice into next 2 sts., k 18. (94 sts.) Mark each end of last row.

2nd Size Only:

Work 3 rows st-st.

Next Row: K 19, * k twice into next 2 sts., k 25, rep. from * once, k twice into next 2 sts., k 19. (100 sts.)

Both Sizes:

Comm. with p row, cont. in st-st. until lin. from marking, ending with p row.

Next Row: K 11 (12), * p 1, k 1, rep. from * 9 times, p 1, k 30 (34), p 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * 9 times, k 11 (12).

Next Row: P 11 (12), * k 1, p 1, rep. from * 9 times, k 32 (36), * p 1, k 1, rep. from * 9 times, p 11 (12). Rep. last 2 rows once.

Next Row: K 11 (12), * p 1, k 1, rep. from * 9 times, p 1, cast off 30 (34), * k 1, p 1, rep. from * 9 times, k 11 (12). Work on 2nd set of sts.

Next Row: P 11 (12), * k 1, p 1, rep. from * 9 times, k 1.

Next Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * 9 times, k 11 (12). Rep. last 2 rows once.

Next Row: K 12 (13), * p 1, k 1, rep. from * 9 times.

Next Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * 9 times, k 11 (12).

Next Row: K 12 (13), * p 1, k 1, rep. from * 9 times.

Next Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * 9 times, cast off rem. 11 (12) sts.

Cont. in rib on rem. 21 sts. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 7 sts. rem.

Cont. for 14in. Cast off in rib.

Join yarn to 1st set of sts. Complete to match 1st side.

POMPON CAP EAR FLAPS (2)

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 3 sts.

Next Row: K 1, p 1, k 1. Keeping cont. of rib, inc. 1 st. each end of every row until inc. to 21 sts.

Next Row: Cast on 8 (10) sts., rib to end. Cont. in rib over all sts. for 1in. Leave on spare needle.

CROWN

Using No. 8 needles and comm. at 8 (10) cast-on sts., rib across 29 (31) sts.

of 1st flap, cast on 29 (32) sts., rib 29 (31) sts. of 2nd flap, ending with 8 (10) sts. 87 (94) sts. P 1 row. Comm. patt. Keeping cont. of rib, work 7 rows.

1st Row (right side): K 3, * T2F, T2B, k 3, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 3, * p 4, k 3, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: P 3, * T2B, T2F, p 3, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: Purl. Rep. these 4 rows 5 times more.

1st Size Only:

Next Row: K to last st., inc. into last st. (88 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

2nd Size Only:

Next Row: K 9, * k 2 tog., k 13, rep. from * to last 10 sts., k 2 tog., k 8. (88 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Both Sizes:

1st Row: * K 6, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: * K 5, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Cont. dec. in this way until 22 sts. rem.

12th Row: K 2 tog. all along row. (11 sts.) Break off yarn, thread through rem. sts. Draw up, fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron over damp

Continued opposite page

LITTLE-GIRL DRESS

Materials: 6 balls Patons Patonyle 4-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; No. 10 crochet hook; 6 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit 20in. chest; length from shoulder, 16in.; length of sleeve, 3in.

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in. over patt.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 121 sts. and k 11 rows. Cont. in patt. thus:

1st Row (wrong side facing): Knit.
2nd Row: K 1, * k into loop below next st., k 1, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: Knit.
4th Row: K 2, * k into loop below next st., k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 4 rows until work measures 10in., ending on 4th row of patt.

**** Next Row:** K 60, k into front and back of next st., k 60.

Next row work 2nd row of patt. on first 61 sts., turn. Cont. on this side only, leaving rem. 61 sts. on holder.

Cont. in patt. for 11 rows.
To Shape Raglan: Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at beg. of next row and next 5 alt. rows. (55 sts.)

Next Row (wrong side facing): P 5, (p 2 tog.) to last 6 sts., p 6. (33 sts.)

Make Ribbon Holes (right side facing): K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1. K 4 rows and cast off.

Return to sts. on holder and work to correspond with first side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back to **.

Cont. in patt. for 12 rows.

To Shape Raglan: Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. each end of next row and next 5 alt. rows. (109 sts.)

Next Row (w.s.f.): P 1, * p 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to end. (73 sts.)

Make Ribbon Holes: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1. K 4 rows and cast off.

FRONT YOKE

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 83 sts. and k 1 row.

Work 4 patt. rows as for back 4 times.

Next Row (w.s.f.): P 3, (p 1, p 2 tog.) 10 times, p 17, (p 2 tog., p 1) 10 times, p 3. (63 sts.)

Next Row: Knit. Work 4 patt. rows 4 times.

Next Row (w.s.f.): * P 1, p 2 tog., rep. from * to end. (42 sts.) Leave aside.

RIGHT BACK HALF YOKE

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 41 sts. and k 1 row.

Work 4 patt. rows as for back 4 times.

Next Row (w.s.f.): P 8, * p 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 3. (31 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Work 4 patt. rows 4 times.

Next Row (w.s.f.): P 1, * p 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to end. (21 sts.) Leave aside.

LEFT BACK HALF YOKE

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 41 sts. and k 1 row.

Work 4 patt. rows as for back 4 times.

Next Row (w.s.f.): P 4, * p 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 7. (31 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.
Work 4 patt. rows 4 times.

Next Row (w.s.f.): P 1, * p 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to end. (21 sts.)

NECKBAND

Arrange all yoke sts. on one needle, right back, front, then left back.

Using No. 12 needles, work in k 1, p 1 rib on all 84 sts. for 8 rows. Cast off.

SLEEVE (2)

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 54 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows.

Next Row: Change to No. 10 needles, k 2, * k 1, k into front and back of next st., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. (79 sts.)

Work 4 patt. rows as for back until sleeve measures 3in.

To Shape Raglan: Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. each end of next row and next 5 alt. rows. (67 sts.)

Next Row (w.s.f.): P 3, (p 2 tog.) to last 4 sts., p 4. (37 sts.)

Make Ribbon Holes (r.s.f.): K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1. K 4 rows and cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Seam shoulders of yoke. Join 4 small raglan seams. Seam yoke to body, with centre front of yoke to centre front of body and shoulder seams to centre top of sleeves, easing in where required. Seam sides and sleeves.

With crochet hook, work row of d.c. around back opening. Work another row on top of first row, making 6 loops of 3 ch., evenly spaced along left side for buttonholes. Sew buttons on right side.

CORD

Using wool doubled, crochet 2 lengths of ch. approx. 30in. long. Attach one end of each piece to back opening and thread through ribbon holes and tie in bow at front. Lightly press seams on wrong side.

FOUR NEW BONNETS

Continued from page 4

cloth. If Bri-Nylon has been used, press with dry cloth.

Blue and White: Join 4 sections, alt. plain with two-color pieces. Sew on tie ends.

Pink: Join shaped pieces to form back seam. Work row of double crochet along neck edge. Sew lace along g-st. ridge. Sew ribbon to each side.

Yellow: Run thread through 8 cast-on sts. at top of crown, draw up, fasten off. Join centre back seam. Using contrast yarns, embroider a row of small daisies inside face-edge border.

Pompon Cap: Join centre-back seam. Using double yarn, make three crochet chains, two 8in. long and one 6in. long. Sew a small pompon to one end of each chain. St. the 6in. chain to top of cap and others to each side of cap at base of ear flap. To make pompon, cut yarn into 4in. lengths, fold in half, bind folded end securely, fluff out and trim.





FAIRY FLOSS

Materials: 2 (4) balls Patons 2-ply Pearl Orlon; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 12 needles; No. 10 crochet needle; 2½ yds. ribbon.

Measurements: To fit 18 (20) in. chest; length from shoulder, 12 (13) in.; length of sleeve, 6 (6½) in.

Tension: 15 sts. to 2 in. over patt.

PATTERN STITCH

1st Row: * K 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 4, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 2, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: * (P 3, w.r.n., p 2 tog.) twice, p 1, p 2 tog., w.r.n., p 3, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: * W.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 4, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 4, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: * W.r.n., p 2 tog., p 3, w.r.n., p 2 tog., p 2, p 2 tog., w.r.n., p 5, rep. from * to end.

5th Row: * W.fwd., k 2 tog., k 4, w.fwd., (k 2 tog.) twice, w.fwd., k 6, rep. from * to end.

6th Row: * W.r.n., p 2 tog., p 2, p 2 tog., w.r.n., p 4, w.r.n., p 2 tog., p 4, rep. from * to end.

7th Row: * W.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 6, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from * to end.

8th Row: * P 2, p 2 tog., w.r.n., p 4, (w.r.n., p 2 tog., p 2) twice, rep. from * to end.

9th Row: * K 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to end.

10th Row: * P 2 tog., w.r.n., p 6, w.r.n., p 2 tog., p 4, w.r.n., p 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Note: Work skirt in one piece.

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 252 (268) sts. and k 12 rows.

Next Row: K 6, work 1st patt. row on next 240 (256) sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, work 2nd patt. row on next 240 (256) sts., k 6.

FROTH of knitted lace trimmed with ribbon bows makes a dainty jacket for a new-born baby.

Cont. in this way, knitting 6 sts. each end of every row and 240 (256) sts. in patt. st. until work measures 8 (9) in.

Next Row: Right side facing, k 6, k 2 tog. 10 times, k 3 tog. 6 (2) times, k 2 tog. 82 (102) times, k 3 tog. 6 (2) times, k 2 tog. 10 times, k 6. 126 (138) sts.

Next Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

Ribbonholes: K 6, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from * to last 8 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

Right Side of Yoke: K 33 (36) sts., turn. Work on these sts. only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: * K 1, p 2, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, * p 1, k the 2nd st. on left-hand needle from behind 1st st., but do not slip st. off, k 1st st. from front and slip both sts. off needle tog., rep. from * to end. Rep. last 2 rows until yoke measures 3 in.

To Shape Neck: R.s.f., cast off 15 sts. and work on rem. 18 (21) sts. for lin. Cast off.

Back Yoke: R.s.f., k next 60 (66) sts., turn. Work on these sts. only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: * K 1, p 2, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: * P 1, k 2nd st. on left-hand needle from behind 1st st. but do not slip st. off, k 1st st. from front and slip both sts. off needle tog., rep. from * to end.

Rep. last 2 rows until yoke measures 4 in. Cast off.

Left Side Yoke: R.s.f., k rem. 33 (36) sts.

Next Row: K 6, * k 1, p 2, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: * P 1, k 2nd st. on left-hand needle from behind 1st st. but do not slip st. off, k 1st st. from front and slip both sts. off needle tog., rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Rep. last 2 rows until yoke measures 3 in.

To Shape Neck: With wrong side fac-

Continued opposite page

PRETTY-BABY SWEATER

Materials: 3 (3) oz. Sirdar Sunshine baby wool 4-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; No. 14 crochet hook; 3 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 17 to 18 (19 to 20) in. chest; length, 10½ (11½) in.; sleeve seam, 1½ in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.
Note: Follow first figures for size 1 and second figures for size 2.

FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 73 (81) sts. and work 1½ in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st. with patt. panel thus:

1st Row: K 28 (32), p 2, k 1, m 1, k 3, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 3, m 1, k 1, p 2, k 28 (32).

2nd Row and Every Wrong-side Row: P 28 (32), k 2, p 13, k 2, p 28 (32).

3rd Row: K 28 (32), p 2, k 2, m 1, k 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 2, m 1, k 2, p 2, k 28 (32).

5th Row: K 28 (32), p 2, k 3, m 1, k 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 1, m 1, k 3, p 2, k 28 (32).

7th Row: K 28 (32), p 2, k 4, m 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 4, p 2, k 28 (32).

9th Row: K 28 (32), p 2, k 5, m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 5, p 2, k 28 (32).

10th Row: As 2nd row.
Rep. these 10 rows until work measures

approx. 6 (6½) in., ending with a 4th (10th) patt. row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 (4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then cont. thus:

1st Row: K 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., work to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd Row: Work to end.
Rep. these 2 rows until 33 (35) sts. rem., ending with a 2nd (10th) patt. row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 7, k 2 tog., turn.

Cont. on these 10 sts. only, dec. at armhole edge on every right-side row as before and at neck edge on next 2 rows, then on next 2 right-side rows.

Next Row: P 3.
Next Row: K 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.

P 2 and leave on a safety pin.

Return to rem. sts. and, with right side facing, sl. first 9 (11) sts. on to spare needle. Rejoin wool, k 2 tog., k 7, k 2 tog., k 1.

Now work on these 10 sts. to match other side, working final dec. row "k 2 tog., k 1."

BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 73 (81) sts. and work 1½ in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st. until work measures same as front to armhole, ending with p row.

To Shape Armholes: Shape armholes as for front until 61 (63) sts. rem., ending with a dec. row.

To Divide for Back Opening — Next

Row: P 28 (29), turn, cast on 5 sts. for underwrap and leave rem. 33 (34) sts. on spare needle.

Cont. on these first 33 (34) sts. thus:

1st Row: K to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd Row: P to last 5 sts., k 5.

Rep. these 2 rows until 14 (15) sts. rem., ending with 2nd row. Leave on spare needle.

Mark buttonhole guide in underwrap, placing a pin 1 in. up from cast-on sts., one just below neck edge, and another midway between.

Rejoin wool at opening edge to rem. 33 (34) sts. and work thus:

1st Row: K 6, p to end.

2nd Row: K 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to end.

Complete to match other side, making buttonholes at pin positions thus:

Buttonhole Row: Right side facing, k 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 4 sts., m 1, k 2 tog., k 2.

SLEEVES (alike)

With No. 12 needles, cast on 49 (55) sts. and work ½ in. in k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 10 needles and work ½ in. in st-st., ending with p row, then work 4 (6) more rows st-st. (to be sewn to cast-off sts. of armholes).

To Shape Top: Rep. 2 rows of front armhole shaping until 5 (7) sts. rem., ending with 2nd row. Leave on spare needle.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side with hot iron and damp cloth. Join raglan shaping, sewing last 4 (6) rows at sides of sleeves to cast-off armhole sts. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew down base of underwrap. Crochet foll. picot edge round neck: 1 st-st. into edge, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st of ch., miss about ½ in. of edge, 1 sl-st. into edge. Rep. from * all round. Sew on buttons. Press seams.

FAIRY FLOSS . . . concluded

ing, cast off 15 sts. and cont. in patt. on rem. 18 (21) sts. for 1 in. and cast off.

SLEEVE

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 42 sts. and k 12 rows.

Next Row: Change to No. 11 needles, (k 1, k into front and back of next st.) 9 times, (k into front and back of next st.) 6 times, (k 1, k into front and back of next st.) 9 times. 66 sts. P 1 row.

Next Row: K 1, work 1st row of patt., stitch to last st., k 1.

Next Row: K 1, work 2nd row of patt., stitch to last st., k 1.

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Cont. in this way, working patt. on 64 centre sts. and having one k st. each end, until work measures 6 (6½) in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Seam shoulders. Seam sleeves and set into armholes.

TO FINISH OFF

Using crochet needle, work 1 row d.c. around neck edge. Work 1 row tr. on top of d.c., and finish off.

Lightly press seams on wrong side. Thread ribbon through tr. at neck edge and through ribbonholes at waist and tie in bows at front.



FOR SPRING BABIES — Page 7

COVER BABY

Materials: 3 balls blue and 2 balls white Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply for two-tone top; 5 balls blue for plain top; 3 balls blue for knickers; one pair each Nos. 9, 10, and 12 needles; 6 buttons; elastic for waist and leg bands of knickers.

Measurements: To fit 19 (20, 21) in. chest; length of top, $9\frac{1}{2}$ ($10\frac{1}{2}$, 11) in.; sleeve, 6 ($6\frac{1}{2}$, 7) in.

Tension: $5\frac{1}{2}$ sts. and 12 rows to lin. over patt.; $7\frac{1}{2}$ sts. and 9 rows to lin. over st-st.

TWO-TONE TOP FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and blue, cast on 58 (62, 64) sts. K 7 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and patt. (4 rows).

1st Row: With white, * k 1, insert point of right-hand needle into next st. through row below and k, slipping both loops from needle (this is referred to as k1b), rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: With white, sl. 1, k to end.

3rd Row: With blue, k 2, * k1b, k 1, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: With blue, sl. 1, k to end. Cont. in patt. until work measures 5 ($5\frac{1}{2}$, 6) in., ending wrong-side row. Mark ends of last row with thread.

To Shape Raglan Armholes: Keeping cont. of patt., dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 4th rows until 40 (42, 40) sts. rem., then every alt. row until 34 (36, 38) sts. rem., ending wrong-side row.

Next Row: Work 2 tog., patt. 11, turn, leave rem. sts. on spare needle.

Next Row: Work 2 tog., patt. to end. Still dec. at armhole edge as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 5 rows. Keeping neck edge straight, cont. dec. at armhole edge until 1 st. rem. Fasten off. Slip centre 8 (10, 12) sts. on to spare needle. Join yarn to rem. sts. and work as 1st side of neck.

RIGHT SIDE OF BACK

Using No. 12 needles and blue, cast on 36 (38, 40) sts. K 6 rows.

Next Row: K 6 sts. and sl. on to pin, k to end.

** Change to No. 9 needles and patt. until work measures same as front to armhole, ending wrong-side row. Mark ends of last row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole: Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and foll. 4th rows until 21 (22, 23) sts. rem., then every alt. row until 12 (13, 14) sts. rem. Leave on spare needle. **

LEFT SIDE OF BACK

Using No. 12 needles and blue, cast on 36 (38, 40) sts. K 7 rows.

Next Row: K 6 sts. and sl. on to pin. Work as right side, from ** to **, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and blue, cast on 34 (36, 38) sts. K 7 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and patt. Inc. and work into patt. 1 st. each end of 7th and foll. 8th rows until inc. to 44 (48, 50) sts. Cont. until work measures 6 ($6\frac{1}{2}$, 7) in., ending wrong-side row. Mark ends of last row. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 4th rows until 28 (32, 32) sts. rem., then each end of foll. alt. rows until 6 sts. rem. Leave on spare needle.

BUTTONHOLE BAND (Left Side)

Wrong side facing, using No. 12 needles and blue, k 6 sts. from pin.

1st Row: K 2, cast off 2, k 1.

2nd Row: K 2, cast on 2, k 2.

Cont. in g-st., making 4 more buttonholes $1\frac{1}{2}$ (2, 2) in. apart, cont. until band, slightly stretched, fits up to back neck. Leave sts. on pin.

BUTTON BAND

Work as buttonhole band, omitting buttonholes.

NECKBAND

Using bk-st., join raglan seams. R.s.f., using No. 12 needles and blue, k 6 sts. from buttonhole band, 12 (13, 14) sts. on

Continued on page 12



OUR COVER BABY (above and on page 1) is wearing a kick-suit with a back-buttoning jacket, either plain or two-toned, and pull-on pants. Directions for three sizes begin at left.



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SHAWL and jump-suit (at left) make a delightful set for a new baby. Jump-suit is in three chest sizes. Directions begin overleaf.

FOUR-PIECE SET (below) for pram outings fits 18, 19, and 20in. chest sizes. Trim it with blue for a boy or pink for a girl. See page 10.



FOR SPRING BABIES — Page 9

SHAWL AND JUMP-SUIT

Color picture on page 9

Materials: Jumper, 4 (4, 5) balls Emu 4-ply Bri-Nylon; Knickers, 3 (4, 5) balls Emu 4-ply Bri-Nylon; Shawl, 21 balls Emu 4-ply Bri-Nylon; one pair each Nos. 10, 12, 6, and 8 needles; set of 4 No. 9 needles; 2 buttons; elastic for waist and leg bands.

Measurements: To fit 19 (20, 21) in. chest; jumper length, 10 (10½, 11) in.; jumper sleeve, 6 (6½, 7) in.; shawl, 48in. square.

Tension: Jumper, 8½ sts. and 10½ rows to 1 sq. in. over patt.; Knickers, 7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 1 sq. in. over st-st.; Shawl, 6½ sts. and 8 rows to 1 sq. in. over patt.

Abbreviations: Sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped st. over; t.b.l., through back of loop(s); w.fwd., wool forward; m 1, make one by picking up the bar which lies between st. just worked and next st. and knitting into back of it; p.w., purlwise.

JUMPER

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 104 (108, 112) sts.

FOUR-PIECE SET

Color picture on page 9

Materials: 10 (11, 12) balls Lincoln 4-ply Bri-Nylon or Cleckheaton 4-ply main color (m.c.); 1 ball contrast color (c.c.); one pair each Nos. 10 and 11 needles; set of 4 No. 10 needles; 3 buttons; elastic for waist.

Measurements: To fit 18 (19, 20) in. chest; length, jacket 10 (10½, 11½) in., sleeve 5½ (6, 6½) in., leggings 16½ (17½, 17½) in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 9½ rows to lin.

JACKET

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 73 (77, 81) sts. Work in st-st. for 4½ (5, 5½) in., ending p row. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of every row 7 times, then every alt. row until 23 (25, 27) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 35 (37, 39) sts. Work in st-st. until same length as back to armhole, ending p row. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next row.

Work 1 row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next 7 rows, then every alt. row until 15 (17, 18) sts. rem., ending neck edge.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., p to end. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every row 4 (5, 6) times, at the same time cont. dec. as before at armhole edge until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 34 (36, 38) sts. Work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and foll. 4th rows until inc. to 52 (54, 58) sts. Cont. straight until sleeve measures 4½ (5, 5½) in., ending p row.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 (3, 5) rows, then each end every alt. row until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

EDGING

Back: Using No. 10 needles and m.c.,

8th Row: K 1, k into made st. of previous row, * p 2, (k 1, p 1) into made st. of previous row, rep. from *, ending p 2, k into made st. of previous row, k 1.

Cont. in patt. until work measures approx. 5½ (6, 6½) in., ending 6th row of patt.

To Shape Armholes: Dec. 1 st. each end of next 8 rows. Leave rem. 74 (78, 82) sts. on spare needle.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 34 (36, 38) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in., ending right-side row.

Next Row: Rib 3 (3, 5), * m 1, rib 4 (6, 4), rep. from * to last 3 (3, 5) sts., m 1, rib to end. 42 (42, 46) sts.

Change to No. 10 needles and patt. Inc. and work into patt. 1 st. each end of 5th and foll. 3rd rows until inc. to 66 (70, 74) sts. Cont. without shaping until work is approx. 6 (6½, 7) in., ending 6th row of patt. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 8 rows. Leave rem. 50 (54, 58) sts. on spare needle.

pick up and k 73 (77, 81) sts. across lower edge. Work 5 rows st-st., beg. p row. Change to c.c., work 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Work 2 rows, change to m.c., and work 5 rows. Cast off.

Left Front: Using fine bk-st., join raglan seams. Beg. at centre back neck, pick up and k 33 (36, 37) sts. round neck edge, 61 (64, 69) sts. on front edge, and 35 (37, 39) sts. on lower edge.

Work as back edging, inc. 2 sts. at front edge of neck and lower corner on first 7 rows and dec. 2 sts. on last 7 rows. Make buttonholes in 4th row by casting off 2 sts. opposite beg. of neck shaping, (k 13, cast off 2) twice, work to end. Cast on over cast-off sts. in next row. Make second set of buttonholes in 2nd row of m.c. after contrast stripe.

Right Front: Work as left front, beg. at side seam, omitting buttonholes.

Sleeve: Pick up and k 33 (35, 37) sts. on lower edge. Work as back.

LEGGINGS

RIGHT LEG

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 72 (76,

YOKE

Slip first 37 (39, 41) sts. of back on to spare needle.

Using set of 4 No. 9 needles and right side facing, k 1 (3, 1), * k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * 8 (8, 9) times across rem. sts. on back, k 2 tog., * k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * 11 (12, 13) times across sts. on one sleeve with 1st needle; k 2 tog., * k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * 17 (18, 19) times across the 74 (78, 82) sts. on front with 2nd needle; k 2 tog., * k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * 11 (12, 13) times across other sleeve, * k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from * 8 (8, 9) times, k 1 (3, 1) across rem. sts. on back with 3rd needle, then cast on 6 sts. at end of 3rd needle for underlap. 191 (204, 215) sts.

Next Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rows twice more and 1st row again. Then shape thus:

1st Row: K 14 (14, 13), k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., * k 7, k 2 tog. t.b.l.,

Continued on page 12

80) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for ½ in.

Next Row: Rib 4, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rib 2, rep. from * to end. Work ½ in. in rib. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st.

**** 1st Row:** K to last 56 (58, 60) sts., turn.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K to last 41 (43, 45) sts., turn.

5th Row: K to last 26 (28, 30) sts., turn.

7th Row: K to last 11 (13, 15) sts., turn.

8th Row: Purl. **

Work across all sts. for 30 (34, 34) rows. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 5th rows until inc. to 88 (92, 96) sts., then inc. 1 st. each end of next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until 52 (62, 68) sts. rem., then every 3rd row until 34 (38, 42) sts. rem. Cont. until work measures 16½ (17½, 17½) in. at back edge, ending p row.

Continued on page 15

MATINEE COAT

Materials: 3 (4) balls Patons 3-ply Baby Wool; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 4 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit 20 (22) in. chest; length from shoulder, 12 (13) in.; length of sleeve, 6 (6½) in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in.

Note: Skirt of jacket is knitted in one piece.

Using No. 10 needles cast on 266 sts. and knit 2 rows. Cont. in patt. thus:

1st Row: K 6, p 2, * w.o.n., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 3, w.r.n., p 2 *, rep. from * to * to last 6 sts., k 6.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 8, * p 10, k 2 *, rep. from * to * to last 6 sts., k 6.

3rd Row: K 6, p 2, * k 1, w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 1, p 2 *, rep. from * to * to last 6 sts., k 6.

5th Row: K 6, p 2, * k 2, w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 1, w.fwd., k 2, p 2 *, rep. from * to * to last 6 sts., k 6.

7th Row: K 6, p 2, * k 3, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, p 2 *, rep. from * to * to last 6 sts., k 6.

8th Row: As 2nd.

Rep. last 8 rows until work measures 8 (9) in.

To Dec. for Yoke: Right side facing, k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog. 27 (23) times, k 19 (35), k 2 tog. 54 (46) times, k 19 (35), k 2 tog. 27 (23) times, k 6, 158 (174 sts.).

Next Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, (p 1, k 1) 16 (18) times, p 1, cast off 4, (k 1, p 1) 36 (40) times, cast off 4, (p 1, k 1) 16 (18) times, p 1, k 6.

Left Side Yoke: K 6, (p 1, k 1) 15 (17) times, p 1, k 2 tog., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: P 2 tog., (k 1, p 1) 15 (17) times, k 6.

Next Row: K 6, (p 1, k 1) 15 (17) times, p 1.

Next Row: P 1, (k 1, p 1) 15 (17) times, k 6.

Rep. last 2 rows until yoke measures 3½ in.



NURSERY KNIT (above) with pretty collar and lacy pattern is designed for 20in. and 22in. chest sizes. Skirt of coat is knitted in one piece to yoke.

To Shape Neck: Wrong side facing, cast off 16 (17) sts. and work on rem. 21 (24) sts. for ½ in. Cast off.

Back Yoke: W.s.f., k 2 tog., (k 1, p 1) 34 (38) times, k 2 tog., turn. Work on these sts. only, leaving rem. 39 (43) sts. on holder.

Next Row: P 2 tog., (k 1, p 1) to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. in m-st. on these 68 (76) sts. until yoke measures 4 in. Cast off.

Right Side Yoke: W.s.f., k 2 tog., p 1, (k 1, p 1) to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, (p 1, k 1) to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Cont. in m-st. and border on rem. 37 (41) sts., making buttonhole in border as before on 10th row from last buttonhole and every 10th row until 4th buttonhole is complete. Cont. in m-st. and border until yoke measures 3½ in.

To Shape Neck: R.s.f., cast off 16 (17) sts. and cont. in m-st. on rem. 21 (24) sts. for ½ in. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 62 sts. and knit 2 rows. Work pattern thus:

1st Row: P 2, * w.o.n., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 3 w.r.n., p 2, rep. from * to end of row.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 2, * p 10, k 2, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: P 2, * k 1, w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 1, p 2, rep. from * to end.

5th Row: P 2, * k 2, w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 1, w.fwd., k 2, p 2, rep. from * to end.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

Change to No. 12 needles.

Next Row: (K 2 tog., p 1) to last 2 sts., k 1, p 1 (42 sts.).

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) to end. Rep. last row 6 times. Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: * (K into front and back of next st., k 1) rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 (62 sts.).

Next Row: W.s.f., k 2, * p 10, k 2, rep. from * to end. Now work 1st to 6th rows.

7th Row: P 2, * k 3, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, p 2, rep. from * to end.

8th Row: As 2nd row.

Continued overleaf

FOR SPRING BABIES — Page 11

COVER BABY —

Continued from page 8

left side of back, 6 sts. of left sleeve, pick up and k 8 sts. down left side of front, k 8 (10, 12) sts. at centre, pick up and k 8 sts. up right side, k 6 sts. of right sleeve, 12 (13, 14) sts. on right side of back and 6 sts. on button band. 72 (76, 80) sts.

Next Row: Knit.

1st Buttonhole Row: K 2, cast off 2, k to end.

2nd Buttonhole Row: K, casting on over cast-off sts. 2 rows. Cast off.

PLAIN TOP

Work exactly as two-tone top, using one color only.

KNICKERS BACK

Using No. 12 needles and blue, cast on 90 (94, 98) sts. Work in ** k 1, p 1 rib for $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Next Row: Rib 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rib 2, rep. from * to end.

Cont. in rib for $\frac{1}{2}$ in. **

Change to No. 10 needles and st-st.

To Shape Top — 1st Row: K 75 (79, 83) sts., turn.

2nd Row: P 60 (64, 68) sts., turn.

3rd Row: K 50 (54, 58) sts., turn.

MATINEE COAT

Continued from page 11

Rep. last 8 rows until sleeve measures 6 ($\frac{1}{2}$) in. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 110 sts. and knit 2 rows.

Page 12 — FOR SPRING BABIES

Cont. working 10 sts. less each row for 3 more rows.

7th Row: K 15 (17, 19) sts., turn.

8th Row: P 10 (12, 14) sts., turn, k to end.

Cont. in st-st., working on all sts. until work measures 5 ($\frac{1}{2}$, 6) in., ending wrong-side row.

Leg Shaping: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 (4, 6) rows. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of every row until 16 (20, 20) sts. rem. Work 6 rows. Cast on 3 sts. at beg. of every row until inc. to 82 (86, 86) sts. Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 (4, 6) rows. Cont. until work measures 4 ($\frac{1}{2}$, 5) in. from end of leg shaping, ending wrong-side row. Change to No. 12 needles and work from ** to **. Cast off in rib.

Leg Bands: R.s.f., using No. 12 needles and blue, pick up and k 76 (78, 82) sts. evenly around leg shaping. Work in rib for 1 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron over dry cloth, omitting ribbing.

Tops: Using bk-st., join side and sleeve seams. Join bands to back. Sew on buttons.

Knickers: Using bk-st., join side seams. Turn leg bands in half and sl-st. Thread elastic through eyelet holes at waist and leg bands.

Work 8 patt. rows as given for skirt 3 times.

Next Row: K 6, (k 1, p 1) to last 6 sts., k 6. Rep. last row 3 times. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Seam shoulders. Seam sleeves and set into armholes. Stitch collar neatly to neck edge, commencing and ending in centre of border. Sew buttons on left front to correspond with buttonholes.

SHAWL AND JUMP-SUIT —

Continued from page 10

k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 15 (15, 14) sts., k to end. 165 (176, 185) sts.

2nd Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

3rd Row: Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows once more.

6th Row: As 2nd.

7th Row: K 13 (13, 12), k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., * k 5, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 14 (14, 13) sts., k to end. 139 (148, 155) sts.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows twice, then 2nd row once.

13th Row: K 12 (12, 11), k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., * k 3, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 13 (13, 12) sts., k to end. 113 (120, 125) sts.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows twice.

18th Row (Buttonhole Row): K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 2, cast off 2, k 1.

19th Row: K 2, cast on 2, k 7 (7, 6), k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., * k 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 12 (12, 11) sts., k to end. 87 (92, 95) sts.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows twice, then 2nd row once.

25th Row: K 7 (8, 7), * k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 2 tog., k 6. 68 (72, 74) sts.

26th Row: As 2nd.

27th Row: K 6, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Rep. last row 4 times.

32nd Row (Buttonhole Row): K 6, rib to last 6 sts., k 2, cast off 2, k 1.

33rd Row: K 2, cast on 2, k 2, rib to last 6 sts., k 6.

Rep. 27th row 3 times. Cast off.

KNICKERS

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 90 (94, 98) sts. Work in ** rib for $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Next Row: Rib 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rib 2, rep. from * to end. Cont. in rib for $\frac{1}{2}$ in. **

Change to No. 10 needles and st-st.

1st Row: K 75 (79, 83), turn.

2nd Row: P 60 (64, 68), turn.

3rd Row: K 50 (54, 58), turn.

4th Row: P 40 (44, 48), turn.

5th Row: K 30 (34, 38), turn.

6th Row: P 20 (24, 28), turn.

7th Row: K 15 (17, 19), turn.

8th Row: P 10 (12, 14), turn, k to end.

Cont. in st-st., working across all sts., until work measures 6 ($\frac{1}{2}$, 7, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$) in., ending p row. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 (6, 8) rows. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of every row until 20 (22, 24) sts. rem. Work 6 rows. Cast on 3 sts. at beg. of every row until inc. to 74 (70, 66) sts. Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 (6, 8) rows. Cont. without shaping until work is 5 ($\frac{1}{2}$, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$) in. from end of shaping, ending p row.

Change to No. 12 needles and work from ** to **. Cast off in rib.

LEG BANDS

Right side facing, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k 70 (72, 76) sts. round leg shaping. Work in rib for 1 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

SHAWL

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 312 sts. Change to No. 8 needles and k 10 rows, working into back of all sts. and dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row. (302 sts.)

Change to No. 6 needles and work 8 rows of patt. as given for jumper. Cont. in patt. until work is 46 in. approx. from beg. of patt., ending with 2nd or 6th row of patt.

Change to No. 8 needles and work 10 rows in k t.b.l., inc. 1 st. each end of every alt. row. (312 sts.)

Change to No. 6 needles. Cast off.

BORDER

R.s.f., using No. 8 needles, pick up and k 302 sts. along patt. edge. Work 10 rows in k t.b.l., inc. 1 st. each end of every alt. row. (312 sts.)

Change to No. 6 needles. Cast off. Work other side to match.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and dry cloth, omitting rib.

Jumper: Using bk-st., join sleeve seams. Join side seams to cast-off sts. Turn side opening to wrong side and sl-st. Join shaped sleeve to shaped armhole. Catch underlap on wrong side. Sew on buttons.

Knickers: Using bk-st., join side seams. Turn leg bands in half and sl-st. Thread elastic through eyelet holes at waist and leg bands.

Shawl: Using flat-st., join mitred corners.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 13, 1967

RED RIDING HOOD COAT

Materials: 8oz. Sirdar Super Nylon; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; 6 buttons; 1 small button.

Measurements: To fit 20 to 21in. chest size; length, 13in.; sleeve seam, 7in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in. over patt.

BACK

Cast on 84 sts. and work 2 rows k 1, p 1 rib. Change to patt. thus:

1st Row: Wrong side facing, knit.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

These 2 rows form the patt. and are rep. throughout.

Work 8 more rows, then, keeping patt. correct, dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 10th row until 72 sts. rem. Work 3 rows.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. alt. row until 56 sts. rem. Cont. straight until 13in. from cast-on edge.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 5 sts. at beg. of foll. 4 rows. Cast off rem. 24 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 52 sts. and work 2 rows k 1, p 1 rib. Change to patt. and dec. 1 st. at side edge at end of 11th and foll. 10th rows until 46 sts. rem. Work 4 rows thus, ending at side edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of alt. rows until 38 sts. rem. Cont. straight until armhole matches back armhole, ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next row, then 5 sts. at beg. of 2 foll. alt. rows. Cast off rem. 22 sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front until 7in. from cast-on edge, ending at front edge.

To Make Buttonholes — Next Row: Patt. 3 sts., k 2 tog., m 1, patt. 10, m 1, k 2 tog., patt. to end. Complete to match the left front, reversing shapings and making 2 more sets of buttonholes with 2½in.



between, measured from the base of each pair.

SLEEVES (alike)

Cast on 32 sts. and work 2 rows k 1, p 1 rib. Change to patt., inc. 1 st. each end of 9th and every foll. 6th row to 46 sts. Cont. straight until 7in. from cast-on edge.

To Shape Top: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows until 22 sts. rem. Now dec. each end of every row to 12 sts. Cast off.

FRONT EDGES

Right side facing, pick up and k 53 sts. along front edge. K 1 row. Cast off. Work other front to match.

HOOD

Cast on 22 sts. Work in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd row and 2 foll. 6th rows. (28 sts.) Work straight until 4in.

Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. (76 sts.) Work 4in. Now work 2½in. k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

TIE

Cast on 4 sts. and work thus: (K 1, w.ft., sl. 1, w.bk.) twice. Rep. this row until about 30in. or required length. Cast off, knitting 2 tog. twice.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron over damp cloth. Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Join back seams of hood. Turn the ribbed brim over to right side for 1½in. With r.s.f., pick up and k 56 sts. round neck edges, taking in both thicknesses at brim. K 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, (m 1, k 2 tog.) to last st., m 1, k 1. K 1 row. Cast off.

Sew the cast-off edge of hood to neck edge of jacket, easing in fullness at back and beg. and ending halfway between buttonholes and buttons. Press seams. Sew small button at neck edge of left front and make a small loop to correspond on right front. Sew on buttons. Thread tie through holes at neck edge.



DRESS AND COAT

Materials: Dress — 5 (5, 6) balls Emu 4-ply Bri-Nylon in white, 1 ball pink; Jacket — 4 (5, 5) balls Emu 4-ply Bri-Nylon in white; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; set of 4 No. 9 needles; 7 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 19 (21, 23) in. chest; dress length, 15 (15½, 16) in.; coat length, 11 (11½, 12½) in.; sleeve, 5½ (5½, 6) in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 1 sq. in. over st-st.

DRESS

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Using No. 10 needles and white, cast on 120 (126, 130) sts. Work in st-st. for 11 rows.

Next Row: K 2 to mark hemline. Cont. in st-st., comm. with a k row, and work 14 rows.

Next Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to last 1 (1, 2) sts., k 1 (1, 2).

Cont. in st-st., comm. with p row until work is 9½ (10½, 10½) in., ending p row.

To Shape Armholes: Dec. 1 st. each end of next 7 rows.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p 5 (6, 8), * p 2 tog., * 46 (48, 48) times, p 5 (6, 8), p 2 tog. Leave on spare needle.

YOKE

Sl. 1st 26 (28, 30) sts. of back on to spare needle.

Using set of 4 No. 9 needles, right side facing, join in pink, and with 1st needle k 32 (34, 36) sts. rem. on back, cast on 34 (36, 38) sts. on to this same needle, then, with 2nd needle, k 58 (62, 66) sts. on front and cast on 34 (36, 38) sts. on to this 2nd needle, then transfer these cast-on sts. on to 3rd needle, then k rem. sts. on back with 3rd needle, casting on 6 sts. at end of 3rd needle for underlap. 190 (202, 214) sts.

Next Row: K 6, work in k 1, p 1 rib to last 6 sts., k 6. Rep. last row once.

TINY ENSEMBLE (left) has a sleeveless dress with patterned yoke and a matching matinee coat. Directions are given for 19, 21, and 23in. chest measurements.

1st Buttonhole Row: K 6, rib to last 6 sts., k 2, cast off 2, k to end.

2nd Buttonhole Row: K 2, cast on 2, k 2, rib to last 6 sts., k 6. **Next Row:** As 1st.

Using 2 balls pink yarn, one for each end of row, and when changing colors always twist yarns to avoid a hole, cont. thus:

1st Row: In pink k 6, in white k 8 (7, 7), k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., * k 7, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 14 (14, 13) sts., k 8 (8, 7), in pink k 6. 164 (174, 184) sts.

2nd Row: In pink k 6, in white p to last 6 sts., in pink k 6.

3rd Row: In pink k to end.

4th Row: In pink k 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

5th Row: In pink k 6, in white k 7 (6, 6), k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., * k 5, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 13 (13, 12) sts., k 7 (7, 6), in pink k 6.

6th Row: In pink k 6, in white p to last 6 sts., in pink k 6.

7th Row: In pink k 6, * sl. 1 purlwise, k 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

8th Row (Buttonhole Row): In pink k 6, p to last 6 sts., k 2, cast off 2, k 1.

9th Row (Buttonhole Row): In pink k 2, cast on 2, k 2, * in white k 1, sl. 1 purlwise, rep. from * to last 6 sts., in pink k 6.

10th Row: As 2nd. Rep. last 4 rows twice more, omitting buttonholes.

19th Row: As 7th.

20th Row (Buttonhole Row): In pink k 6, p to last 6 sts., k 2, cast off 2, k 1.

21st Row (Buttonhole Row): In pink k 2, cast on 2, k 2, in white k 6 (5, 5), k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., * k 3, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 12 (12, 11) sts., k 6 (6, 5), in pink k 6. 112 (118, 124) sts.

22nd Row: As 2nd. **23rd Row:** As 3rd.

24th Row: As 4th.

25th Row: In pink k 6, in white k 5 (4, 4), * k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to last 10 (10, 9) sts., k 4 (4, 3), in pink k 6. 86 (90, 94) sts.

Continued opposite page

26th Row: As 2nd.

Break white yarn, cont. in pink only.
27th Row: K 8 (6, 8), * k 2 tog., k 2 (3, 2), rep. from * to last 10 (9, 10) sts., k 2 tog., k to end, 68 (74, 74) sts.

28th Row: K 6, work in rib to last 6 sts., k 6.

29th Row: K 6, rib to last 6 sts., k 6.

30th Row (Buttonhole Row): K 6, rib to last 6 sts., k 2, cast off 2, k 1.

31st Row (Buttonhole Row): K 2, cast on 2, k 2, rib to last 6 sts., k 6.

32nd Row: As 28th.

33rd Row: As 29th. Cast off in rib.

ARMBANDS

Using bk-st., join side seams. R.s.f., using size 10 needles and white, pick up and k 16 sts. along armhole shaping. Next Row: K to mark fold line. Work 4 rows st-st., comm. with k row. Cast off.

JACKET

BACK

Using size 12 needles, cast on 114 (120, 126) sts. and k 7 rows. Change to size 10 needles and st-st. until work measures 6 (6½, 7½) in., ending p row.

To Shape Armholes: Dec. 1 st. each end of next 8 rows. Leave rem. 98 (104, 110) sts. on spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Using size 12 needles, cast on 64 (68, 70) sts. and k 7 rows. Change to size 10 needles. Next Row: R.s.f., knit.

Next Row: K 6, p to end.
Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 6 (6½, 7½) in., ending wrong-side row.

To Shape Armhole: Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next row and at same edge, 8 times in all. Leave rem. 56 (60, 62) sts. aside.

RIGHT FRONT

Using size 12 needles, cast on 64 (68, 70) sts. and k 7 rows. Change to size 10 needles. Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: P to last 6 sts., k 6.
Complete to match left front, reversing armhole shaping.

SLEEVES

Using size 12 needles, cast on 40 (42, 44) sts. and k 7 rows.

Change to size 10 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and every foll. 8th row until inc. to 48 (50, 52) sts. Cont. without shaping until work measures 5½ (5½, 6) in., ending p row. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 8 rows. Leave rem. 32 (34, 36) sts. on spare needle.

YOKE

Using set of 4 size 9 needles, work across all sts. as follows:

Comm. at right front, r.s.f., k 8 (6, 6), k 2 tog. 24 (27, 28) times, k across the 32 (34, 36) sts. of one sleeve, with second needle k 1 (0, 1), k 2 tog. 48 (52, 54) times, k 1 (0, 1) across back, with 3rd needle k across 32 (34, 36) sts. of other sleeve, k 2 tog. 24 (27, 28) times, k 8 (6, 6) across left front. 178 (186, 196) sts.

Next Row: K 6, work in k 1, p 1 rib to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row (Buttonhole Row): K 2, cast off 2, k 1, rib to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row (Buttonhole Row): K 6, rib to last 4 sts., k 2, cast on 2, k 2.

Work next 2 rows as 1st Row.
Cont. thus: 1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.
Rep. last 2 rows twice more.

7th Row: K 15 (13, 12), * sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 8, rep. from * to last 19 (17, 16) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 15 (13, 12). 152 (158, 166) sts.

8th Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

9th Row: Knit. 10th Row: As 8th.
Rep. last 2 rows once more.

13th Row (Buttonhole Row): K 2, cast off 2, k 10 (8, 7) incl. st. used in casting off, * sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 6, rep. from * to last 18 (16, 15) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 14 (12, 11). 124 (128, 134) sts.

14th Row (Buttonhole Row): K 6, p to last 4 sts., k 2, cast on 2, k 2.

15th Row: Knit.

16th Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.
Rep. last 2 rows once more.

19th Row: K 13 (11, 10), * sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 4, rep. from * to last 17 (15, 14) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 13 (11, 10). 100 (102, 106) sts.

20th Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

21st Row: Knit. 22nd Row: As 20th row. Rep. last 2 rows once more.

25th Row: K 12 (10, 9), * sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from * to last 16 (14, 13) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 12 (10, 9). 74 (74, 76) sts.

26th Row: As 20th.

27th Row: Knit. 28th Row: As 20th.

29th Row (Buttonhole Row): K 2, cast off 2, k to end.

30th Row (Buttonhole Row): K 6, p to last 4 sts., k 2, cast on 2, k 2.

Next Row: K 9, * k 2 tog., k 3 (9, 6), rep. from * to last 10 (10, 11) sts., k 2 tog., k 8 (8, 9). K 4 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Dress: Press with warm iron over dry

FOUR-PIECE SET . . . concluded

Next Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2 (1, 2), rep. from * to end.

Next Row: Purl.
Place sts. on to set of 4 needles, 10 (12, 14) sts. on 1st and 3rd needles, 14 on 2nd.

To Divide for Heel: K first 9 (10, 11) sts. of round on to one needle, sl. last 9 (10, 11) sts. of round on to other end of same needle. Divide rem. sts. and leave for instep. Work 11 (13, 15) rows st-st. on heel sts., always slipping 1st st.

To Turn Heel: K 11 (12, 13), k 2 tog., turn. P 5, p 2 tog., turn. K 6, k 2 tog., turn, cont. in this way until all sts. are on one needle. K back over half heel sts. Then, using spare needle, k rem. heel sts. and k up 11 (12, 13) sts. at side of heel, with 2nd needle k across instep sts., with 3rd needle k up 11 (12, 13) sts. at side of heel, and last heel sts. 1st Round: Knit.

2nd Round: 1st Needle — K to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd Needle — Knit; 3rd Needle — K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to end.

Rep. these 2 rounds until 8 (9, 10) sts. rem. on 1st and 3rd needles. Cont. straight until 2½ (2½, 2½) in. from where sts. were knitted up at side of heel.

To Shape Toe — 1st Round: 1st Needle — K to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd Needle — K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 3rd Needle — K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to end. 2nd Round: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rounds until 12 (16, 16) sts. rem. Place on 2 needles and cast off tog. or graft tog.

To Shape Toe — 1st Round: 1st Needle — K to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd Needle — K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 3rd Needle — K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to end. 2nd Round: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rounds until 12 (16, 16) sts. rem. Place on 2 needles and cast off tog. or graft tog.

To Shape Toe — 1st Round: 1st Needle — K to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd Needle — K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 3rd Needle — K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to end. 2nd Round: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rounds until 12 (16, 16) sts. rem. Place on 2 needles and cast off tog. or graft tog.

To Shape Toe — 1st Round: 1st Needle — K to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd Needle — K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 3rd Needle — K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to end. 2nd Round: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rounds until 12 (16, 16) sts. rem. Place on 2 needles and cast off tog. or graft tog.

To Shape Toe — 1st Round: 1st Needle — K to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd Needle — K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 3rd Needle — K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to end. 2nd Round: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rounds until 12 (16, 16) sts. rem. Place on 2 needles and cast off tog. or graft tog.

cloth. Turn hems and facings to wrong side and sl-st. Catch down underlap on wrong side. Sew on buttons.

Jacket: Using bk-st., join side and sleeve seams. Join shaped part of sleeve to shaped part of armhole. Sew on buttons.

next row for fold line, cont. in st-st., beg. p row, until work measures 4 (4½, 4½) in. from fold line. Next Row: * K 10, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 1 (7, 1) sts., k 1 (7, 1).

Next Row: P 1 (7, 1), * p 2 tog., p 9, rep. from * to end.

Cont. in this way with 1 st. less between dec. until the row k 2 tog. across row. (Size 2 only, after the row p 1 (7, 1), p 2 tog., p 5, work next row thus: * K 4, k 2 tog. to last st., k 1.) Draw yarn through all sts., fasten off.

MITTS

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 37 (41, 41) sts. Work hem and picot edging as for cap. Cont. in st-st. until 1½ in. from picot edge. Make eyelet holes thus:

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1 (2, 2), rep. from * to end. P 1 row. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 1½ (2, 2½) in. from eyelet holes, ending p row, dec. 1 st. at end of last row.

To Shape Top — 1st Row: * K 4, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 0 (4, 4) sts., k 0 (4, 4). 2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: * K 3, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 0 (4, 4) sts., k 0 (4, 4).

5th Row: * K 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

7th Row: * K 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. 9th Row: K 2 tog. across row.

Break yarn, draw through sts. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with dry cloth and warm iron. Jacket: Join side and sleeve seams. Join seam at centre back neck. Fold hems to wrong side at picot edge. Sl-st. in position. Sew on buttons.

Leggings: Sew back, front, and leg seams. Thread elastic through eyelet holes at waist. Make twisted cord of contrast yarn, thread through ankle eyelet holes.

Cap: Join back seam. Fold hem to wrong side at picot edge, sl-st. Make 2½ in. pom-pom, attach to top. Turn up at fold line.

Mitts: Sew side seams. Make cord as for leggings and thread through eyelet holes.



LIGHT AND WARM, the shawl at left has a knitted centre outlined with a crocheted border with dainty square motif at each corner. Directions below.

CROCHET-TRIMMED SHAWL

Materials: 11 balls Patons Feathersoft; 1 pair No. 9 needles; No. 10 crochet hook.

Measurements: 43in. by 43in.

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in. over patt.

CENTRE

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 221 sts. and k one row.

Pattern Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. last row until work measures 36½in.

K 1 row. Cast off.

CORNER MOTIF (Make 4)

Using crochet hook, commence with 2 ch.

1st Round: 8 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, slip st. to 1st d.c.

2nd Round: 7 ch., * leaving last loop of each on hook work 2 tr. into next d.c., y.o.h and take off 3 loops tog. (a cluny group made), 3 ch., 1 long tr. into next d.c., 3 ch., rep. from * twice, 1 cluny group into next d.c., 3 ch., slip st. into 4th of 7 ch.

3rd Round: 3 ch., * 3 tr. into next sp., 1 tr. into top of cluny group, 3 tr. into next sp., (1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr.) into long tr., rep. from * twice, 3 tr. into next sp., 1 tr. into cluny group, 3 tr. into next sp., 1 tr. into next st. at base of 3 ch., 3 ch., slip st. into top of 3 ch.

4th Round (turn and work in reverse): 3 ch., * (2 tr., 3 ch., 2 tr.) into corner

sp., 1 tr. into next tr., 3 ch., miss 2 tr., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 3 ch., ** miss 2 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., rep. from * twice and from * to ** once, then slip st. into 3 ch.

5th Round: Slip st. to corner space, 3 ch., (1 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr.) into corner sp., * 1 tr. into 2nd tr., (2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr.) into next sp., 1 tr. into 2nd tr., (2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr.) into next sp., 1 tr. into 2nd tr., (2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr.) into next sp., rep. from * twice, 1 tr. into 2nd tr., (2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr.) into next sp., 1 tr. into 2nd tr., (2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr.) into next sp., 1 tr. into 2nd tr., slip st. to 3rd ch. Finish off.

BORDER

Right side facing, using crochet hook, work 205 tr. on one side of knitted square, working approx. 11 tr. to 2in., turn.

Next Row: 3 ch. to stand for 1 tr., into 4th treble work (2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr.), miss 2 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., * miss 2 tr., (2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr.) into next tr., miss 2 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., rep. from * to end of row, turn.

Next Row: 3 ch. to stand for 1 tr., * (2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr.) into 2 ch. of previous row, 1 tr. on top of 1 tr. of previous row, rep. from * to end.

Rep. last row 6 times and finish off.

Work in same manner on 3 other sides.

TO MAKE UP

Stitch a motif into each corner. Lightly press corners and borders.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

I HAVE an antique watch (photographed below) which is inscribed "Wm. Waddington, No. 5644 London." Inside the back of the watch are repair tickets — the earliest goes back to 1840. — R. Smith, Merridale, W.A.

The face is of white enamel with the print of a windmill on the left side of the face and a church on the right. Trees and birds are in the background.

This exquisite George III silver watch with finely pierced and engraved workings was made in London by William Waddington in 1795. The hand-painted enamelled dial is of singular design. The verge escapement with fusee mechanism appears to be in original condition.



● George III watch.



● Intricate mechanism of watch.

OUR TRANSFER



Baskets of daisies make pretty motifs for your aprons and household linens. They are from Embroidery Transfer No. 201. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001. Price: 15c plus 4c post.

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

COULD you give me some information about a clock which bears the trademark Mirov Brevetes of Paris, dated 1851 (right)? I also have a cheese cover (photo not published) which was brought to Australia by a Swiss family. It bears no marks and it has been suggested to me that the

cover could be a piece of Wedgwood. — Collector, Victoria.

Your French clock is a typical example of the mid-nineteenth century. Your cheese dish cover is mid-Victorian and appears to be of Staffordshire origin. Wedgwood's usually marked their examples of this type.



● French clock.

New from Master Foods

A meat tenderiser that really works

Makes all meat tender, juicier, tastier. Buy cuts at half the price and make them as nice to eat as the dearest. Think of the savings on your weekly food budget. Another pure food product from Master Foods.



ABROAD

... with Margaret Sydney

● As an angler, I'm a well-known cheat. I've been caught out by the family too often sitting in the sun doing nothing when I've left them to "find a better fishing spot"—just out of sight round the headland.

IN boats, I'm perfectly happy to sit for hours dangling an unbaited hook. As, by this method, I usually catch just as few fish as anyone else in the party, it seems a better method to me than all that frantic baiting and throwing out and hoping.

I can imagine the fury of the fishing-mad members of the family when they hear that not only have I been fishing in one of the most spectacular trout streams in the world but that I actually caught two fish.

With some Indian friends, I drove the 59 miles from Srinagar to Pahalgam, in Kashmir. Every mile of the road up is full of interest. At first you pass almond orchards behind mud walls, fields followed for the next saffron crop, herdsmen and boys tending mixed flocks of goats, sheep, and cattle.

We stopped and picked and cracked a few immature and delicious almonds, trading cigarettes for them with a herdsman who probably didn't own them anyway.

As the road climbs, getting closer to the source of the water, you come to the rice paddies—mile upon mile of small, mud-banked terraces with their brilliant green interspersed by occasional little plots of the rice with bronze-colored foliage that has a smaller yield but a sweeter grain.

All these terraces are covered by an inch or two of perfectly still water which shows between the half-grown plants, reflecting the snow-capped mountains and the clouds in the warmth of the day, and at evening turning apricot with the reflected light of the setting sun.

You drive through villages of two- and three-storey houses built of mud-brick and roofed with small shingles or thatch. Many of them have little balconies corbelled out from their third floors, and the heavy supporting beams give the houses a surprisingly near-Tudor look.

Glimpses of river and of pine-clad Himalayan peaks

EVERYWHERE along the road you're within sound of water—clear water from freshly melted snow that fills the huge network of irrigation channels.

You hear it purling between narrow grass banks, singing over little boulders, foaming and lifting at the junction of the streams that feed the canals, cascading down from rocky clefts, roaring down the boulder-strewn bed of the Lidder River.

At Pahalgam, 7200ft. up, you find yourself in a small, one-street town bright with little shops where at every step you get glimpses of the river and of pine-clad Himalayan peaks.

The river is active and fast-moving all the time, but in the afternoons, when the hot sun has been busy for hours on distant slopes, it is down in spate. So the early morning hours and the late, late afternoon are the best times for fishing.

There's none of the Australian business of trudging for miles over dry tussocks in snake-proof boots only to find the fishing spot you've set your heart on has been nabbed by someone who got there earlier.

Fishing is restricted on every beat (sometimes one, sometimes two, occasionally three rods allowed) and your beat is any-

thing from three to six miles long. You can get to it safely barefooted or in sandals, walking over green grass till you reach the smooth, grey rocks of the river bed.

You are allowed a bag of nine fish for the day (I didn't get them), and the biggest trout caught in the area was a 14½-pounder (I'm not challenging).

Kashmiri hills streams, full of trout

TROUT-FISHING in Kashmir is exceptionally well organised. The Lidder at Pahalgam is only one of many places, because almost all Kashmir's hill streams are full of trout.

If you go to the Fisheries Office in Srinagar, the capital, you can get a licence for the season (400 rupees), for three months (200 rupees), for a week (45 rupees), or for one day (10 rupees, equal to \$A1.20).

Having got your licence you're allotted a beat (or a series of beats if you've taken out a licence for more than one day).

With your licence you get a booklet which shows all the beats and the type of fishing allowed on each—fly, fly and lure, fly, lure, and spinners on some.

This is one place where nobody could really grumble if he didn't get fish, because the superlative view makes it mighty hard to keep your attention on what you're supposed to be doing. But it is a place where almost everyone gets fish, even half-hearted mug fishermen like me. I caught two small brown trout... well, the shikari (fishing guide) thought they were small. They seemed pretty good specimens to me, and they've been "growing" ever since.

I had one of them for lunch, eaten with plain rice, pulao (mixed vegetables boiled with spices), damalu (a Kashmiri dish of boiled potatoes mixed with tomatoes and a strong curry sauce), and fresh cheese (we would call it cottage cheese, I think) cut into little cubes, quickly fried till light brown, and then mixed with curry sauce.

Pahalgam has a club which visitors may join for a small charge for as long as they're holidaying there. We ate on its veranda, with a view of the mountains and the river.

And if all that were not enough, down beyond the boundary of the club's terraced garden we could see a small Hindu temple painted red and topped with a beautifully shaped pagoda roof that had rusted to the color of beaten gold.

They told me it was made of tin, that it had been that color for years and wouldn't darken now. Which left me wondering why tin rusts to rust-color here but turns to gold only in the Himalayas.



Big response from juniors in Bake-Off

ENTRIES for our great \$9000 Butter-White Wings Bake-Off closed on September 4, and preliminary sorting and judging have begun. Junior response to the 1967 International Butter-White Wings Bake-Off has been excellent.

A number of boys as well as girls under 18 have submitted recipes. Their ages range from 9½ to 17.

Among the junior entrants is Alan Ward, of Bellerive, Tasmania. Now 16½, Alan was a national finalist in the 1964 Bake-Off at the age of 14, and at 15 a Tasmanian State finalist in the 1965 Bake-Off.

He entered a recipe in this year's contest in the Great Australian Dish Section.

To date, one in seven entries is a junior.

From every State

Entries from New Australians have always been a welcome feature of each Bake-Off, and 1967 is no exception.

A surprising feature is the number of New Australians who have submitted recipes for the Great Australian Dish.

Entries have been received from every State and the Northern Territory.

Country entries are a lesson in Australian geography, coming not only from towns that are well known but from towns whose names would send the city-dweller groping for an atlas.

It is obvious that country entrants will feature strongly in honors for the Great Australian Dish Section.

Another noticeable fact is that entrants in the Great Australian Dish Section are exploiting Australian meats, seafoods, vegetables, wines,

and fruit in original and imaginative ways.

Others are relying on the more traditional Australian dishes while giving them a new and unique twist.

Some arresting titles in this section are:

- Shearers' Delight.
- Lamb Capricornia.
- Beef Burgundy.

- Australian Gramma Pie.
- Chicken Kosciuszko.
- Gold Coast Seafood Medley.
- Hungry Husband Pie.
- Rabbit with Prunes and Bacon.
- Wallaby Pie.
- Ulladulla Seafood Banquet.
- Fricassee of Wild Duck.

PROGRESS PRIZE RECIPE

● The sixth progress prize in the Butter-White Wings Bake-Off Contest is for Section 1. A prize of \$10 and a set of \$20 Graham Kerr Signature Ware has been awarded to Mrs. V. L. Price, 556 Waterworks Road, Ashgrove, Qld., for her Jumbuck Casserole.

JUMBUCK CASSEROLE

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| 1oz. butter | 1 dessertspoon paprika |
| ½ cup onion | ½ teaspoon pepper |
| 2lb. lamb shoulder | ½ teaspoon dry rosemary |
| 2 tablespoons plain flour (White Wings) | ½ teaspoon ground cloves |
| 2 tablespoons tomato puree | ½ to 1 teaspoon salt |
| 10oz. can cream of celery soup | 2 tablespoons dry red wine |
| 8oz. cup water or use 1 cup vegetable water and omit salt | 1½ cups cooked peas |
| | 1 cup cooked baby carrots |
| | chopped parsley |

Chop onion, dice lamb, melt butter in large pan, brown onions and lamb. Add all other ingredients except peas and carrots. Cover and simmer till lamb is tender. Add vegetables. Transfer to large oven-proof serving dish. Top with dumplings and bake in hot oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve.

NUT DUMPLINGS

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 2 cups White Wings self-raising flour | cold water, to mix to soft dough (about 6 or 7 fluid oz.) |
| 1 teaspoon salt | |
| 1 tablespoon butter | ½ cup coarsely grated macadamia nuts |
| 1 teaspoon dry rosemary | |
| 1 teaspoon celery seeds | |

Sieve flour and salt and rub in butter. Add rosemary and seeds and blend in water. Take heaped teaspoons of dough, toss in nuts, and arrange on hot stew for baking as directed.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 632—FROCK

Button-through frock is available cut out to make in turquoise/white, navy/white, or pink/white striped pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$5.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$5.95. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

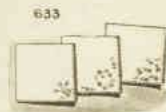
No. 633—SET OF THREE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS

Set of handkerchiefs with two strands of cotton and a ball of crochet cotton supplied are available traced ready to embroider with hemstitched edges ready to crochet. Price per set of three is \$1.25, plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 634—MATERNITY APRON

Maternity apron with pocket traced ready to embroider and bias trim supplied is available cut out to make in spruce-blue, olive-green, old-gold, or turquoise poplin. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$2.25; 36 and 38in. bust, \$2.45. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

● Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.





Sunbeam's spray iron damps clothes in 37 places at once

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You'll be delighted at what you can achieve. Easy jobs like sheets and tablecloths will be ironed in a flash. Children's clothes and delicate pleated items will turn out better than ever before. Dad's shirt will have a professional, neat and correct look. You'll take real pride

in your family's appearance. And you won't dread ironing day any more. You'll look forward comfortably to years and years of solid Sunbeam performance.

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**BUILT WITH INTEGRITY
BACKED BY SERVICE**

Readers join in . . .

That committee meeting debate

"I always pitied those women on street stalls . . . and now it's my turn!"

AS I approached the age group of the women who are the bulwark of community projects, my first sensation was that of dismay.

I had always vaguely pitied the women behind the street stalls, the bearers of sponge cakes, the sewers of handy items for the work stall, the prisoners fidgeting in their seats trying to appear enthusiastic about yet another Devonshire tea or display of floral art, and so on. Now it was my turn.

I consoled myself that, up to date, every stage in my life had had both consolations and drawbacks. During my schooldays I

loathed arithmetic, but had to study it. I loved learning the piano, but hated practising scales.

As a schoolteacher, I liked the indoor work, but dreaded playground duty in the winter.

As a mother, I adored those adorable, cuddly babies, but often cursed the endless nappy wash.

Now I must take my turn with the older women doing community work, and perhaps I might find compensations as well as boredom.

To this day I can't take any pleasure in the kitchen and catering side of community work, but there have been rewarding moments in seeing a new Scout hall erected, additions to a school library, donations made to worthy causes of one kind and another.

The tedium of doing sewing and knitting over and above the necessary home chores is lightened by the mental vision of someone deserving making use of the finished product.

Anyone with a sense of humor can find much to lighten and divert her by studying the various types who join communal projects. There is invariably a Big Row from time to time, and the onlooker who avoids too close an involvement can learn a lot about human nature from these periodic blow-ups.

Some women don't consider community work a chore (I confess I do). They enjoy doing it. They have found their niche.

Knowing this, I am always glad now to be inactive on projects already manned by enthusiastic helpers. I make a donation and remain aloof with a clear conscience.

But if the cause is a necessary one and the helpers are few, then I tuck in and do my bit.—Margaret Forrest, Hornsby, N.S.W.

Long life to committee meetings . . .

MAYBE it would be easier, in place of the endless street stalls, fetes, and card evenings, if everyone handed in a donation. There would be fewer headaches and incipient ulcers, but, oh, how dull!

Community work is more than the means of raising money. It brings together people who otherwise might never meet, new ideas are exchanged, and many worthwhile friendships result.

And, no matter how well or how badly a meeting is conducted, it is an antidote to the mental frustration endured by so many mothers pinned to the home by a batch of babies.

Mothers get a chance to air their views, to keep in touch with what is happening in their district, and to lose that feeling of "has-been."

Better a calorie-loaded afternoon tea than a basketful of wet nappies! I like a good book at home, too, but I also adore fresh cream cakes. Long life to committee meetings! — "Louise," Emerald, Vic.

★ ★ ★ ★
... and let's have more of them!

I SAY let's have more committees, for the good, if selfish, reason that I enjoy them. These committees are doing a good job. Some person, family, or organisation benefits eventually, and I, too, come away feeling helped in some way — a new recipe for a particularly delicious (if fattening) cake, the promised cutting of a long-admired plant, and a fool-proof way to knit mohair without mistakes while watching TV.

Oh, yes, I like these meetings, even though I arrive home to find the children still damp from the bath Dad has run them through, and all awaiting tea! (Thank goodness I called in at the supermarket on the way home!) — "Member," West Wyalong, N.S.W.

"Committee meetings are necessary in the present of the welfare bodies and organisations for the

In our August 2 issue we featured a letter from a South Australian reader in which she said she found committee meetings pretty dull going, with their idle chatter and "calorie-loaded afternoon tea." Now, judging by the several hundred letters we received in reply, it seems that committee meetings are many things to many people.

Some women like committees because it is a way of getting away from house and routine. For shy ones, it is a way of making friends. For country women, it is a way of life. Only one or two, claiming to be nature's "non-joiners," opted out of communal life altogether.

A few readers rather wearily suggested that committees be abolished, and money raised by direct giving — already being done in some cases — and everyone admitted that schools would be rather bare without organisations like parents and citizens' associations and their devoted workers. (It was in working for their children's education that most committee-member mothers seemed most sparkling in their zeal.)

There were suggestions for tightening and brightening meetings, and suggestions for the reader who started it all that she might better fulfil her sense of duty by taking on some other kind of community work. We give extracts from some of the letters received.

Say what you like about those meetings, they do get you out of the house

HAVE you ever found yourself drearily doing the breakfast dishes at 11 a.m.? There had been that second cup of tea after the children left for school, that "quick" look at the morning paper that turned into a long one, the beds to make, and the telephone that rang. No incentive to hurry, and there you are at 11 o'clock.

Picture the contrast: A committee meeting at the president's house at 10 a.m. and you are jolted out of that dull routine into efficient organisation. You kiss the children goodbye, and move swiftly about the house.

We enjoyed our busy, lively meetings and this stepping up of our daily tempo. Ours was a school mothers' club with a lot to do, a happy, hard-working group.

We had a cup of coffee and a biscuit, but that and the routine business of the meeting were swiftly disposed of, and we got down to the planning of money-raising functions, sometimes the detailed catering for a luncheon, the selection of speakers for meetings, and the decisions about what further equipment we could afford for our children's school. Time seemed to fly.

Perhaps one does start community work out of a sense of duty, but soon, for us, that was lost in the sheer enjoyment of companionship and working together. — Two Victorian Mothers, Mt. Eliza, Vic.

★ ★ ★ ★

Likes the company of other women

ONLY recently, after years of staying in to rear four children, did I sally forth to do my duty by the community, and I enjoy it.

I find the company of other women exhilarating. The well-groomed ones encourage me to take just that much more care to look my best. If I find things dull at gatherings, I say so, and, despite male opinion otherwise, find women can work these things out amicably.—Mrs. Clare Wilson, Highgate Hill, Qld.

"I'd go stale without these outings"

AS a young mother of four small children, if I couldn't go out occasionally I'd become stale and uninteresting.

I look forward to the meetings I attend. It is wonderful just to get out of the house, see new faces, and have a chat over that "calorie-loaded" afternoon tea. Even if I do put on an extra pound or two, the mere fact of going out gives me a lift.—"Active Mother," Goulburn, N.S.W.

LOOK AROUND AND SEE THE GOOD COMMITTEES DO

I ALSO have been to meetings and sat dutifully but reluctantly through the platitudes and gossip, and sighed inwardly over ironing left undone or the gardening or even the good book left unread.

I distinctly remember promising myself after one such meeting never, never to get involved in something that to me spelt BOREDOM in large, clear letters. I argued that there were enough women who enjoyed committee work without adding my unwilling presence.

However, to my family's amazement and my own, I find myself caught up in a project that is stimulating and satisfying.

Our primary school lacked a library. Along came a dynamic headmaster who stated flatly, "This is a disgrace. We need £1000 for books, and that's only a start."

Today the library is a reality. It is said

to rank among the best of its kind in the State, and a handful of busy mothers have the satisfaction of knowing they have helped to achieve something which benefits their own children and others for years to come.—"Reader," Katanning, W.A.

★ ★ ★ ★
"Do you find community work a bore?" Yes, but a necessary bore, and without it a housewife's life would be rather dull.

We voluntary workers are a sorely tried and vanishing breed, but I suppose we will struggle on, seeing the same faces at three or four different meetings, but knowing we won't give it up when a bright young face, leaving for school, asks, "You will be at the Mothers' Club meeting today, won't you, Mum?"—Mrs. D.M., Dandenong, Vic.

LOOK around and see the enormous number of amenities provided by service clubs, P. and C., hospital auxiliaries, and so on, and consider the time and effort given by members of these committees.

Certainly, there's some gossip, and the dull routine of last month's minutes, but there's the personal satisfaction when your committee hands over the piano to the pensioners' association or the Easter eggs to the orphanage.

You learn a tremendous amount about people, too—their ideals, their ambitions, how they have coped with life. You become more tolerant.—Mrs. Joan Reese, St. Marys, N.S.W.

structure of our society. They are the life blood
relief of many social needs." — Mrs. M. G. Nairns, Corrimal, N.S.W.

Community work has special meaning for the lonely ones . . .

SOME of us are self-sufficient, with outlets for surplus energy — gardening, sewing, etc., and to satisfy the creative urge we can attend classes in floral art or other forms of self-expression.

But for the lonely ones, and there are many, I think community work is just the thing to break down barriers of shyness and reserve, which can cause such frustration and misery to a sensitive woman.

I saw an instance of this recently. A young Scottish migrant mother in a small township went shyly along to the school to attend a meeting of the Parents and Friends. She was received with warmth and friendliness, and now in a very short time finds herself accepted, part of the small community.

In a strange country, separated by empty miles from things familiar and dear, the committee meeting can be a happy, friendly place, the afternoon-tea party a thing of joy.

Often meetings are boring, fund-raising exhausting and disappointing, and for a "faithful few" to be called upon so much seems unfair, but need this be so?

If the president and secretary do a good

job, and the aim is a worthwhile one, I don't think "South Australian Reader" should feel she has altogether wasted her time. — "Taffy," Morpeth, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★ ★

I FELT quite dull and overworked, caring for my own five children and a nephew and niece as well, until one day my husband came home and said, "There's a Christmas party at the hall over the road and you and the youngsters are invited."

The party was held by the RSL Ladies' Auxiliary, and I joined the little group and eventually was secretary for two years. We held all sorts of parties and entertainments and helped the men buy a hall. We women members bought crockery, linen for the kitchen, a tea urn, curtains, and even a piano.

From being a lonely migrant, I began to enjoy my new countryfolk. Then we moved away from that small town and life became dull routine until a few months ago I joined the Country Women's Association, and once again I feel interested in other people. The satisfaction one gets from helping those not as fortunate as oneself is wonderful. — Mrs. P. Betteridge, Lara Lake, Vic.

. . . and for women in the country

I BELONG to a small group of women who meet in a draughty, chilly little tin shed in a tiny township near my far-flung bush home. We are wives of dairy-farmers, pineapple and banana growers, mill and timber workers, who knit together the loose threads of our community life.

We begin our day with a hobbies hour at about 11 a.m. At 3 p.m., the business of the meeting over, the little cars, the bicycles, big utes, Rovers, horses, or whatever we can scrounge from home to bring us, head again for home for the milking or for the schoolies' return.

Here in the gatherings of these women of simple, busy lives is the real stuff of human relationships.

I can, however, sympathise with the reader who despairingly feels only boredom and futility, having once been a backbencher myself, stifling furtive yawns.

But how much sparkle, vim, and humor does she inject into the proceedings to liven them up? To attend without interest is insincere, even hypocritical, and makes her presence there ineffective.

There must be some work in which she could be interested, with the world needing so much. Even if it is only to raise a hand at the call "Who's for the washing-up?" — Mary Valli, Kandanga Creek, Qld.

Sunday afternoon meetings—by radio

OUR meetings are fun, a definite antidote to domestic routine. We join in debates and discussions, act plays, and hold an annual fete—and we don't move out of our homes, except once a year when we actually meet.

We live "outback," up to 200 miles apart, so we hold our CWA meetings over the Royal Flying Doctor network.

Each year we set a date to hold our fete, celebrate our anniversary, and above all, meet each other. Women who have been only voices for 12 months on this day become flesh and blood. Funds raised by the fete go to some good cause.

Although our meetings (on Sunday afternoons) are often light-hearted affairs, they are a wonderful cure for "outback" loneliness or household blues. — Mrs. Joy Smith, Wiluna, W.A.

And meetings by correspondence

COMMUNITY work is rewarding and absorbing but, like all things, has its drawbacks.

I have the added hazard of living on a farm, far from public transport. The one way open to me, if I wanted to keep my interest in the world around me, was to join Community Aid Abroad, an organisation with more than 200 branches in Australia, which lets working people help less fortunate folk in other countries.

For 20 cents a month one can actively help, without the added problems of transport and meetings. We have a news bulletin published every month to keep us up to date with our activities. — Mrs. M. Williams, New Norfolk, Tas.

And readers suggest— SOME CURES FOR COMMITTEE MEETINGS BLUES

IF you are dissatisfied with the way the meetings are run, you've got a voice. Be brave, and speak up, but be constructive.

Do you think there should be more effort put into fund-raising? Take a few good suggestions to the next meeting, and you may be surprised at the response.

Are there more talkers than workers? Tactfully suggest a roster be arranged, so every member has her turn. Don't try to do too much at the next meeting. Use diplomacy. — Fay Charlton, Burnie, Tas.

ALTHOUGH the South Australian reader's letter was written tongue-in-cheek much of what she says is true, and there are ways to eliminate such crazy anomalies as having your cake and eating someone else's.

We could tell the Government to organise a central charity department. All charities could then register for Government handouts.

Thus we would take care of parentless children, homeless old men and women, and others deserving help. Of course this would raise taxes to cover the millions of dollars raised now by volunteers, miles of red tape would be involved, Government workers would have to be paid.

The second idea is to let the "other

THE READERS WHO WOULD "OPT OUT" ALTOGETHER ("Give a direct donation," they say)

NOWADAYS I am not addicted to community work, although I admit there is much to be said in favor of it.

The ants and the bees have this business of community life down to a fine art, but then I am not an ant or a bee and do my best work when alone. Other people are a distraction, and I don't concentrate as well. That is my personal reaction to communal effort.

Of course, there are always people who are genuinely anxious to work together for the common good and give it their best endeavors.

The percentage of folk who work together diligently and really achieve something is always there, but I feel that many helpers attach themselves in a sheep-like need for the reassurance they may obtain from the social contact and the kudos gained.

Summing up, I suppose it doesn't matter much how many extras attach themselves to a project as long as some good is achieved by the workers. In a well-run hive, the drones have their functions, too.

So, in any society, I think, that for the majority at least, community effort is a good thing—especially for those who enjoy it, such as the eager beavers of the younger generation, and those older ones who have managed to keep their enthusiasm for work.

I am, unfortunately, not one of either group. I belong to another section of the community altogether, which explains my dislike of community work. I am, alas, an introvert! — "Lone Wolf," Monbulk, Vic.

Nervous breakdown

I REALISE if no one was willing to serve on a committee nothing would ever get done, but if more people were prepared to give money outright to good causes there would not be the need for all this frantic money-raising.

Several years ago I had a nervous breakdown, mainly caused by forcing myself to attend meetings and support causes which were worthy but which to me were

time-wasting and boring. I seemed to spend all my time racing from meeting to meeting.

Now each week my husband and I set aside a part of our income for our church and charities, a minimum sum which is raised when the need arises. The only meetings I attend are those which are purely social or educational, at which I can enjoy a good discussion.

Having children at school, I realise the sterling efforts of the mothers' club but will not be tempted to attend meetings. For fete or stall days I always bake a batch of cakes to show the children I really am interested. — "Browned-off," Oakleigh, Vic.

Money wasted

I HAVE done a lot of community work for P. and C., Guides, Scouts, etc., and never found it a bore, but I have found it disheartening.

Too much of the money raised is wasted on gifts for retiring helpers; some women are "cliquey" and make new members feel unwelcome; and if one is too willing one gets stuck with all the unpleasant jobs.

I now keep out of everything and instead give an occasional donation to the charities I favor. — Mrs. Joan Law, East Belmont, W.A.

"What good was it?"

THE writer of the article couldn't have explained my exact feelings more precisely had I written it myself. I must sadly admit that I recently ceased attending the local welfare meetings for the very reasons mentioned in the article.

I began to feel I must be a little odd, hating the idle chat, the lateness in starting, the over-indulging in food, the giggling, and the waste of time. At the end of every meeting I asked myself, "What good have any of us achieved from all this?"

Knowing now that I am not alone in my feelings, I shall attend the next meeting and ask that each member read the article, which I shall have in my handbag, ready. The results could be rather interesting. — "Hoping," Barmera, S.A.

object to wasting their precious free afternoon watching dull, uninteresting demonstrations. — M.B., Perth.

IF you think funds are wasted on meeting-room comforts, what about holding meetings in members' homes, in turn? Be the first to offer yours.

Does every member take only cake to the trading stall? Why not take flowers, plants, cuttings, spare vegetables from gardens, small gifts suitable for birthdays or Christmas, or good, clean second-hand clothing for charities in need of them? Or make rugs from knitted squares, left-over wool for missions or old folk. — Mrs. Frank Green, Woorndoo, Vic.

I DON'T find community work a bore, but committee meetings often are. A brisk, efficient president and a well-run meeting are the exception.

Some form of training on meeting procedures would be of great value. The ABC recently broadcast on its women's session a series of talks on this. I found it very helpful.

As for the lavish afternoon teas of which your reader complained, why not simply a cup of tea and a biscuit? Five cents per member is ample. — "Worker," Scone, N.S.W.

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'ORSOVA' Fiji-New Zealand Cruise

Sails Jan. 27 to Suva, Auckland, Bay of Islands (Russell). Returns Sydney Feb. 7. Fares from: First Class, \$272; Tourist Class, \$195.

'ARCADIA' Cruise La Ronde

Sails Feb. 3 to Noumea, Lautoka, Suva, Auckland. Returns Sydney Feb. 16. Fares from: First Class, \$296; Tourist Class, \$218.

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Putting on a face

Many people who obtain seats in the front row at a pop show, moan, "Ugh! I don't like him any more! He was wearing powder and mascara." The pop stars think "Ugh!", too, but they realise what many fans do not. That is, without this make-up, many people at the back of the audience would see their faces as blank, white masks under the harsh stage lights. It is necessary for the stars to wear something to help define their features, so please do not think your favorite pop star is cissy.

—KATHLEEN SYKES, Cheltenham, S.A.



LETTERS

Don't be greedy

EVERY day of every year Australians complain about not having enough clothes and money. It would do us all good if we were to sit down for five minutes and think of the millions of people who do not have enough to eat, let alone clothes and money to buy small luxuries. Just pick up a history book and you'll realise what has gone on in our world through people wanting more than they have. —D. Cleavers, Willoughby, N.S.W.

In gratitude

I WOULD like to express my gratitude for the way adults criticise teenagers today. With the support of this criticism, we, their children, have developed an instinct to strive for individuality and their praise. Without their cries of disapproval we teenagers could become enigmas in an unenterprising world designed only for adults. —Beverley Templeton, Welshpool, W.A.

FAMILY BLISS?

When we began our high-school lives, most of us were immature, proud or shy, or had other character defects. But this has altered over the past three years. Some changes were noticeable at the end of the first year. After this year we will be mature, broad-minded, logical thinkers, able to solve most of our everyday problems. Later, we will be sensible voters in our democracy. Those of us who have been together for the past three years are one big family, and even some of the teachers have joined it. I can't understand anyone who doesn't like school life. —Elizabeth Kerkham, Railton, Tas.

False flattery

MY girlfriend had a new hairstyle, which she liked. She asked my opinion of it, and when I said that it did not suit her she became quite annoyed. I wish that people would not ask for opinions when all they really want to hear is flattery. —"Chris," Chewton, Vic.

Fashion today...

IT is my misfortune to be one of those schoolgirls whose mothers believe that, besides school uniform, practically no other clothes are necessary. I think it is important to have the right clothes for the right occasion. My mother does not seem to understand that a "good" dress is not suitable to go skating in. Half the thrill of clothes is having a wide variety to choose from. This is not really extravagant, because if you get sick of an outfit you can alter it or swap with friends. —Sylvia Ball, Beresfield, N.S.W.

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

HEALTH AND GOOD LOOKS

LOOKING your best is often a matter of feeling your best, because looks and health go together.

Exercise, even if it's only the old toe-touching routine, is a great boost for circulation when you get up in the morning. A few speedy spot exercises to revive your figure are even better.

To lift and firm bosom: With elbows at shoulder level and palms together, press hands together hard (fingers up) and hold for count of three. Relax pressure, then repeat five times.

To trim waist, hips: Sit with hands behind you and legs out straight. Roll over on left hip, bring right knee over left leg and touch knee to ground. Now roll over on right hip and repeat.

A good breakfast matters when you're eating for beauty. Not just a cup of coffee and a piece of toast, but some sort of egg dish (very nutritious) and fruit.

If your skin is dull, muddy, or too pale, extra care and cleanliness should be the order of the day. Remember, whatever helps your health helps your skin.

—Carolyn Earle

For teenagers

ROUND ROBIN



Adair

IT'S FUN —AND NO GAMES

I SEE that a Newcastle, N.S.W., group has come up with a novel social event—a dance that is never held.

As an organiser put it: "You buy a ticket—then forget about the whole thing."

The idea, it seems, is to raise money for charity without making people go through the routine, often tedious, of getting their money's worth.

Such a system promises wholesale changes on the social scene.

Does a boy worry about which girl he won't take out?

Conversely, does a girl fret about which boy she doesn't want not to go with?

And does she complain that she hasn't got a thing to wear nowhere?

Does she worry about how not to do her hair because she's not going out?

I wonder if a husband—after a hard day's work—says to his wife: "You could have talked to me before you accepted an invitation not to go to that show tonight."

Also, imagine a father saying to his daughter: "At least, I should know who the boy is that you're not going dancing with."

Or, the same bloke saying: "I don't expect you home by midnight."

One thing is clear: The most popular dance at such a show would be no-go-go.

BEATNIK



...and yesterday

GLANCING through a girls' magazine dated 1915, I read an interesting article about a problem similar to one we have now—the mini-skirt. But in those days it was called the skimpy-skirt. Comparing these two garments, you will find that

they have many similarities. The mini-skirt is no less than 4in. above the knees, while the skimpy-skirt was no less than 4in. above the ANKLES. Both fashions have been criticised by the older generation, and both have been worn mainly by teenage girls. —Teresa Czajkowski, Shepparton, Vic.

Fantasy world

HERE are my views on the latest and most eccentric trend ever—the hippies. These individuals do not wish to accomplish anything that requires hard and honest work. They lead false lives, aided by the use of illegal and dangerous drugs. They preach love of all. But surely this can only be an achievement when the person is in a sound state of mind, not carried off into a hazy world of fantasy. —Sue Conchie, Dandenong, Vic.



I'M tired of going to dances with my boyfriend and dancing with him all night, because other boys think I am his personal property. If I wanted to be alone with him I would suggest we went to the pictures or somewhere similar. Therefore, boys, if you're alone at a dance, don't just sit there, but pluck up the courage to ask a girl to dance—even if she is with a partner! Ignore his black looks, and I'm sure she won't mind. —"Variety," Wagga, N.S.W.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

From different worlds

MY parents are very critical about the wonderful boy I met recently. They say he isn't my religion, and they don't agree with my going out with him because he is Australian and I am Polish. (I was born in Australia.) They have introduced me to a Polish boy, but, although he is very nice, I just don't like him as much as my Australian boy-

friend, who is well mannered, neatly dressed, and comes from a good home—in fact, my parents keep telling me to find a boy with those qualities! Do you think I should forget him? I am 17 and he is 21.

"Mixed-up," S.A.

Unfortunately, you are not alone in your troubles. So many young people, whose parents came here from other countries, face a similar problem. And so many have to grin and bear it until they are old enough to decide for themselves whether a different upbringing and

religion can alter the course of true love.

Big mistake

I HAVE been going out with a boy for 14 months. Recently I finished with him, as he has started to drink quite a lot, turns up late whenever we go out, and we are always quarrelling. I have since been going out with one of his mates. I find I like him very much and enjoy his company. My ex-boyfriend keeps on ringing me up, and we have decided to go back together in a few months'

time, but I wouldn't like to hurt his mate's feelings. My 'ex' says that if I go out with this other boy it is all through between us, even though deep down I love him. "Undecided," Vic.

You would be making a big mistake if you went back to your ex-boyfriend. His behaviour in the past indicates he has little respect or consideration for girls. And a romance without these qualities is usually doomed. No doubt his unpredictable streak makes him seem more attractive than he really is. It's a feminine

weakness to fall for the devil-may-care type, rather than the boy you can always rely on. Even so, I think you would be happier with your boyfriend's mate, especially as you say you enjoy his company.

Think again!

I HAVE boy trouble. I am very much in love with a boy of 17, but he is shy and doesn't seem to notice me. His younger brother, who is 15, has a crush on me and this seems to have frightened his brother away. This

younger boy is not in the least bit shy and has invited me out on several occasions. How can I make the boy of 17 realise that I love him, and not his younger brother, and find out if he has any feelings for me? (I am 14.)

"Confused," Qld.

It is impossible to call your feelings LOVE until you get to know this boy better. Even then, I am sure that, at 14, you have many romances ahead before you experience true love. Has it occurred to you that perhaps he doesn't WANT to notice you? Few young men—no matter how shy!—are going to allow their kid brother to stand between them and the girl they want.

Louise HERE'S YOUR

Hunter's ANSWER



RUNNING IN THE FAMILY!

● Three schoolgirls who are making a name in cross-country running belong to the same family.

WHAT'S more, their father is their athletics club's coach, and their mother its treasurer.

They are sisters Heather, 15, Janice, 14, and Lorraine, 11, Dalziel, of Fairfield, N.S.W.

Their father, Wally Dalziel, has been the coach of Fairfield Women's Athletic Club for three years.

Since they joined, the sisters have been competing regularly in running events both on the track and cross-country.

Recently Heather, who has been an athlete for eight years, won the N.S.W. Combined High Schools' Open 3000 Metres Cross-Country event.

Last year she was the N.S.W. Schoolgirls' Cross-Country champion. She was also second in the 800 metres N.S.W. junior event and third in the N.S.W. 1500 metres track event.

The sisters have no special diet.

"A couple of times I tried to give them big steaks before races, but it upset their stomachs," said Mrs. Dalziel. "Now all they'll have are sandwiches or a salad."

According to Mr. Dalziel, Heather's times could be better.

"The N.S.W. 1500 metres titleholder and the Australian junior titleholder for the 400 and 800 metres events, Cheryl Peasley, is a member of the club," he said. "She's tremendous competition, and Heather nearly always runs second to her."

Janice recently won the N.S.W. Schoolgirls' Interclub 1500 Metres Cross-

BELLE OF

Service girl good shot with javelin

AS a little girl in Fiji, Maureen McIntyre had one ambition—to join the Royal Australian Air Force.

Her chance seemed pretty remote until four years ago, when her parents decided to come to Australia. They settled in Albury, N.S.W., and her father became a plant operator with the Snowy Mountains Authority.

Maureen, who is 19, joined the WRAAF just a year ago and is a stewardess in the officers' mess at the RAAF Base, East Sale, Vic.

At the moment she has her sights set on winning the javelin throw in this year's inter-Service sports in Victoria.

She learnt to throw the javelin when she was in Fiji. And she is one of the most enthusiastic guests at the dances held on the base, where, her fellow Wraafs say, she gives the best exhibition of go-go dancing they have ever seen.



● Maureen McIntyre in training.

Country race, as well as the Schoolgirls' Interclub Point Score trophy for the highest number of places in the cross-country events.

Lorraine has been running seriously for only two years and has concentrated on the cross-country under-12 events.

"She's not doing badly," said Mr. Dalziel. "Her times for the 400 metres event are round 69-70 seconds, which is exceptionally good for her age."

All the girls enjoy running, and they say they like

the social life it gives them.

"We get round the different suburbs each weekend, competing at the various events," said Heather.

For the next few weeks the girls will be training hard for the annual N.S.W. Combined High Schools' athletics track events, which will be held in Sydney at the end of this month.

"It's a lot of hard work, but the reward of occasionally winning an important race, or at least running a respectable time, is worth it," said Janice.

BERLEI

UNDERSTUDIES THE SPRING SCENE... IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOUR

Suddenly Fancy Free is coming up posies! Berlei designer conferred with Tullo—got the news in print! Petti-pants! Fancy Free's floaty half slip and pantie twosome—prettiest way to understudy your Spring gear. The matching five-way bra completes the picture in print.

Page 52

Berlei Fancy Free Petti-pants. Pretty print pantie girdle with attached half slip. Style 348, \$9.00.

Matching print five-way contour bra has detachable straps. Style 648, 32 to 36, \$5.00.

Tullo says: "the print was too pretty to hide... I picked it up in the bow!"



● Mr. Wally Dalziel with Lorraine (left), Janice, and Heather.

THE FOOTBALL



● Soccer coach Irene Piper with her "mini" players.

● *Pretty 16-year-old Irene Piper, of Dundas, N.S.W., had a tear in her eye when the Dundas United "little" team, the Under Sevens, had a goal scored against them during a Soccer match.*

"It was the first goal against them since they started playing competition Soccer, and it seems rather like a milestone in their lives," Irene said sadly. And she has a right to be emotional. She's the Under Sevens' coach.

Recently, Irene passed the stiff exam set by the N.S.W. Soccer Federation to become one of only a dozen or so women Soccer coaches in N.S.W.

More than 80 people attended the 13-week course, which covers the history, practice, and theory of the game. Only 47 passed, including the five women candidates.

According to Irene, most women coaches train only the under seven up to teenage teams, and the youngest players range in age from about five years.

● Family all Soccer fans

Daughter of the founder of the Dundas United Soccer Club, Ron Piper, Irene has been exposed to Soccer all her life.

Her mother, Mrs. Iris Piper, is the club's secretary, and both her teenage brothers are keen Soccer fans.

With ambitions to be a kindergarten teacher, Irene finds coaching is excellent

experience, as it requires a tremendous amount of patience.

"I run out of it at times," she said, laughing. "Once the boys get out on the field they get so excited they forget all the rules."

"Some of the boys know what it's all about. They are the naturals for the game. The others—well, I'm afraid they just have an instinct to kick the ball."

● Training is tough, regular

During a season Irene and fellow coach Eileen Ricketts, of Dundas, who graduated with her, meet the boys at the club's home ground, Curtis Oval, for a rigorous training session twice a week.

"Young as they are, they are a loyal bunch," said Irene proudly. "They never miss training unless they have a good excuse."

With a successful season ended—the team reached the semi-finals—both Irene and Eileen find a great satisfaction in coaching.

And what do their friends say about their coaching what used to be only a man's game?

"Most of them laugh when we tell them," Irene said. "A few don't even believe us yet!"

For teenagers



BERLEI

UNDERSTUDIES THE SPRING SCENE...
[IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLLOUR]

Fancy Free goes technicolour! Our Berlei designer talked to Tullo... got the Spring picture colourwise. Like this great Pop Yellow in a swinging new Culotte! Curve-shaping Lycra® briefs with flared tricot legs—just for you to sit prettier! Matching step-in bra picks up the swinging yellow.

Berlei Culotte: This swinger comes in the full colour range...Pop Yellow, Greenery, Pink Fizz, Orange Fow, French Navy. Style 448, S.M., \$9.00.

Berlei Step-in Bra: No hooks—just stretch and step in! It's a basic stretch bra and it converts four ways. Style 748, A to C, 32 to 36, \$5.00.

Little girl dress by Norma Tullo.



BERLEI

UNDERSTUDIES THE SPRING SCENE...
IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOUR!

Fancy Free goes technicolour!
Swinging colour! Hot colour! Like
this Pink Fizz Convertible Step-in Bra.
Our designer got the colour up on
Spring gear...understudied
accordingly! So now you can match
or co-ordinate your bras and girdles
with your own gear in technicolour!
Page 54

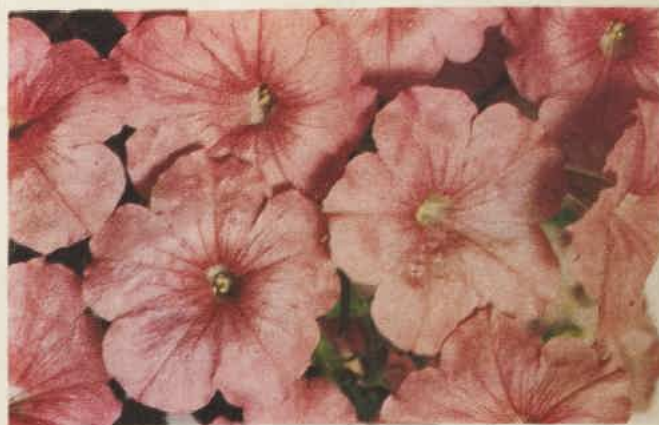
Berlei Convertible Step-in Bra—
just stretch and step in! It's a regular
stretch bra with convertible straps.
Style 748, A to C, 32 to 36, \$5.00.

Fancy Free technicolours are Pink
Fizz, Greenery, Orange Pow, Pop Yellow,
French Navy, and a Spriggy print that
includes all these colours.

Norma Tullo says, "Pink Fizz is the
perfect understudy for my printed float."

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

FLOWER OF THE YEAR



● Sundance (above),
a new hybrid petunia,
has been chosen
Flower of the Year,
1967, by the Aus-
tralian Nurserymen's As-
sociation. It won the
award because of its
stamina, its weather
resistance, and its
ability to recover
quickly after pruning
or prolonged rain.

● The petunias at right
are Color Parade, one of
the most popular varieties
evolved in recent years.



Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 164

● The painstaking
process of hybridising
has given Color Parade
(right) the advantages
of the large blooms of
the older, fringed pet-
unias in blue, scarlet,
clear white, and pink,
and the free-flowering
habit of multifloras.

● Curving border of
Rose of Heaven pet-
unias (below) was
photographed in Mrs.
F. Monaghan's garden
at Strathfield, N.S.W.



Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 165

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

PETUNIAS for COLOR

● Petunias will give months of dazzling bloom in hot, sunny areas, and do best under rugged conditions. Once a humble flower, a petunia has just been named Flower of the Year.

RECENTLY, outstanding hybrids have been developed, and petunias are now among the most expensive flower seeds, often costing between \$300 and \$500 an ounce.

Flowers of plants carefully chosen to yield the seed are opened prematurely,

By ALLAN SEALE

and stamens removed to prevent self-pollination. Then pollen is carefully introduced from plants which may not even resemble their progeny, but will bring in vigor or some other character.

This is a slow, painstaking manual process which usually means years of research to determine the formula for each variety.

A new hybrid petunia has been chosen as Flower of the Year, 1967, an honor bestowed by the Annual Selection Committee of the Australian Nurserymen's Association.

All flowers nominated for this award must first be closely observed growing in testing grounds for at least one year under a variety of conditions.

Vigor, freedom from disease, attractiveness of growth, and general appeal are

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 166

some of the points considered. Entries may range from the tiniest alyssum to the tallest zinnia.

Sundance is the name of the 1967 winner. It is not a large petunia, but is free flowering, with masses of soft, coral-salmon blooms overlaid with a silvery sheen.

Sundance won the judges' favor mainly because of its stamina, weather resistance, and ability to recover rapidly after pruning back or prolonged rain.

It is a color which shows effectively against white walls or fences, or with white alyssum, shasta daisies, or other white flowers. It also harmonises with the slaty tones of weathered bush stone, river gravel, blue lobelia, or ageratum.

PETUNIAS ARE EASY

Petunias revel in hot, dry positions. Any reasonable soil suits them if well drained. Start them off as you would other seedlings, preferably adding a little lime and complete plant food to the soil when planting out.

Water normally until the plants make up almost to flowering size, then keep them on the dry side. Overwatering or feeding with such as liquid manures is inclined to make the plants too leafy, and shorten their flowering period.

Trim the plants back when the first flush of flowers tapers off. At this stage, one feeding with complete liquid manure will speed the formation of new growth.

Few pests or diseases worry petunias except slugs and snails, so keep snail baits among the seedlings.

PETUNIAS FROM SEED

Petunia seed is not the easiest to raise, but success is usually assured when using seed-raising mixture or a good crumbly medium (such as 1 part moistened peatmoss, 2 of sand, improved with 2 heaped teaspoons of lime, 1 of complete fertiliser to each bucketful).

Fill the mixture into seed boxes or pots, to about 1 in. from the top when firmed down evenly.

The seed is lightly scattered over the surface, given the lightest covering (no more than 1/4 in.), then firmed in by patting gently.

Stand the container in water coming to within about 1 in. of the top of the soil, leave until moisture starts to creep over the surface. Conserve moisture by covering with whitewashed glass, or plastic over a sheet of newspaper, and keep in warm place. Direct sunlight through glass may overheat and kill the seed.

Seedlings normally show through in about a fortnight. Glass should then be lifted, and the seedlings hardened to direct sunlight. A piece of fly gauze over the box makes a good "hardener," and protects the tiny seedlings from heavy rain or watering.

In most temperate and cool climates petunias are sown in spring, but in many warmer northern areas they are autumn sown to flower in spring.

Pots or window boxes: Petunias in sunny window boxes, large pots, or other containers bring color to balconies, terraces, and paved courtyards, or under large trees where the soil is too root-ridden for normal cultivation.

Place an inch or two of broken crocks, coke, charcoal, or similar material over the drainage holes, then fill with proprietary potting mixture, preferably broken down with half sand (beach sand needs the salt hosing out) or sandy soil with previously moistened peatmoss, as suggested for seed raising. Vermiculite may be substituted for peatmoss.

Fill containers to within an inch of

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the top, so the soil can be flooded without exposing plants and bloom to watering. Flowering continues longer if containers are moved under shelter during rain.

In the Garden: Petunias make a colorful summer cover below roses, around clumps of lilliums, or around spring-flowering bulbs, which will be dying down as the petunias are nearing full size.

In the rockery or garden, add variety by intermingling small clumps or drifts of blue ageratum, petite yellow marigolds, or Dark Opal basil. Use amaranthus, blue salvia, or Forest Fire celosia in the background. They all enjoy conditions which suit petunias.

Here are some popular varieties:
MULTIFLORA TYPES: Sundance has blooms only 2-3 in. across, but produces great abundance of flower.

Confetti. Compact plants in wide range of reds, blues, pinks, variegated colors. Not a hybrid, but reliable and showy.

Rose of Heaven. An old favorite, still popular. Free-flowering bright rose-pink.
Brass Band. Cream to butterscotch. More compact and prolific than earlier ones in this color.

Satellite. Rosy purple, with contrasting white star formation in centre.

LARGER - FLOWERED TYPES:
Color Parade. Most popular introduction of recent years, most spectacular for color, with large blooms of the older, fringed types in strong blues, scarlet, clear white, pink, with free-flowering habit of the multifloras.

DOUBLES: Victorious or Giant Double. Interesting flowers like giant ruffled carnations, in mauve, pink, white, etc.

Honeybunch. Smaller flowered and taller than above, but free flowering with masses of double salmon-pink blooms.

Cherry Tart. Another tall, free-flowering small double, with white flowers marked with segments of cherry-red.

Bonanza. A mixture, containing the last two mentioned, plus some similar types.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



BERLEI

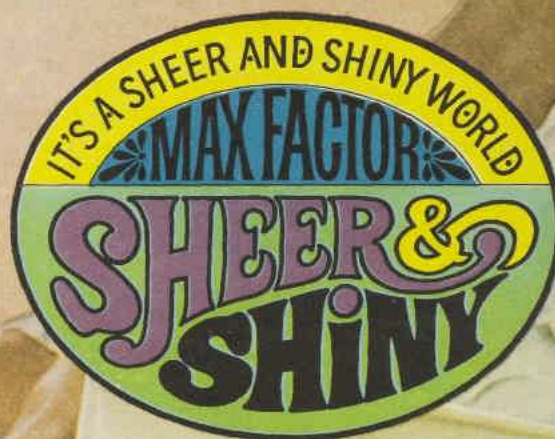
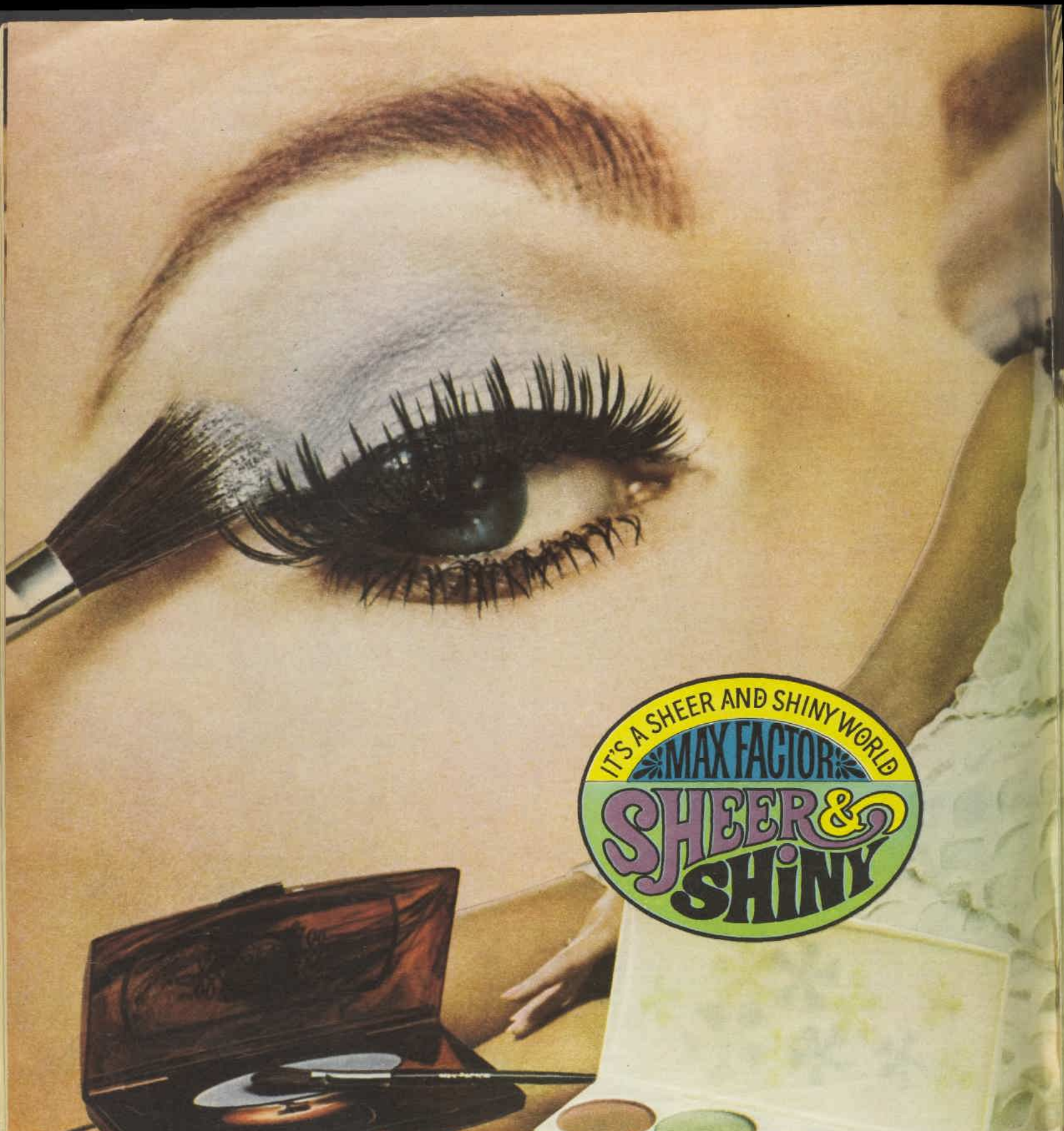
UNDERSTUDIES THE SPRING SCENE... [IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR]

Colour. That's the fashion scene! Swinging colour! Vibrant colour! Our Berlei designer coloured up the Fancy Free range for Spring. Here's a close-up on just one bra in Orange Pow! A Step-in Convertible bra. Co-ordinate or match Fancy Free girdles, pantie girdles, culottes with your gear—it's fun.

Berlei Convertible Step-in Bra—no hooks, just stretch and step in! It's a regular stretch bra with convertible straps. Style 748. A to C, 32 to 36, \$5.00.

Fancy Free technicolours are Pink Fizz, Greenery, Orange Pow, Pop Yellow, French Navy, and a Spriggy print that includes all these colours.

Floaty, brilliant striped toga by Tullo.



*New Iridescent brush-on eyeshadow shades.
Moody...misty. Exclusive to Max Factor.*

New Iridescent Shadow Play: pressed powder eyeshadow that can't smear or streak. Glides on smoothly with a whisper-soft brush, clings for hours. In Irid. Misty White, Irid. Beige Mist, Irid. Willow Green, Irid. Fair Blue. \$2.00

New Iridescent Shadow Fling: four dreamy eyeshadow shades in a lush compact-case. Irid. Misty White, Irid. Beige Mist, Irid. Willow Green, Irid. French Blue. \$2.50

Max Factor goes way out and creates eye make-up that's high on shine. Big



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*From Max Factor...
fashion's first shiny eyeliner
that gleams like patent...
peels off, gently!*



Enter Shiny Eyeliner and suddenly all the others are old-hat. At the stroke of a brush, a wicked gleam of patent lights up your eyes; fires them with deeper colour. It dries fast... can't crack or feather. Stays shiny even after it dries. Is waterproof... dullproof... smearproof. No remover required... it peels off gently at the lift of a fingertip. Shiny Brown, Shiny Brownish-Black, Shiny Black, \$1.15 (at its very best when applied with Max Factor's special sable Eyeliner Brush).

on flattery. Brilliantly news-making on to-day's sheer and shiny fashion scene.

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Lighting
for every room
of your home

Simply choose 6 of these
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1) From the 12 fittings illustrated, choose 2 for each room — one for the ceiling, one for the wall. Write in their names on the entry form.
2) On the entry form, write the name of a Kempthorne light you would choose to create lighting magic in one of your rooms. Select from the fittings illustrated above or from the new Kempthorne Book of Lighting . . . it's free now from your lighting retailer or Kempthorne.

Entries close first mail October 9
The judges' decision will be final. Winners' names will be announced in this magazine November 22.
1st prize is the magic of Kempthorne Lighting for every room in your home (up to 10 fittings). In addition the six best entries from each state will be awarded either a Kempthorne Rondo pendant or 13" Clipper ceiling light.

NAME _____

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STATE _____

ROOM 1: CEILING _____ WALL _____

ROOM 2: CEILING _____ WALL _____

ROOM 3: CEILING _____ WALL _____

I have chosen the Kempthorne fitting _____
for my _____ (type of room; Lounge, bedroom, etc.)

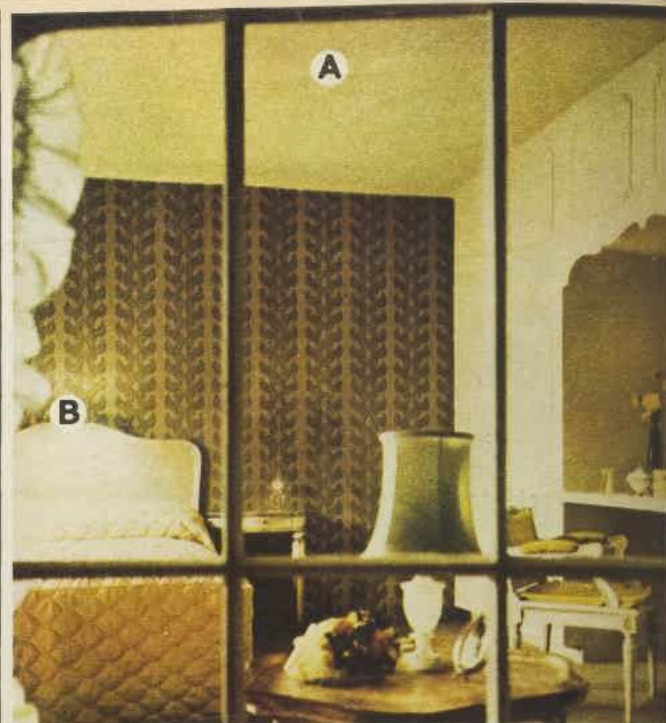
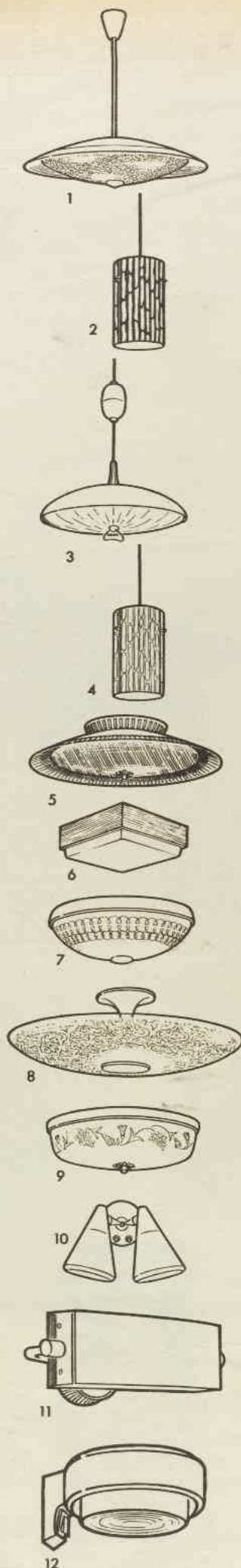
My room's ceiling height is _____

My room's colour scheme is _____

and my furnishing is _____ (Describe style: Antique, contemporary, colonial, etc.)

Mail this page to 'Kempthorne Lighting Contest'
P.O. Box 159, Clayton, Victoria

KEMPTHORNE



COOKTOWN HONORS CAPTAIN COOK



VIGOROUS REALISM made the battle scene (above) one of the most striking in Cooktown's re-enactment of Captain Cook's 1770 landing to repair his ship.

THE stirring scenes when Captain Cook and his men battled with Aborigines on the banks of the Endeavour River in North Queensland were re-enacted by the people of Cooktown this year with vivid realism.

Every year on June 17 the town turns out to recall with drama and pageantry the day in 1770 when Captain Cook and his men came ashore to careen and repair their ship, met and overcame an attack by the Aborigines, and promptly made friends with them by offering gifts of trinkets and food.

This year visitors swelled the town's population to 1000 as they watched the re-enactment of the landing of nearly 200 years ago.

Directed by Mrs. Tanner, principal actors were Jack Stewart (Captain Cook), Jack Hartley (Joseph Banks), Jim McKee (Dr. Solander), and 14-year-old Tom Doolan as a midshipman.

The tiny town (population 440) once held 40,000 people in the goldrush days. It stands on the river named by Cook after his ship, the Endeavour, in which he sailed along the east coast of Australia.

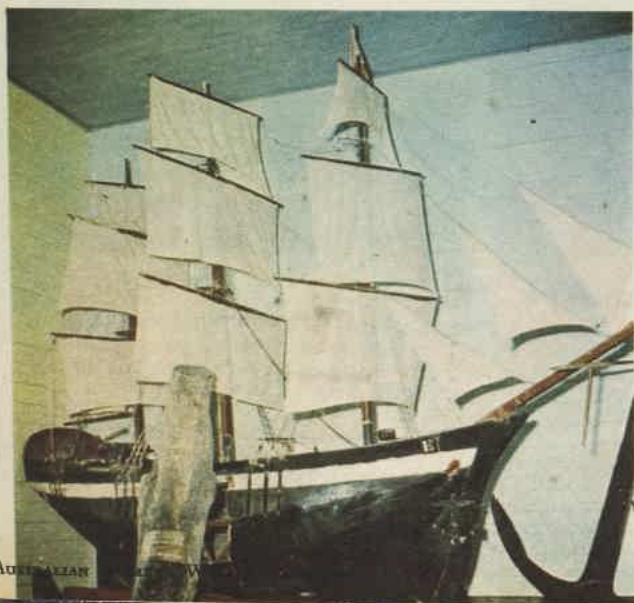
Story and pictures by **DAVID HOOPER.**



MAKING PLANS for the careening and repairs to his ship which had struck a reef, Captain Cook (above) surveys the shore. It was after calling here that Cook two months later at Possession Island, near Cape York, annexed "New South Wales."



THE PAST really came to life in the costuming and vigor of the actors (left) as Joseph Banks, the famous botanist, and Dr. Solander set out on the search for native plants, while Captain Cook gives orders. Cook was always on good terms with his crews.



A MODEL 14ft. long of Cook's ship, the Endeavour (left), stands in the Cooktown museum, curator of which is 79-year-old Stan Boyd, one of the town's identities. In the foreground is a log cut from the tree used in careening the ship.

BESIDES being an authority of local history, Stan Boyd (right) plays a variety of musical instruments. The museum contains a copy of Captain Cook's log and many relics of Cooktown and the famous Palmer River goldfields.





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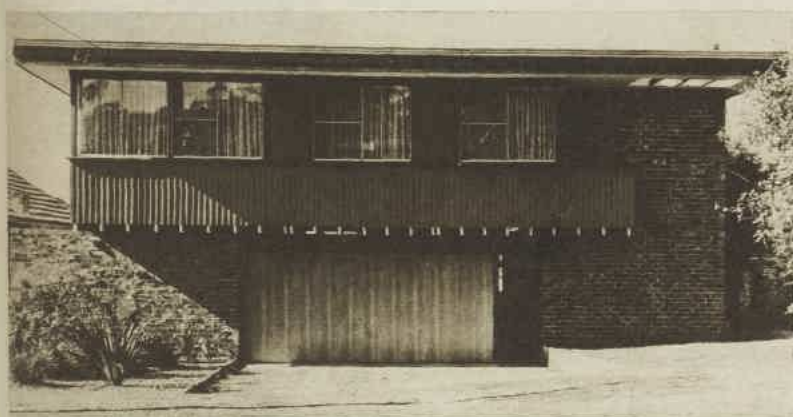
HANDY TILT-TOP

Saves splatters — lets you stir and serve without completely removing the cover. And note handsome 'Dutch Skillet' styling for serving right at the table!

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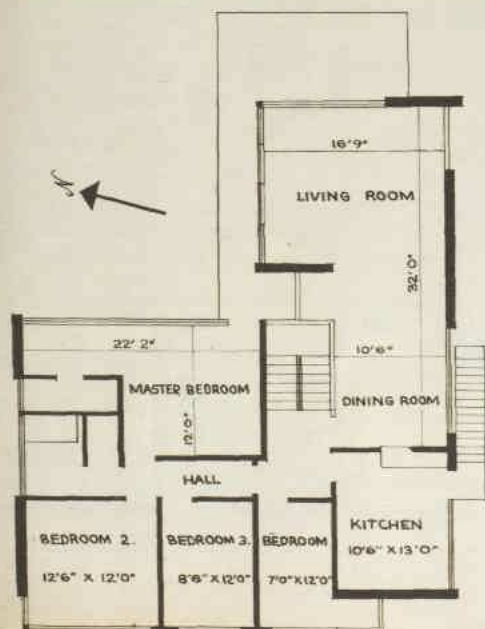
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Rear exterior (above) of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Anderson's house at Collaroy, N.S.W. Wide eaves shade timber deck adjoining living area at left; zinc annealed ribbed sheeting covers timber frame below right-hand windows, is also used at front of house (shown left), where it provides texture contrast for clinker-brick walls and the timber veneer on the garage door.

HOUSE of the WEEK

ECONOMY FEATURES CUT BUILDING COSTS BY HALF

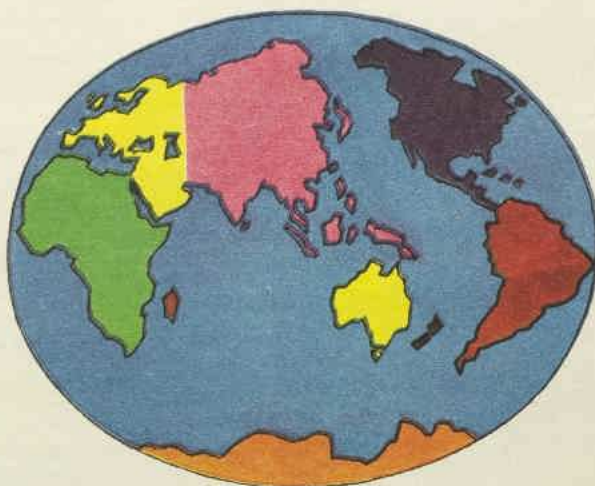


Upper-floor plan. Lower floor covers same area, contains car parking, storage and play areas, shower room, laundry.

- By using economical materials in an interesting way, architect Robert Sheldon was able to design this 32-square brick-and-timber home for Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Anderson at Collaroy, N.S.W., for about the average cost of a house of 16 squares.

Continued on page 63

British Paints search the world for colour



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YOUR SECURITY IS THE ABSOLUTE PROTECTION OF THE BRITISH PAINTS GUARANTEE

Dining-room in Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Anderson's house at Collaroy, N.S.W., is visually separated from living-room by brick "blade" at left. Painting on second blade at rear, by Colin Parker, depicts ruggedness of Australian outback and its primitive architecture, accents natural building material used in the Andersons' home.

Photographs by
Keith Barlow



HOUSE of the WEEK . . . continued

BUILT mainly of clinker bricks and undressed timbers, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Anderson's three-year-old two-storey house at Collaroy, N.S.W., has panoramic views of Long Reef and the coast. The architect, Robert Sheldon, decided for economic reasons to take advantage of the locality and give the house a rugged beachside character.

"This allowed me to use undressed timbers (mainly oregon) and bare bricks, left exposed for the ground floor and in some cases the upper floor, and to use simple timber window frames to support the roof upstairs," he said.

Mr. Sheldon decided to support the upper floor on brick blades (vertical slabs of brickwork) instead of on pipe columns.

"They're more satisfactory aesthetically and they also provide privacy from the street for the ground floor and the rear garden, and help to give a sense of enclosure to the ground-floor outdoor living area.

"Raising the house one floor made it difficult to satisfy my clients' request for maintenance-free materials on all external walls, within the budget. Again for economic reasons, I wanted to construct most of the upper floor in timber framing — which meant lightweight construction. This ruled out brick walls under the windows. The solution was to cover the timber frame with a zinc annealed (toughened) ribbed sheeting, which is light and gives an interesting texture effect. This sheeting was painted charcoal-grey."

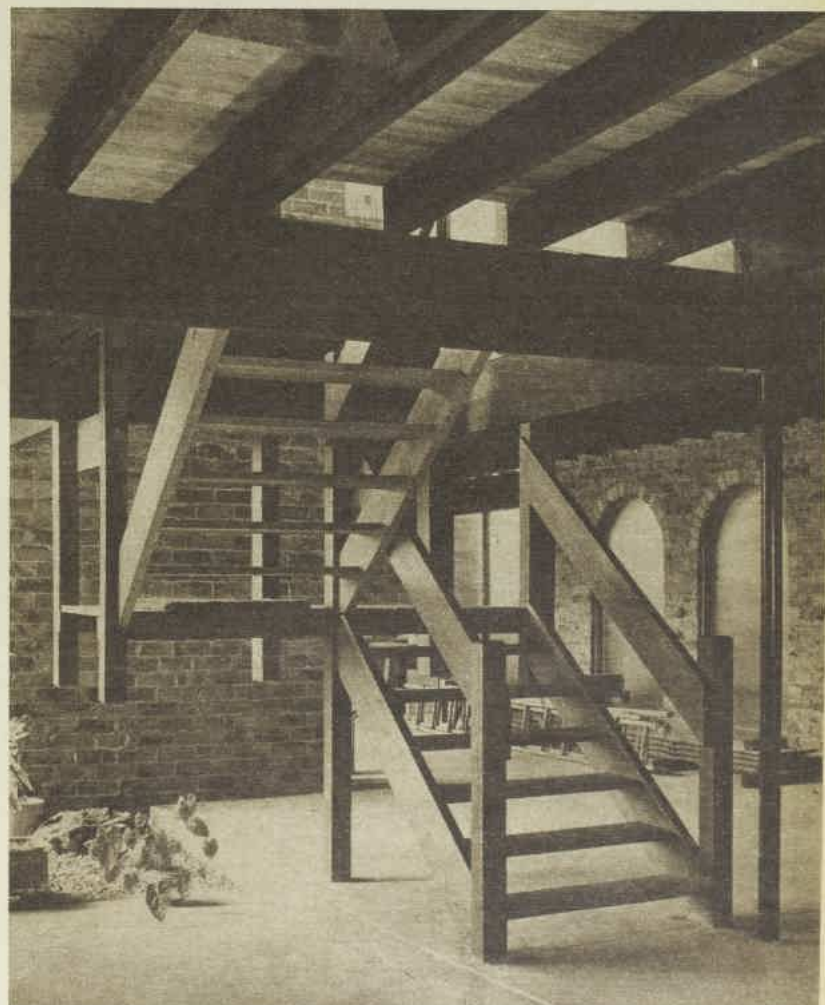
To maintain light construction on the upper floor, the large sundeck, overlooking the rear garden and the view, is constructed in timber, with hardwood boards spaced a quarter of an inch apart. Light streaming through the gaps in the boards forms an interesting pattern on the brickwork below.

The flat metal roof has concealed guttering; at the front of the house, a small pergola in the roof overhang throws patterns of light and shade on to the brick blade wall below in the afternoon. This pergola also conceals a powerful spotlight which illuminates the same brick blade at night. A similar spotlight, concealed under the cantilevered bedroom floor, illuminates the brick blade on the other side of the garage door.

The upper floor comprises about 16 squares, excluding the timber decks. The ground floor, which covers the same area, has a shower-room for swimmers returning from the beach, a laundry, storage area, a double carport enclosed on three sides, and a large, sheltered play area (for the Andersons' four-year-old son), which later may be glassed in to form a rumpus room.

Outside the fourth bedroom, which Mrs. Anderson uses as a sewing-room, is a small balcony directly over the entrance to the house. Thus she can see callers without going downstairs.

—Shan Hailey



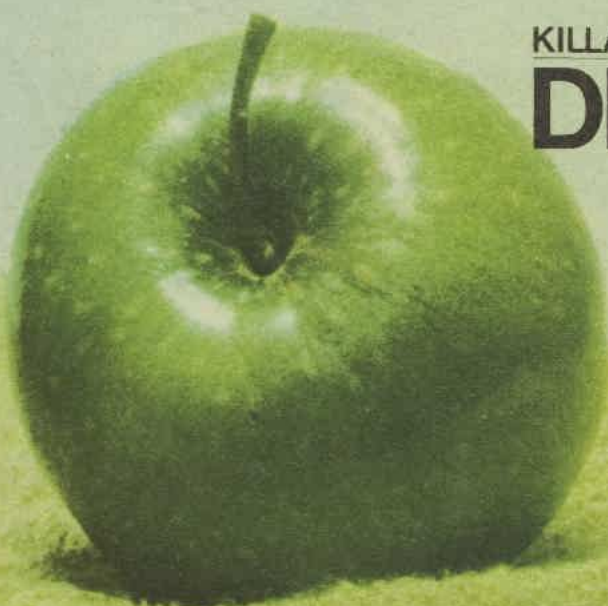
Timber stairway, rising from concreted play area, is supported by one central post, with both flights and mid-landing hung from upper floor. Archways, right, provide light. Stacked timber will be used for built-ins.



Did your mother come from Ireland?

Not that it matters. Even without an Irish ancestry who could resist the temptation of the Killarney greens you see here—all thick and thirsty and big enough to wrap you in? To transform your bathroom into a corner of the Emerald Isle itself or make it a tropical haven. Just think of a green; you'll find it in Dri-Glo. Striped for him, flowered for you, spotted or plain for the others. Close harmony. After all, Dri-Glo *invented* Colour Harmony! So go in for the Killarney greens. You don't like green? Well, Dri-Glo have every colour you can think of. Just ask! Anywhere in Australia or New Zealand.

KILLARNEY GREENS BY
DRI-GLO
TOWELS



Coffee goes
creamy,
smooth & creamy
when you add
double rich
Carnation milk



Cooking with DRIED FRUITS

● Australian dried fruits —
sultanas, raisins, currants,
apricots, peaches, prunes
— are among the best
in the world, and their
use in sweet and savory
cooking is almost unlimited.

Recipes from our
Leila Howard Test
Kitchen



It takes 6lb. of the fresh tree fruits (apricots, peaches, prunes) to make the equivalent of 1lb. of these fruits dried; and 4lb. of the fresh vine fruits (sultanas, raisins, currants) to make 1lb. of dried fruits.

In this two-page feature is a selection of recipes for each of the dried fruits, and some interesting information and cooking hints. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

When chopped dried fruits are called for in a recipe, use kitchen scissors for cutting the fruit; they do the job quickly, easily.

SULTANAS

These are made from the dried fruit of the Sultana grape. What we know as sultanas, in America are called raisins.

CURRY SAUCE

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 large onion | 1 dessertspoon curry powder |
| 1 carrot | 1 pint chicken stock (use stock cube) |
| 1 stick celery | 2 tablespoons sultanas |
| 1 bayleaf | salt |
| 1 tomato | |
| 2 tablespoons butter | |
| 1½ tablespoons flour | |

Chop onion and celery finely. Peel and chop tomato. Scrape carrot, cut into thin diagonal pieces.

Melt butter in saucepan, add vegetables, saute until onion is transparent. (If desired, a little chopped cucumber can also be added.) Stir in curry powder and flour, add bayleaf; cook few minutes. Gradually stir in hot stock. Cook, stirring, until sauce boils and thickens; add sultanas. Cook 10 to 15 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Season to taste.

This is a versatile and delicious sauce. Use it to reheat any cold meat—cold cooked lamb is particularly good. Cut meat into cubes, add to sauce at end of cooking time, allow to heat through gently.

Note: Curry powders vary greatly in strength. If using a mild curry powder, increase quantity of curry powder in recipe above to 1½ to 2 dessertspoons.

SULTANA LOAF

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 4oz. butter or substitute | 2 cups self-raising flour |
| ½ cup castor sugar | pinch salt |
| 2 eggs | 5 tablespoons milk |
| grated rind ½ lemon | 6oz. sultanas |

Sift flour and salt. Cream butter or substitute until soft, add sugar, continue beating until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition; add sultanas and lemon rind. Fold in flour lightly and alternately with milk. Place in greased loaf tin (9in. x 5in.), bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour or until skewer inserted in centre comes out clean.

NUT CUTLETS

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 4oz. finely chopped mixed nuts | 1 teaspoon chopped parsley |
| 1 cup soft white bread-crumbs | ½ pint milk |
| 1 tablespoon butter | salt, pepper |
| 2 tablespoons sultanas | 1 egg-yolk |
| 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion | juice ½ lemon |
| 2 tablespoons flour | dry breadcrumbs |
| | oil for frying |

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook few minutes; gradually stir in hot milk. Cook, stirring, until mixture is thick; remove from heat. Combine nuts, breadcrumbs, chopped sultanas, onion, parsley, lemon juice, and seasoning. Add to the white sauce, mix well; cool. Form into round or cutlet shapes, dip into lightly beaten egg-yolk (add a few drops of milk if egg-yolk is small); coat firmly with dry breadcrumbs. Fry in hot oil until outside is crisp and golden.

RAISINS

The dried fruit of the Waltham Cross and Gordo grape. Raisins are generally marketed as seeded raisins; the seeds are mechanically removed. "Seedless" raisins (as compared with "seeded") are those which are too small to develop seeds. In America, are known as Lexias; are generally marketed with the seeds still in.

Raisins are a popular accompaniment to curry. Plump them first by covering with boiling water, let stand 5 minutes, then drain. A little grated nutmeg or grated lemon rind can be added to the water for extra flavor.

DRIED FRUITS — sultanas, raisins, currants, apricots, prunes, and peaches — add flavor and interest to many types of sweet and savory dishes.

RAISIN LOAF

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 4oz. butter or substitute | 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda |
| ½ cup sugar | 2 cups self-raising flour |
| ½lb. chopped raisins | 1 egg |
| 1 cup water | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Place in saucepan the butter or substitute, sugar, raisins, water, and bicarbonate of soda. Bring to boil, stirring occasionally; cool. When cool add beaten egg and vanilla, then mix in sifted flour. Place in greased and lined loaf tin (9in. x 5in.), bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes.

GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| 3lb. green tomatoes | 1 teaspoon ground ginger |
| 2 pints vinegar | 1oz. salt |
| 3 green apples | 1lb. brown sugar |
| 1lb. raisins | 1 teaspoon whole cloves |
| 2 small onions | ½ teaspoon whole allspice |
| pinch cayenne | |

Wash tomatoes, chop roughly, place in large saucepan with ½ pint vinegar. Place over medium heat, boil gently until tomatoes are soft. Remove from heat, push through coarse sieve. Return to saucepan with all other ingredients. Tie cloves and spice in small bag of muslin. Place over medium heat, boil gently, stirring occasionally until mixture is of chutney consistency (approximately 4 hours). Remove spice bag, bottle into clean jars, and seal. Makes 3 pints.

RAISINS JUBILEE

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 cup raisins | 1 dessertspoon lemon juice |
| water | 2 tablespoons brown sugar |
| ½ teaspoon lemon rind | |
| 3 to 4 tablespoons brandy | |

Put washed raisins into heatproof bowl, cover with boiling water; let stand 5 minutes, drain. Add grated lemon rind and juice, sugar, and 2 tablespoons brandy. Cover, let stand 1 hour.

Just before serving, add remaining brandy. Put into small saucepan, heat gently. If desired, flame. Spoon hot sauce over well-chilled vanilla ice-cream.

Continued overleaf

CURRENTS

The fruit of the Zante grape. Greece and South Africa are the only other two currant-producing countries.

LEMON CHEESE CAKES

4oz. packet cream cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 2 tablespoons cream
 grated rind, juice 1 lemon
 2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants
 8oz. puff pastry

Roll out pastry thinly, cut into rounds, fit into small patty tins. Beat cream cheese with cream until softened, combine with all remaining ingredients. Place spoonfuls of mixture into patty tins. Bake in hot oven 5 minutes; reduce heat to moderate, cook further 10 minutes.

GARIBALDI BISCUITS

1 cup self-raising flour
 pinch salt
 1 tablespoon butter
 3 dessertspoons sugar
 1 to 2 tablespoons milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants
 extra sugar

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, add sugar. Add just enough milk to give a firm dough. Turn out on lightly floured board, roll out to $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thickness. Divide pastry in half. Sprinkle one half with currants, cover with remaining pastry. Roll out again to $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thickness, keeping pastry as even in shape as possible; trim edges. Cut into square or oblong shapes, sprinkle tops lightly with extra sugar. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

PRUNES

The dried fruit of the plum. The new-style packaged prune is very moist and sweet, requires little cooking. However, they can be prepared as follows:

- Cover 1lb. prunes with 2 pints boiling water. Cool, then cover; refrigerate 24 hours. The longer prunes soak, the plumper they become. This method gives a "light" juice.
- Stand prunes in colander over boiling water; steam 30 minutes. This method is ideal when using prunes in savory dishes.
- A good method to use when serving prunes, with cream, as dessert: Place prunes in saucepan, add water (allow 2 pints water to 1lb. prunes); bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer gently 10 to 20 minutes. To make prunes plumper, and juice richer, let stand overnight in their liquor.

In any of the methods above, extra flavor can be given by adding a few cloves, lemon, or orange slices or a small piece of cinnamon stick. Usually, sugar is not necessary—the fruit contains enough sweetness.

DEVILS ON HORSEBACK

prunes
 red wine or water
 bacon

Place prunes in saucepan, add red wine or water just to cover. Simmer 20 minutes; let prunes stand in liquid until cool. Drain and stone. Fill with any desired stuffing (a well-flavored chutney, chopped, is good). Roll each prune in half-rasher of bacon, with rind removed. Grill until bacon is crisp, turning several times, or place on baking tray and bake in hot oven 7 to 10 minutes.

APRICOTS

An easy way to reconstitute dried apricots so that they resemble the fresh fruit is as follows: Wash apricots, place stoned-side down in shallow baking tray. Sprinkle generously with sugar

(about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar for $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. apricots), add juice of lemon, then add cold water to cover. Place in slow oven, cook until apricots are well plumped and tender (approximately 30 minutes).

GOLDEN CHICKEN

3lb. chicken
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rose wine
 2 tablespoons honey
 2 tablespoons butter
 1 cup dried apricots
 Cut chicken in half, marinate in wine, meat side down, about

2 hours. Remove, reserving wine, dry chicken thoroughly. Mix honey and butter, spread generously over chicken, reserving about 1 tablespoon of mixture. Soften dried apricots in boiling water 10 minutes.

Pour wine marinade on bottom of casserole, add drained apricots and chicken. Cover, cook in moderate oven until tender (about 45 minutes). Remove chicken pieces, brush with reserved honey-butter, place under hot grill until golden

and bubbly. Serve with the apricots and wine sauce.

PEACHES

Possibly the most neglected of all the dried fruits—yet they can give fresh-peach flavor all year through. Try the delicious jam given here, on hot scones; top with whipped cream.

PEACH AND ALMOND JAM

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dried peaches
 2 pints boiling water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar

1 tablespoon blanched slivered almonds
 1 lemon

Chop peaches roughly, place in preserving pan, pour boiling water over. Cover and stand overnight. Next day boil 20 minutes in the liquid with lemon juice and few strips lemon rind. Add sugar and almonds, stir until sugar dissolves. Boil 30 minutes or until jam sets when tested. Remove lemon rind. Pour into warm jars, seal when cold. Makes 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints.

A Merry-go-round of good taste

There's an Arnott's Cream Biscuit to please everyone.

They're in individual packs or there's a tempting variety in the Arnott's Assorted Cream selection. Tangy, chocolatey, fruity, creamy, fresh-baked. In the Arnott's biscuit bar at your food store.



Shortbread Cream. Two good flavours: light and fine shortbread and vanilla cream.

Lemon Crisp. Snap-fresh biscuit filled with lemon-flavoured cream.

Creamy Chocolate. Dark chocolate flavoured biscuit with creamy centre.

Orange Slice. Tangy orange cream sandwiched between delectable crisp biscuits.

Delta Cream. Chocolate flavoured biscuit filled with vanilla cream.

Monte Carlo. Crunchy biscuits with vanilla cream and raspberry jam.

SAVORY CASSEROLE RECIPE WINS \$10 PRIZE

● A savory casserole, quickly prepared, wins \$10 in our recipe contest this week. It's an ideal dish for a weekend family meal, or an informal buffet supper.

SAVORY MEDLEY

1lb. frankfurts
1 cup cooked peas
2 sliced onions
1 cup rice
2 thinly sliced carrots
2 thinly sliced potatoes

16oz. can tomato soup
salt, pepper

Wash rice, place in large saucepan of boiling salted water, cook approximately 12 minutes. When rice is almost cooked, add onions, carrots, potatoes, and peas to saucepan, cook 5 minutes to parboil; drain.

Cut frankfurts into thick diagonal pieces, combine with the vegetable mixture; season. Place in greased casserole, pour soup over, cover, and bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes.

First prize of \$10 to Miss Ruth Barkla, 5 Sandra Grove, Moorabbin, Vic., 3189.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These helpful tips, sent in by readers, will save you time, money, and effort when doing your household chores. Each hint published wins a prize of \$2.

KEEP a mop soaked in kerosine handy and you will find it excellent for wiping over linoleum floors. It will easily pick up dust and keep your floors shiny, and they will need less polishing.—Miss

Jill Marquet, 24 Verge St. Dunggog, N.S.W. 2420.

A plastic shoe bag with several divisions is very handy in the sewing-room. All sewing needs such as bias binding, zip fasteners, and elastic, can be placed separately in each section and you can see each one through the plastic. Hang the bag on a coat-hanger beside your sewing-machine.—Mrs. J. M. Black, Gum Ave., Lucindale, S.A. 5272.

In cold weather, honey sometimes turns sugary and "gluey." To make it smooth and clear again, stand the sealed jar in a saucepan of warm water, gently heat to near boiling point and leave standing in saucepan until cool.—Mrs. S. Davies, 25 Menin Rd., Nunawadang, Vic. 3131.

If you like to use pampas grass as a floral decoration, but hesitate to do so because of the fine seeds which fall from it, give it a light spray with hair lacquer. This keeps the seeds from falling and also gives a glitter to it under night lights.—Mrs. B. Huffa, 21 Clifford St., Ascot Park, S.A. 5043.

When taking fruit to an invalid, wrap each piece separately in cellulose paper. This not only keeps the fruit dust-free but provides a handy receptacle for skin and stones when the fruit is eaten.—Mrs. R. Harwood, Orielton, Tas. 7172.

To keep facewashers fresh, rinse in clear water to remove all traces of soap. Squeeze well, then soak for an hour or so in water containing vinegar or lemon juice (1 tablespoon to 1 pint water). Rinse and hang to dry in the sun.—Miss W. Manser, 190 Hobart Rd., Kings Meadow, Tas. 7250.

Each spring, when the new growth comes on mulberry trees, bend the tall thin branches downward and train them low. The fruit can be more easily picked and this also improves the appearance of the tree.—Mrs. J. Seymour, 245 Wellington Rd., Kangaroo Pt., Brisbane 4169.

When knitting a bonnet, jacket, and bootee set for a baby, knit an extra pair of booties in a larger size. The first pair of booties will be outgrown before the rest of the set, and the larger booties will keep the set complete and useful.—Mrs. G. Warburton, 591 Livermore St., Lavington, N.S.W. 2641.

One or two small chicken soup cubes added to the other ingredients when making a savory white sauce give it a professional touch and a tastier flavor.—Mrs. F. Broughton, 6 Hannah St., East Preston, Vic. 3072.

Lemons are plentiful, so make use of them: Add a wedge of lemon to the pan when cooking cabbage or onions to prevent cooking smells; rice will be whiter and fluffier if 1 teaspoon of lemon juice is added to each quart of water during cooking; after dicing onions or garlic, rub the hands with a slice of lemon to remove odor.—Mrs. L. Grove, 41 Bellevue Parade, Curl Curl Nth., N.S.W. 2099.

Arnott's famous Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality



No-one bakes a lighter scone than Mrs. McNeil



Sunday scones at Mrs. McNeil's. All golden and crusty, and so light, they melt in the mouth. Her secret? "It's just a matter of knowing about Sunshine" she says. Dry-mix cooking is one of the reasons why Sunshine makes perfect scones . . . every time. Because with Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk it's easy to measure ingredients accurately . . . and blend them in thoroughly. And Sunshine adds a lot of extra creaminess. Try it and see.

BASIC SCONES

2 cups flour; pinch salt; 2 level tbsp. **SUNSHINE** Full Cream Powdered Milk; 1½ ozs. butter; ¾ cup water.

METHOD: Sift together flour, salt and Sunshine. Lightly rub in butter. Mix to soft dough with water. Knead on lightly floured board. Roll or pat out lightly to ¾" thickness. Cut with 2" cutter. Glaze. Bake in hot oven for 12-15 minutes. Serve with whipped cream and strawberry jam.

8 FLUID OZ. MEASURING CUP USED



Special decorated canister for a limited time only.

She uses Sunshine Milk in her favourite recipes

Mrs. Evans has a reputation for superb sauces



Sweet pudding sauces. Savoury seafood sauces. Mrs. Evans has a dozen *different* sauce recipes, all with a subtle, *richer* taste that comes from the few tablespoonsful of full-cream Sunshine she adds to each recipe. Nestlé's Sunshine is full-cream milk in powdered form. Add a certain amount of water, and you get pure, whole milk. Add *less* water, and what have you? A richer, creamier mixture that does flavour wonders for sauces. Or soups. Or hot drinks.

SWEET WHITE SAUCE

1 oz. butter; 1 oz. flour; 1 level tbsp. sugar; ½ pint water; 4½ level tbsp. **SUNSHINE** Full Cream Powdered Milk; essence.

METHOD: Melt butter in small saucepan. Blend in flour. Cook for 2 mins. Off heat, add Sunshine. Beat well, add water gradually. Cook for further 3-4 minutes. Add sugar, vanilla, almond or rum essence to taste.



Special decorated canister for a limited time only.

She uses Sunshine Milk in her favourite recipes

Country-style soups are Mrs. Anderson's speciality



She uses Sunshine Milk in her favourite recipes

Come a coolish day, Mrs. Anderson gets out her king-size soup saucepan, and a can of Sunshine. Lucky family. It could be a steaming savoury Chowder or a deliciously smooth Creme of Chicken Soup. How come they both taste so *extra-creamy*? Ask any good cook. It's the Sunshine. Nestlé's Sunshine is full-cream milk in powdered form.

FARMHOUSE CHOWDER

1 onion - chopped; 2 sticks celery - chopped; 2 ozs. bacon - chopped; 2 ozs. butter; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour; 2 pints warm water combined with 2 cups **SUNSHINE Full Cream Powdered Milk**; 1 x 15 oz. can mixed vegetables; 1 x 10 oz. can whole kernel corn; 1 dsp. salt; cayenne pepper to taste.

METHOD: Saute onion, celery, bacon in melted butter. Add flour, cook 2 mins. Gradually stir in water and Sunshine mixture. Simmer 5 mins. Add mixed vegetables, corn, salt, cayenne. Simmer further 5 mins. Serve hot. 8 FLUID OZ. MEASURING CUP USED



Special decorated canister for a limited time only.

Mrs. Moore has never been known to run out of milk



She keeps a can of Sunshine Milk in her kitchen

Long week-ends . . . thirsty children . . . unexpected visitors. None of them bother Mrs. Moore. For with a 3 lb. can of Nestlé's Sunshine in the kitchen there's 16 pints of fresh, full-cream milk *always* on hand. Enough for all the drinks, scones, cakes, ice-cream and cookies a small army could devour. And Sunshine, sealed tight in its own can, protected from light and air, keeps and keeps, ready to be made up into dairy-fresh milk at a moment's notice.

SUNSHINE FULL CREAM MILK

Place two, well-heaped tablespoons (3.12 oz.) of full-cream Sunshine on top of one pint of warm water in a deep bowl or jug. Mix well until powder has dissolved. Sunshine never sours if kept dry. Mix Sunshine only as required.



Special decorated canister for a limited time only.

FOR **ACTION** FIRST AID

It's always Elastoplast



Elastoplast



Sportsmen of all ages go for Elastoplast... it flexes with every movement. Elastoplast breathes to let in healing air, seals out germs and dirt. It's wrapped, sterilized and it's flexible... stretches with every movement... stays on for ages. Next time your sportsman has a spill comfort him with Elastoplast. ELASTOPLAST... in the new action packs — Strips, Assorted Dressings and Dressing Strips.

Smith & Nephew (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This A-line halter dress with its turtle-neck collar is available in three lengths, ankle (illustrated), street, and mini. The design is chosen for a reader who is holidaying up north. Part of her letter and my reply are published below.



"I would like a couple of easy-to-make patterns suitable for a beach holiday. I need a simple floor-length dress for night and several casual styles for day wear. I like unbelted dresses and take a 36in. bust."

Our pattern department has a chic A-line halter dress in three lengths, and I think this three-in-one pattern would solve your holiday wardrobe problems. The dress, in floor length, is illustrated at right. It would be quite a good idea to have the floor-length design made in a vivid print and the short designs in plain colors. Apricot is perhaps the newest color; white is also in fashion. Under the illustration are full details and how to order.

"I have just finished a hand-knitted sweater in navy-blue mohair. What would be the best color for the skirt? I want to keep the sweater for better wear."

Wear your sweater with a white wool skirt, all-navy shoes and bag, and a red, white, and blue printed silk scarf.

"My spring wardrobe includes several summer frocks made in pastel tints. Would it be correct to have one set of accessories to wear with the frocks? If so, what shade would you advise?"

A set of accessories in bone or white patent would look fresh and new to wear with pastel-colored summer dresses.

"Would it be correct fashion to have a between-season coat made in cotton or linen?"

Yes, quite correct. However, it would be best to choose a heavy weave, and, if possible, one with a textured surface. Have the coat fully lined; this will help keep the original shape.

"Could you advise me about the right type of suit for a girl with a very thin figure?"

Nothing adds more fullness to a figure than a double-breasted, belted jacket and all-round pleated skirt. Add a twisted scarf tucked into the neckline.

"I am having my first pregnancy, and, as I don't want to miss several social occasions for spring, I wondered if you could advise me about fashion. I do not want the dress to look too obviously a maternity one."

The current tent line could double prettily as a maternity dress; the Empire line is also good. Either of these silhouettes made in a pretty print would be wonderful for party wear.

"I'm going to a country wedding in November and the weather will be extremely hot. The wedding is in the early

afternoon and it's informal. Could you help me with the kind of dress to wear and what type of shoes and bag? Should I wear gloves? I am 24, have dark hair and eyes."

My choice would be a simple one-piece dress. The tent silhouette is new, and linen or linen-like fabric would be a good fabric choice. Apricot and pink are both currently fashionable colors. Wear white patent shoes and carry a matching handbag. Complete the outfit with white wrist-length gloves. Wear a white hair bow instead of a hat.

"I have a pink late-day dress made in a material that looks rather like old-fashioned voile. What shade would be correct for shoes and hose?"

Sheer pink stockings and matching shoes; the total look is still in fashion.

4379.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust Butterick pattern 4379, the price 65c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

There is only one **ARNEL***



Spanish Rugs by courtesy of David Jones.

The bright white one

Arnel sparkles gaiety and summer lightheartedness in these two care-free, cool and well-behaved creations by Marlborough. Arnel pique fabric by Burlington. Sizes 10-18. Slack suit has swinging jacket with split sides, back belt and double-breasted opening. Price approximately \$26.00. Care-free shift has double-breasted buttoning and slanted pockets. Price approximately \$18.50.



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Available N.S.W.: David Jones. Q.L.D.: David Jones. V.I.C.: Ball & Welch.
S.A.: David Jones. W.A.: David Jones.



What is the most natural way to bottle feed baby?

Leading baby authorities agree that 'resilient softness' and 'natural shape' are essential for the perfect teat. Only Maw's combine the two. Maw's cherry shape gives correct feeding action — while Maw's exclusive 'dipping' process gives a life-like softness moulded teats lack. You've only got to feel a Maw's teat to feel the difference. Maw's standard teat is in four single hole sizes.



(Advertisement)



Beauty For Busy Housewives

Even the busiest housewife can keep her complexion youthfully soft and clear and there is nothing easier or more rewarding than smoothing a film of tropical moist oil over the face and neck. Stroke the moist oil of Ulan over the complexion every day as a beautifying base beneath make-up and lavish it on your skin at night to compensate for any loss of natural oil and moisture. This will ensure that your complexion is soft and velvet-smooth.

... Margaret Merrill

New Way to Hold Loose

FALSE TEETH

Firmly in Place

Do false teeth annoy and bother by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh? Just sprinkle on a little FASTEETH. This new, tasteless powder keeps teeth firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Makes breath pleasant. Get FASTEETH to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

SKIN ITCH & TINEA

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, hives, and tinea, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

BACKACHE

If your back aches like sin and rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYSTEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Cystex, Laboratory-tested and Certified Cystex from your chemist for fast help. Only 6/6.

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ECHO OF LAUGHTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

gan to put on weight, so back she went with infinite relief, gradually at first—two after breakfast, one before lunch, three after lunch, and so on—until she had arrived at her normal 25 to 30 a day.

Now, happily, it was too late to worry; only a few more years to go, so she might just as well enjoy them as much as possible. Her heart lurched suddenly. Without Ellen, it would be more a question of endurance than enjoyment.

Ellen had first come to her in the summer of 1926, 41 years ago. She remembered interviewing her rather absentmindedly under the

did right to open it. Mr. Palmer always told me to open any telegram that came to the house just in—just in— Her voice faltered to a stop, while Mrs. Ebony slowly read the telegram and sat down on the sofa. Ellen shifted about uncertainly for a minute, and then, with a little sob, she went to Mrs. Ebony and put her arms around her.

Now Mrs. Ebony sighed, looked at the lake and the brown young man, still skiing backward and forward behind the speedboat, and leaned her head back against the chair. All that had been almost 40 years ago, that



stern eye of Palmer, Nicky's valet, who had obtained her from a registry office in Kensington. In those days, Ellen was a wispy girl of 21, with dark, untidy hair, bright eyes, and a sort of fox-terrier alertness. You felt that she might jump up and bark if you opened the front door.

At that time, there had been no question of Ellen's being a personal maid; she was far too raw and inexperienced; she had merely been engaged to help Mrs. Bartlett in the kitchen. That was at the house in Chester Street, when Nicky was still at the Foreign Office. Two years—no, three years before the accident. The "accident." It is odd how one blanket word can be used to cover so much shock and violent change and despair. Nicky's accident had been the first crushing, unbelievable sorrow of her life.

She and Nicky had been married—brilliantly, ecstatically married—in January, 1919, just after he had been demobilised. They had moved into the Chester Street house in 1921. It was a bit cramped, of course; Palmer had to sleep in a tiny room behind the kitchen, while Mrs. Bartlett and Ellen shared a room at the top.

Curiously enough, it was Ellen who broke the news to her about Nicky's being killed. She had come back after a matinee, Mrs. Bartlett was out for the afternoon, and there was nobody in the house when the telegram came. Palmer had been with Nicky, killed instantly, as he was.

Ellen greeted her in the hall and followed her into the drawing-room. It was a hot summer afternoon, and she remembered opening the window at the far end of the L-shape room because it smelled stuffy. Ellen stood just outside the door and said in a stifled voice, "If you please, ma'am, there's been a telegram." In that swift instant, premonition of disaster crashed into the room.

Ellen gave her the telegram she had been holding behind her back. "I hope I

dreadful, frozen moment of grief. Suddenly, with a surge of relief, she felt her throat contracting. "I'm going to cry!" she murmured to herself. "I really believe I'm going to cry at last."

The luncheon party had been very successful. Hilary Bland had been as amusing as ever; Lucinda had just sat still, as usual, looking lovely and saying little; the two Barringtons had obviously been thrilled to meet Hilary and had thanked her effusively when they'd left. They were an agreeable couple; he

pick up the threads wherever they had been dropped, without strain or effort. Dear Hilary. When finally he drove away in his new Mercedes, of which he was so proud, she went upstairs as usual for her afternoon rest.

She called to Ellen from the sitting-room to let her know she was back and then, after putting her bag and gloves on the desk and glancing at the pad to see if there had been any telephone messages, she walked into the bedroom.

It was in that moment that normal reality ceased and the nightmare began. Ellen was lying on the floor at the foot of the bed. Her body was twisted, and her head was pressed back on the rug at an unnatural angle; her mouth was slightly open, her face was ashen-grey, and she was dreadfully still.

Mrs. Ebony stumbled on to the floor beside her and felt for her heart, which was still beating, but almost imperceptibly. She then rose, helping herself up by the bed, as the shock had unsteadied her, and reached for the telephone.

From then on, the nightmare had completely taken charge and whirled her along, helpless and unresisting, until the ultimate moment in the small, green-painted room in the emergency ward in the hospital when Ellen, without opening her eyes, without for one instant regaining consciousness, gave a strange, defeated little gasp and died.

Mrs. Ebony, who had been kneeling by the bed with her arm around Ellen's thin shoulders, gently withdrew it, laid her back on the pillow, moved across to the window, and sat down on a wooden chair. She took a cigarette from the cigarette case in her bag, and the doctors' assistant, a red-haired young man in a white coat, stepped forward and lit it for her. Everyone was very kind. People are always kind in moments of personal loss; the faces of complete strangers automatically assume expressions of routine sympathy; their mouths go down at the corner, their foreheads pucker, and their voices become muted with solicitude.

Mrs. Ebony, high on her little balcony, looking mistily at the changing colors of the

ably, and decide, without emotion or sentiment, what was to be done. She felt suddenly utterly helpless. "Sola perduto, abbandonata"—the phrase dropped into her mind, the words that tiresome woman sang in the last act of "Manon Lescaut." A musically lovely aria, but ridden with self-pity. Mrs. Ebony permitted herself a fleeting smile and lit another cigarette.

This was no moment for self-pity. No moment, in fact, was the moment for self-pity; it was a contemptibly self-indulgent emotion. The fact that Manon found herself alone, lost, and abandoned was entirely the result of her own feckless silliness; it was also inaccurate, because Des Grieux was hovering about nearby in that unlikely Louisiana desert, ready and willing for her to bellow her dying words to him.

"I fear," reflected Mrs. Ebony "that I lack Manon's effortless facility for dying. My old bones are hard and my constitution strong. Alone, lost, and abandoned certainly, but not through my own folly and selfishness—just by the inevitability of death. Nobody's fault; nobody to blame except, perhaps, fate for being so inconsiderate and unmannerly to a rich old woman of 75, who, after all, has had most of what she wanted out of life and is therefore really in no position to complain."

"Ellen, my beloved friend, my loyal servant, is dead. There is nothing whatever to be done about it. Thirteen years younger than I am, and dead, gone far away into the distant land beyond hope of recall, the only human being left from all my crowded years of friendships and loves who cared deeply about my day's happiness. Never to be seen again. Over and done with, snuffed out into nothingness."

"It can matter only to me; no one else is involved. There's an old sister of Ellen's somewhere in Canada, I believe, but they never cared for each other, even when they were young, and hadn't corresponded for years. It can matter only to me, and I cannot possibly have so many years left. I shall have to grin and bear it, to behave well and calmly, because there is absolutely nothing else for me to do."

Like the air raids in the war: "The bravery of the English!" She had heard those words so often in furry, friendly American voices. "I can't imagine how you endured it—I mean, night after night. I'd have gone crazy. I know I would!" What nonsense people talked. How could we have done anything else but endure it? There wasn't anything else to do. How could she now do anything but endure the loss of Ellen? There was no way out. The days and months and years must be got through somehow or other.

She must try to find a replacement as soon as possible—as though there could ever be a replacement for Ellen—but there must be somebody, a middle-aged woman, for pereference, between 40 and 50, who could press her clothes, do her hair, and look after her daily needs up to a point.

Perhaps Monsieur Ernest would help. Monsieur Ernest was, in a remote way, an old friend; he knew her ways, the pattern of her life. She had known him since she had first come to the hotel many years before, when he was merely the assistant concierge, affable and well-disposed, with a pink face and curly dark hair. Now the curly hair had vanished, and the pink had drained away; but the affability was still



very handsome and she a bit mousy, but worth cultivating. Mrs. Ebony was proud of her little luncheon parties. They were really the only form of entertaining she indulged in any more, but they were invariably successful, and she always took pride in ordering the wine and food with care. Today had been no exception.

Hilary was the last to go, having lingered behind the others to stay on the terrace with her, sipping Grand Marnier and telling her some of the latest London gossip. He was a sweet old friend, entirely unaffected by his literary success, always pleasant to see again, always ready to

mountains and the lake, stopped crying and dabbed her eyes with a piece of tissue.

The brown young man had finally abandoned his skiing and was now clambering into the boat. The chugging of its engine sounded very loud, as though it were much nearer than it actually was. The white Evian steamer had diminished in the distance and looked like a small swan gliding away across the green glass water.

Frowning and blinking her eyes, which were cooler now, she made an effort to concentrate, to discipline her thoughts sensibly and reason-

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 13, 1967

There is only one **ARNEL***



Spanish Rugs by courtesy of David Jones.

The brilliant one

Delicate. Featherweight. Disciplined. Arnel holds the shape of these two vibrant frocks right down to the durable pleats—all day long. Created by Princeton. Arnel crepe fabric by Alcorso. Both frocks come in "hold-your-breath colours" of Bone, Lemon, Pumpkin, Pink, New Blue, Shannon and Navy. Sizes 10-20. Green dress approximately \$17.00. Pleated dress approximately \$23.00.



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Amcel—lessors of the tradename Arnel.
Available at all leading stores throughout Australia.



**ALL THE CASH
YOU CAN SWEEP
IN 5 MINUTES!**

It's the \$10,000 Spring Sweep contest!

Over 300 prizes! Five first prizes with at least \$1,500 each guaranteed! We'll take the five first prize winners down to a strong room at the Commonwealth Bank. The floor will be covered with heaps of 20 cent pieces. They'll have a nice stiff broom — and five whole minutes to sweep up as much as they can.

It's easy to enter. Just complete the simple rhyme on Sunlight "Spring Sweep" packs. Then check the Handy Andy, Vim and Rin packs for extra clues.



Details on ...



there, together with an ingrained instinct to serve, to be of use to people.

Good hotel managers could be as dedicated as concert pianists and ballet dancers and doctors. It was a definite matter, outwardly subservient, perhaps, but not necessarily humiliating. There could be pride and dignity behind the professional bowing and smiling.

She would talk to him tomorrow. Tomorrow! She put her hand up to her mouth, as though to prevent herself from crying out, and closed her eyes wearily. She would have to deal with tomorrow when tomorrow came. In the meantime, she must set her abruptly bereft world to rights as efficiently as she possibly could.

First, a certain amount of trivia must be disposed of; the Salvettes' dinner tonight, poor old Melanie's bridge party tomorrow afternoon, the opening night of the Bologna Opera Company on Thursday. She had been going to take Ellen to that. Monsieur Ernest had got her the tickets, and they were at this moment propped against a vase on the mantelpiece in her sitting-room. She would have to think of someone to give them to. Ellen had always loved opera — more than she did herself, actually.

Once, three years ago, they had gone to Milan and stayed at a noisy hotel near the Duomo, just for a four-night operatic orgy. "La Bohème," "Rigoletto," "Norma," and a curious production of "Lucia di Lammermoor," well sung but hideous to look at, with too much brocade and velvet and a lot of black-and-white-check kilts in the third act.

She and Ellen had started to laugh and been unable to stop, and the people behind had leaned forward to shush them. Mrs. Ebony sighed and wondered if even the efficient Monsieur Ernest would be able to find her a personal maid who was capable of giggling at "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Her reflections were interrupted by a violent screeching of brakes in the road beyond the gardens, followed by a grinding crash. She rose and went to the balcony rail. A white sports car, reversing carelessly out of a parking space, had been hit by an approaching van. It was obviously not a serious accident, nobody appeared to be hurt; but a crowd collected immediately, and there was a good deal of shouting and the shrill sound of a police whistle.

Her heart had jumped for a moment, nevertheless; there was an unnerving twist of memory in that ghastly noise of grinding metal. How many years ago? Seven, at least, when she and Ellen had been driving from Monte Carlo into Nice. The small car had come careering around the corner on the wrong side of the road just before Cap-d'Ail.

It had all happened in a split second. The other car had struck the left wing of the Rolls, ricocheted off it, skidded across the road to the low stone wall on the

ECHO OF LAUGHTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

opposite side, and as though it had been lifted by a gust of wind, jumped the wall and disappeared from view. There had been an eternity of silence and then the sickening crash of the little car hitting the rocks far below.

She and Ellen had sat still, numb with shock. Then had come the shouting and the police and the line of cars halting one behind the other in the glittering sunshine. Ellen had produced a bottle of smelling salts from her bag and forced her to sniff it; the sudden pungency had pulled her together enough to control her trembling. Ellen had quietly got a cigarette out of her case and lit it for her.

Half an hour later, when the questioning was over and she had agreed to appear as a witness the following day, Gaston had managed to turn the car around and drive them slowly back to the Hotel de Paris, where Ellen had put her to bed, dosed her with aspirin, and sat beside her, stroking her hand almost hypnotically until, oddly enough, she had dropped off to sleep.

That must have been eight years ago, not seven, because

life. Why should it have been her heart that failed and stopped? How could that particular, loving, self-effacing heart be so unexpectedly disloyal? Again she fumbled in her bag for a tissue and blew her nose.

"It must be done now," she decided bleakly. The dreaded moment had been hovering nearer and nearer, like a growing shadow. "I must go now, this very moment, to her room and sort out her things, look through her papers, whatever letters she has kept, and stack the little remains of her private life in order and decency. Nobody else must be allowed to intrude. I owe her that, at least." She got up from her chair with a firm step, walked through the sitting-room, and into the corridor.

Ellen's room, number 356, was on the same floor but on the other side of the hotel. As she passed the lift, the doors clanged open, and a very old man in a grey suit was wheeled out in an invalid chair by a startlingly handsome young man of about 24. The old man's head was nodding forward, as though too many years had made the weight

clock, a bottle of aspirin, and a small silver photograph frame. On the shelf underneath, a glass jar of peppermint balls stood on a pile of magazines.

She picked up the frame and looked at the photograph in it. It was an enlarged snapshot, taken years ago, of Ellen and herself sitting side by side in steamer chairs. They were swathed in plaid rugs and balancing tea trays on their knees. Mrs. Ebony looked closely at it for a moment or two and then put it down on the table. It must have been taken on the voyage back from New York in 1949. They had been staying with Chloe van Hoyt, on Long Island, and Ellen had been given an elaborate bedroom with a marble bathroom, which she had said made her feel like the Queen of Sheba.

EIGHTEEN years ago! Mrs. Ebony sighed. Just after her divorce from Lorry. Her last love, really; no one had twisted her heart since Lorry. Lorrimer Ebony. The fascinating, rich, debonair Lorrimer Ebony. Drinking away his handsome looks, his charm, his bright mind, and finally, just a few years ago, his life.

She remembered reading of his death in a news magazine's ghoulish little weekly list. "Died, four times married, three times divorced, ex-Virginian playboy Lorrimer Ebony, 51, leaving widow 22-year-old film starlet Marcia Gage and one daughter, Gloria, born 1953 — of liver cancer."

It was Ellen who had brought her that particular magazine in this very hotel, her grimly set mouth betraying drama before she had spoken. "It's him, madame. He's dead."

Mrs. Ebony had read the gruesome announcement with little emotion beyond a vague feeling of sadness.

That evening, she and Ellen had gone across to Evian on the steamer, to have dinner at the casino and gamble a little. Mrs. Ebony had enjoyed playing chemin de fer, while Ellen, eyes gleaming with excitement, would sit on a chair just behind her. Occasionally, she would get up and go to the roulette table to have a little flutter of her own; but she seldom would vanish for long. That particular evening, Mrs. Ebony had done rather well, and she and Ellen had had a glass of champagne each in the bar, just to celebrate, before going to the steamer.

When they had sailed back to Lausanne over the moonlit lake and Ellen had finally settled her in bed with her warm milk and her bookrest, Mrs. Ebony had suddenly sighed. "Poor Lorry. What a waste!" Ellen had turned at the door; she had never cared for Lorry, which was not surprising, considering the number of times she had had to help undress him and get him into bed. "Good riddance to bad rubbish, if you ask me," she had said, and gone out.

Ellen's room overlooked the drive and front entrance of the hotel. The sudden honk of a horn shattered the afternoon stillness and brought Mrs. Ebony abruptly back to the dismal present. She got up from the bed and opened the built-in clothes cupboard.

Ellen's dresses, neat on their hangers, swayed slightly in the draught from the open window. Mrs. Ebony stared at them blankly: The familiar black evening-dress, one of her own originally, a Balenciaga model made over years ago by Ellen's expert fingers.

To page 79

Pest Proof Your Home The Safe Way



Australian homes are annually confronted by the irritating menace of flies and mosquitoes. These annoying insect pests invade the home to present a dangerous threat to the family's good health and clean living habits and it is in the interest of Public Health to ensure that all homes are safely and effectively proofed against flies and mosquitoes.

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How to overcome dry skin

ALTHOUGH it is fragile, a dry skin can in fact be brought to a state of velvety perfection and the development of wrinkle - dryness halted. There is no need to have a skin that feels drawn after washing and shows evidence of little dry lines that add unnecessary years to your appearance.

To begin with, soap-and-water cleansing that makes the skin feel taut and dry should be abolished from the beauty routine and a lemon complexion milk with a gentle, dissolving action used instead. Smooth the lemon dissolving milk gently over your skin and generously around the nose,

eyes, mouth and chin, and leave it for a moment to nourish and refine as it lightly lifts stale make-up and other impurities from the pores, then wipe off with tissues in upward and outward directions. Delph cleansing milk ensures that your complexion keeps its pretty smoothness and fine texture because it never removes natural oils or dries the skin.

This method of correct cleansing and a film of tropical moist oil of Ulan smoothed over the skin every day will soon give the complexion with tendencies to dryness a younger, dew-fresh loveliness.



"It's just a phase she's going through . . . I HOPE!"

Henri and Solange had dined that night, and Henri died in 1959. She remembered clearly that she had to leave them in the middle of dinner and go back to bed again, because she felt sick. Actually, she had stayed in bed for three days, on the orders of Doctor Michel, who had diagnosed her condition as shock and delayed reaction.

Ellen had appeared before the police the following day, in her place, and had given her account of the accident. Nobody had troubled to inquire whether or not Ellen also might be suffering from shock and delayed reaction, perhaps because she was merely a lady's maid and therefore less fragile, less vulnerable to such delicate nervous disorders.

Now the crowd in the road below began to disperse. "I was a pampered and spoiled old woman then," she said to herself, "and am a pampered and spoiled old woman still. At least, I was until two-forty-five this afternoon. From now onwards, there will be no more of it. I shall have to fend for myself." A wave of self-pity engulfed her, and her eyes filled with tears again. She looked up at the empty sky, and her lip trembled.

"It isn't fair," she said aloud, with sudden vehemence, and frowned at the harshness of her voice. "I'm too old to be struck down into such cruel loneliness. Ellen was 13 years younger than I, strong as a horse, hardly a day's illness in her

of it intolerable. The young man glanced at her as she passed by. Shining black hair, brilliant brown eyes, olive skin; probably Italian.

There was the suspicion of a smile in his glance, a little arrogance, too, as though he felt his youth to be a special accolade. He patted the old man's shoulder with a swift gesture of affection; the old man looked up briefly and then nodded again. Mrs. Ebony felt an impulse to grab the young man's arm and whisper urgently, "Take care of yourself. Don't be too sure of your young immortality. See to it that you stay alive longer than he does. He mustn't be left old and alone." Youth and age trundled along the passage and disappeared around the corner.

Ellen's door was unlocked, so there was no necessity to call Mathilde to open it. Mrs. Ebony had shrunk from the thought of having to face Mathilde's chocolate-brown eyes brimming with exuberant sympathy. This was an undertaking that must be carried through alone and unobserved, a personal business concerning only Ellen and herself. No extraneous emotion, however kindly intentioned, must be allowed to intrude on its private melancholy.

Ellen's room was dim, because the shutters were closed against the glare of the afternoon sun. Mrs. Ebony opened them and then sat down on the bed. On the bedside table were a crocodile - leather travelling

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409WV, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.



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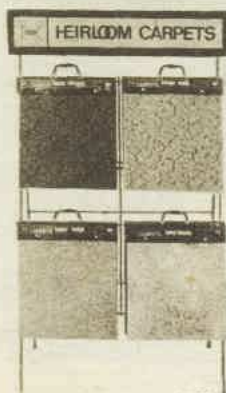
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 13, 1967

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



ECHO OF LAUGHTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

Next to it, the dark grey day dress and the brown tweed two-piece travelling-suit, with which Ellen always wore her beige straw hat with the brown velvet bow. The hat was on the shelf above. Also on the shelf above was a small suitcase.

Mrs. Ebony reached up for it and managed to get it down and on to the bed. It was locked. On the dressing-table stood Ellen's handbag. She went to it with an effort and foraged about in it until she found a bunch of keys on a little key-ring shaped like a horseshoe.

When she had tried several keys, found the right one, and unlocked the case, she paused before opening it and sat down weakly in an armchair by the window, noticing with annoyance that her hands were trembling.

PRESENTLY she stubbed out her cigarette in an ashtray, went swiftly to the bed, and opened the suitcase. It was, of course, neatly packed. Ellen was incapable of untidiness. There were some bundles of papers on the top and a small leather case. On the leather case lay an envelope.

Mrs. Ebony picked it up and then put it down while she found her glasses. On the envelope was written, in Ellen's rather childish writing, "For Madame." Mrs. Ebony slit open the envelope and took out the letter. It was dated January 17, 18 months before. "My very dear Madame:

"I do hope that you will never have to read this letter. I am only writing it in case anything should happen to me. I have been having dizzy spells lately on and off and feeling not too good one way and another, so last month I went to see Doctor Lawson. He was very kind as always and examined me carefully, and then he told me that my heart was a bit dicky and that I should have to take things easy. He gave me some pills to take whenever I felt a bad spell coming on. I made him promise not to say anything to you, because I didn't want you to be worried. I'm sure there isn't anything to worry

about, really, because I'm perfectly all right now.

"Anyhow, if by chance anything did happen and I suddenly got bad or died, I wouldn't like to think of you being fussed and bothered and have to sort everything out and tidy things up. There isn't much to tidy up, really. Everything to do with me is in this suitcase. My taxes and insurances are all paid to date. Mr. Finch knows all about it, because I went to see him, too, before writing this.

"The packet of letters in the rubber band are from Ron. You remember I told you all about Ron years ago, when we were driving back from Aix les Bains and you had the bad foot. Anyhow, he got through the war, all right, and married that Belgian girl. I'd be grateful if you would send the letters back to him. I haven't heard from him for years, but I know he still lives in the same place — Ronald Birch, Esq., 43 Elkins Road, Leeds, Yorkshire. He must be a bit long in the tooth by now, and getting the letters will give him a shock, I expect; but that's his look-out, isn't it? I mean, he shouldn't have written them in the first place if he didn't really mean them, so it will serve him right.

"I've got eighteen hundred and twenty-nine pounds in Barclay's Bank. Mr. Finch knows all about this, too. I'd like it to go to my cousin Doris' boy, Stanley Booker. He's about fourteen now and very bright for his age. He wants to be an architect and I thought the money might give him a start. Anyhow, he's the only relation I've got that I care about. There's nothing you need do about this, because it's all written down in the will Mr. Finch and I drew up together.

"There are some odds and ends in the leather box, which I suppose my sister had better have. I haven't had so much as a Christmas card from her since 1960, but her address is — Mrs. Larkin, care of C.C.R.C. (Canadian Cement and Rubber Corporation), Winnipeg, Canada. But please don't worry your head about this. Just send the lot to Mr. Finch and let him cope with it.

"Now I must come to the difficult part of the letter, which is to say goodbye to you. I can't go on much about this, because it makes me feel too miserable. Serving you has

been my whole life, and I couldn't have wished for a happier one. Thank you for everything, dearest Madame. For all the fun and gallivanting about we've enjoyed together, and for all the ups and downs we've been through, too.

"I've never been one to pay much mind to the idea of people's meeting again in another life; but if I have to go before you do, I have a sort of feeling that some little bit of me will stay near you somehow or other. Please try not to get for me more than you can help. Your obedient servant and ever-loving Ellen.

"P.S. If I should happen to die, I would like the amethyst brooch you gave me to be buried with me. I know this may sound silly, but there it is. If I'm not wearing it, you'll find it in the little leather case."

Some hours later, Mrs. Ebony sat once more on her balcony overlooking the lake. Utter weariness had induced a curious detachment. Her brain was alert, but her nervous system seemed to have atrophied; she felt immune, invulnerable, and devoid of sensitivity.

Night lay over the lake and the mountains. The sky was brilliant with stars, but there was no moon. The lights of Evian glittered in the distance, and from the lakeside cafe nearby came the sound, filtered by distance, of a small orchestra playing.

Monsieur Ernest had been kindness itself. He had dealt with all her social telephone calls. He had sent a telegram to Mr. Finch, to fly out from London tomorrow and take charge of all the formalities and arrangements that sudden death inevitably creates.

Monseigneur Ernest had also busied himself with the task of finding her a temporary maid and had contacted three applicants, who were to come and see her in the morning.

The memory of Ellen emerged from the shadows and sat down next to her on the balcony, knitting away diligently at that dark blue cardigan she had been engaged on for the past two months. Mrs. Ebony leaned her head back and gazed up at the stars. A meteor flashed across the sky in an arc of pale sparks. "I should have thought of a wish," she reflected, "but it's too late now to think of wishes. Only one, perhaps. That the years I have left will not be too long."

The orchestra struck up again, an aria from "Lucia di Lammermoor." Mrs. Ebony smiled the ghost of a smile and closed her eyes.

(Copyright)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



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Hunter...Australian spy series



Rolf Harris



Lucy in London



Alice in Wonderland



The Seekers, on Expo '67



Graham Kennedy



Joan Sutherland



Marlene Dietrich



The Melbourne Cup—Live
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The Sound of Music



Lee Harvey Oswald, Assassin

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Sooner or later there
comes a time when
a daughter can feel
wiser than her mother



ALL IN GOOD TIME

By **BARBARA POLIKOFF**

JUDY and Annette walked along the lakeshore, their bare feet hitting the wet sand with rhythmic slaps. They seemed content not to speak until Annette, her voice studiously casual, broke the silence. "Judy, does your mother ever go out? With men, I mean?"

Judy scooped up a stone and skipped it along the water. "No. Why?"

"I've been thinking about my uncle, Mitchell Baker. You met him at my house, remember? He's such a nice fellow, and I know he's kind of lonely. . . . He loves music, too. What do you think?"

"What do I think about what?"

"About your mother and my uncle meeting. Going out." Annette hesitated a moment and then she said, "It would be all right now. I mean — your father's been gone over a year, hasn't he?"

Judy nodded, glad for the wind that blew her hair in a protecting veil across her face. Her father — gone a year? Was it possible? He planted a rosebush outside her bedroom window for her fourteenth birthday. The next morning, they went to play golf, but never got beyond the fourth hole. He said he needed to rest and sat down on a bench under a tree. The next moment, he was dead of a heart attack.

Annette continued, gently insistent. "It would be good for your mother to go out. She's so young. It would be good for you, too. I know how you worry when you want to go out and leave her alone."

Judy kept her eyes on the water. She couldn't tell where the lake ended and the sky began. Beginnings and endings, which were which?

"What do you think?" Annette said again.

"Annie, she wouldn't go. It's too soon."

Annette shrugged. "Well, I don't want to talk you into anything."

Judy turned to her friend. "But thanks, anyhow."

She scrambled up a steep bluff, Annette following. They stood for a moment, talking, and then each had to take a different direction home. The streets were quiet, and not a soul moved anywhere. Judy, on a more carefree day, would have skipped along the middle of the street, pretending she was on a stage; but now she moved slowly along the sidewalk, watching the cracks swim under her eyes.

So what if a year had passed since her father's death? What was a year, anyhow? A moment, or an eternity? She sucked in her breath and then let it out in a long, quivering sigh. Maybe some other woman would be ready to go out with a man again, but her mother — No, it was too soon.

The roof of her house showed through the trees, and Judy slowed her pace even more. It was Saturday, and she was in no hurry to get home. Saturday nights were always the most difficult times to get through. Her father, who had often worked late on weekdays, had always been so festively there on Saturday nights.

He had liked nothing better than to stay home and play his violin while her mother accompanied him on the piano. Around midnight, Judy would join them for a cup of tea, and they would sit and talk and eat tons of cheese, lingering around the table as people do when they don't want to end an especially lovely party.

As Judy neared the kitchen entrance, she could see that the table was set with a centerpiece of pink and red tulips. She waited a moment, feeling a sudden need to gain her composure. For a long time, her mother had just managed to put out the necessary plates and silverware; but one evening not long ago, Judy had come home from the library and found the table carefully set. From that time on, there were always flowers on Saturday nights, as there had been when her father was with them.

Judy pushed the door open. "Hi, Mum!"

Her mother was sitting on the high stool near the telephone, the evening newspaper spread on the counter in front of her. She looked up and smiled. "The beach-comber returneth."

"How can you tell I was at the beach?"

"Your hair. It's all windblown into curls. I like it — but I'm sure you don't. You'll wash it again tonight and slick it down straight."

"Like it!" Judy touched her hair gingerly. "It's a regular fuzz ball. Besides, I need to wash it."

Her mother groaned. "You and Annette. Your heads are sopping wet for half your waking hours. Come. Let's eat."

They never spent much time at the dinner table. In less than an hour, they had finished eating and had cleaned up the kitchen. Judy kicked off her shoes and collapsed on the living-room couch. Her mother sat down in the easy chair by the fireplace. She was wearing a zipped green dress that Judy hated because it made her look dumpy. But her face, deeply tanned from so much gardening, looked young, and her thick auburn hair was beautiful.

Judy leafed through the paper until she found the TV section. "Maybe there'll be a halfway decent movie tonight. By some miracle."

"There's nothing, I looked. How about a game of scrabble? I feel victory in my bones."

"You're on," Judy said.

Her mother set up the scrabble game, and they played intently for the first half-hour. Then the game became impossibly drawn out, with neither of them having good letters to work with, and they agreed to give it up.

"I think I'll write a letter to Helen," her mother said.

"I've owed her one for weeks."

Judy hovered in the living-room for a few minutes, then went upstairs, crawled under her bedspread, and opened the novel she had been reading. After a few false starts, she was able to lose herself in the story and read until she finished it, two hours later. Surprised to see how late it was, she hurried downstairs. Her mother's stationery was on the dining-room table. One pale blue sheet had "Dear Helen" written on it. The rest was blank.

"Mum?" Judy waited for an answer, but heard none. She ran downstairs to the family room and stopped short as she saw her mother asleep on the couch. The television set was on — some blurry old costume movie.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 13, 1967

the kind her mother abhorred; but the volume had been turned so low that no sound came out. On the coffee table was an unfinished cup of tea. Her mother's hand hung over the side of the couch, the fingers touching the blue rug.

Judy fought a sense of panic. "Mother!"

Her mother came awake instantly, but it took her a minute to focus her eyes. She held her arms tightly against her chest, as if she were cold.

"What kind of dumb movie did you put on?" Judy picked up the cup of tea.

"Oh, I don't know. What time is it?"

"Late. I finished my book."

Her mother took the cup from her and carried it up to the kitchen. "I'll stay up for a while. Maybe I'll manage to finish that letter." She ran her finger gently along Judy's cheek. "You go to bed, dear. Your eyes look positively glassy."

Judy went upstairs to her room. As she undressed, she noticed the three-quarter moon perfectly framed in the high, triangular window above her bookcase. She climbed into bed and lay very still, looking at it. Once, when she had been a little girl and had noticed the moon looking like that, she had thought it was broken. She had run to her father and

FROM THE BIBLE

● The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

— Psalm 24; 1.

asked him to fix it; but he had laughed and said he wasn't a very good moon fixer. Days later, the moon had been a perfect circle again, and she had known that her father hadn't failed her. He could fix anything.

And she had grown up feeling that way. Her father would make things come right somehow, or at least, when she grew into her teens and life had more complex problems than broken moons, he could help her settle things in her mind, rounding them off until they had shape and sense.

A LIGHT clanging sounded from the kitchen. Judy listened intently. What was her mother doing? Please, she thought, let her not start cleaning cabinets again. Or polishing silverware. Sometimes she did things like that when she couldn't sleep. Judy turned on her stomach and pushed her face deep into the pillow, but she couldn't shut off her thoughts. Last Saturday night she had found her mother pulling all the towels and sheets out of the linen closet at three in the morning.

And then, like a wisp of smoke from a fire she couldn't smother, the name of Mitchell Baker came to her mind. Tall and very thin, she remembered, with greying hair. Annette said he loved music. Her mother loved music. Maybe some Saturday night—

Judy sat bolt upright. She pulled the blanket around her shoulders and looked out the window at the moon. She sat there for so long she didn't remember when she finally lay back and fell asleep.

When she awoke the next morning, the awareness of Mitchell Baker was tight and sharp in her chest. She dressed and went outside to the garden, where she knew her mother would be working.

"Hi, sunshine." Her mother looked up and smiled, and Judy noticed that she had on lipstick. She almost never put on lipstick before breakfast.

"Did you get your letter written last night?" Judy sat cross-legged on the grass and began to dig out a clump of weeds.

"No. After struggling for a while, I realised that for ninety cents I could telephone. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes."

"Do you have any plans for the day?"

ALL IN GOOD TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Judy hesitated, her mouth unbearably dry. "Mum — Annette wanted me to ask you something."

"Well, go ahead and ask."

"She has an uncle she wants you to meet."

Her mother firmed the earth around a begonia seedling. "Oh?"

"I met him once. His name is Mitchell Baker. He—likes music."

"I see." Her mother sat back on her heels, and her face seemed more white now than tan. "Don't tell me you're going to take on Aunt Bertha's matchmaking?"

Judy bristled. "Don't compare me with her. She wanted me to go out with her impossible nephew!"

Her mother smiled. As she reached for the hose and began to trickle water around the tiny plants, the sun caught and held the sparkle of her gold wedding band. Judy turned her head away and began digging at the grass again, feeling the mud cram under her fingernails.

"You say you've met him?" her mother asked.

Judy nodded. "Annette thinks—well, you'd get along."

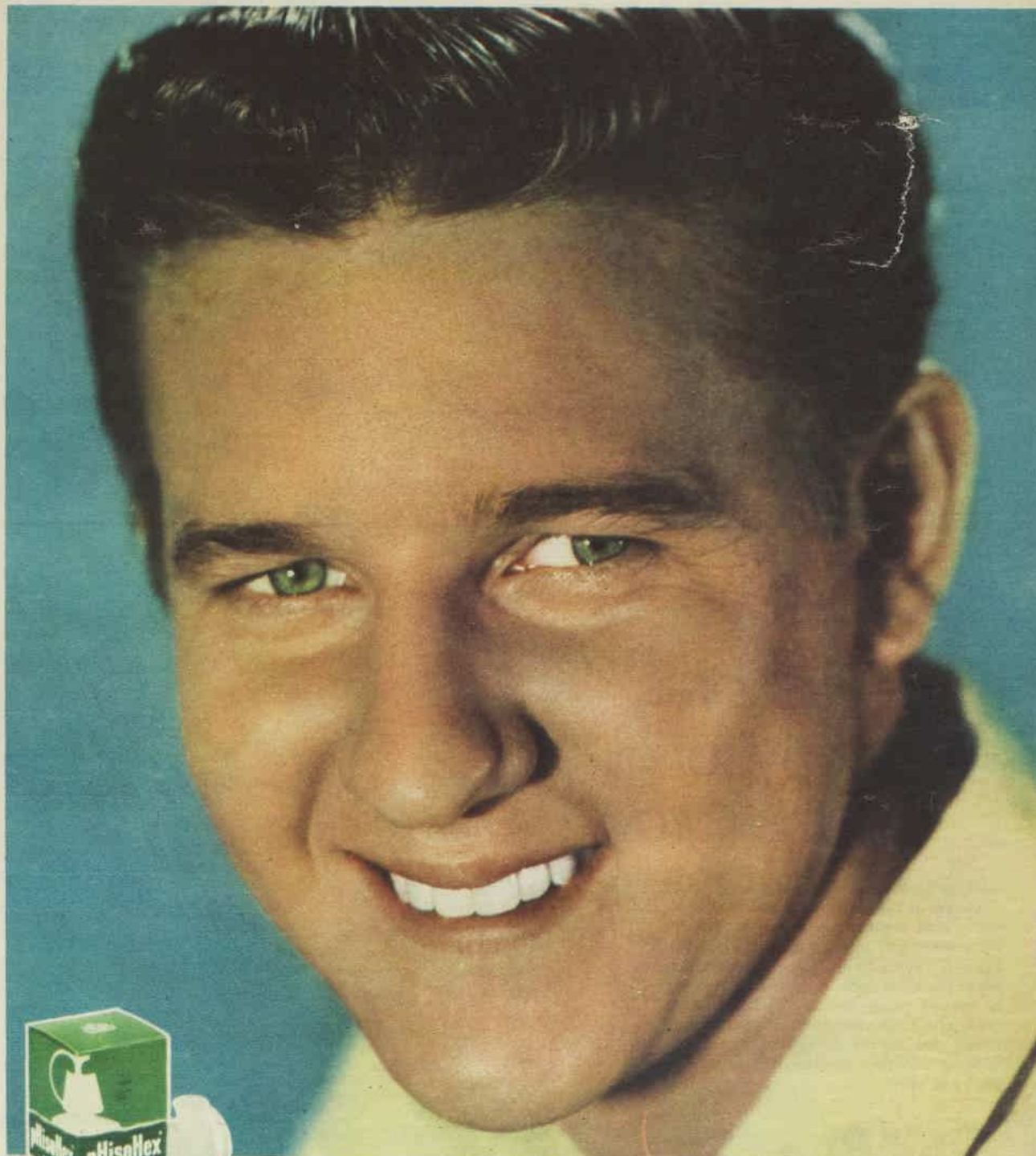
Her mother sat very quietly, letting the water trickle over her fingers. Then she gathered a sigh, and it came out with a half smile. "If this uncle smokes a fat cigar

To page 86

THE BOYFRIEND



"Honestly, I wouldn't have bought you these chocolates if I'd known you were on a diet!"



SELF-CONFIDENCE — AND AN ACNE-FREE COMPLEXION

If you are embarrassed by acne or skin blemishes—if you are not completely satisfied with your skin—regular washing with pHisoHex will help you through the "acne years." pHisoHex helps because it is a special liquid cleanser that thoroughly removes all dirt, grease and grime. It contains no harmful alkali. But it does contain a powerful antibacterial germ fighter, hexachlorophene, which can stop tiny blemishes from developing into unsightly pimples. You simply wash with pHisoHex, instead of soap, 3 or 4 times every day to help clear your skin of acne—and then to help it stay clear. For skin medication between washes, use pHorac Cream. Flesh coloured, it hides pimples while it heals. Winthrop Laboratories, Ermington, N.S.W.

pHisoHex

contains 3% hexachlorophene

(Pronounced Fy-so-hex)

ALSO AVAILABLE IN NEW ZEALAND

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

COOL SUMMER BEAUTY

● Stark white and simple, this delicate sweater is knitted in synthetic yarn with a combination of blackberry stitch and open work bands. Sleeves are knitted in with the body of the garment. Directions for knitting are complete below.

Materials: 9 balls Patons Snow White Bri-Nylon knitting and crochet yarn; 1 pair long No. 10 needles; 1 long No. 3 needle; 1 No. 10 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34) in. bust. Length from shoulder, 22½ (23½) in. approx.; length of sleeve, 14½ in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 154 (162) sts.

1st and 3rd Rows (right side): Purl.

2nd Row: K 1 * p 3 tog., (k 1, p 1, k 1) into next st., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, * (k 1, p 1, k 1) into next st., p 3 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 4 rows once.

9th Row: Purl.

10th Row: Using No. 3 needle, p 1, * w.r.n., p 1, rep. from * to end.

11th Row: Change to No. 10 needles, p 1, * drop next loop, p 1, rep. from * to end.

12th Row: Purl.

Rep. last 12 rows until work measures 15 in., ending on 12th row of patt.

Next Row: Cast on 32 sts., p the 32 cast-on sts., then work 1st patt. row to end.

Next Row: Cast on 32 sts., p the 32 cast-on sts., then work 2nd patt. row to end.

Cast on 32 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, working 3rd and 4th rows patt.

Cast on 28 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, working 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th patt. rows.

Work 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th rows of patt. on all 394 (402) sts.

Work 12 patt. rows 2 (3) times more, then work first 4 rows.

To Shape Neck and Sleeves: (When counting sts. omit spare loops.) Right side facing, cast off 20 sts., patt. until there are 145 sts. on right-hand needle, turn.

Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: P 2 tog., patt. to end.

Cont. in patt., casting off 20 sts. at beg. of next row and every alt. row, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 10 rows. Cont. to cast off 20 sts. at beg. of every right-side row until 14

sts. rem. Cast off 14 sts. on next right-side row.

Return to rem. sts., r.s.f., cast off 64 (72) sts., work to end of row. Work this side to correspond with first side in reverse.

NECKBAND

— Back and Front alike

R.s.f., using No. 10 needles, pick up and knit 8 sts. to first long loop, into loop work (k 1, p 1) 3 times, pick up and knit 72 (80) sts. to next long loop, into loop work (k 1, p 1) 3 times, pick up and knit 8 sts. to end.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

3rd Row: K 1, * p 3 tog., into next st. work (k 1, p 1, k 1), rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: P 4 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 more times.

11th Row: As 3rd row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Seam neckband, top of sleeves, sides, and sleeves.

TO FINISH OFF

Work a row of d.c. around cuff edge. Press.



Smart girls go back to school!!

Now! First bras specially for girls on-the-grow!

Mothers see themselves in the growing young loveliness of their daughters. And they know, better than anyone, how important it is for the growing girl to wear just the right bra. Sugar 'n' Spice by St. Mark in dainty first bra or formative styles are specially designed to support young figures—leaving room to grow, too. When your daughter goes back to school give her the confidence of a Sugar 'n' Spice bra. Styles considerably priced at \$1.25 and \$1.50.

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THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



NINTH LIFE

BY
LINDSAY
REVILL



As the day wore on and the cats kept arriving in all shapes and sizes, Sister May became alarmed.

THE first cat arrived at Sister May Phillips' door at seven o'clock in the morning. It was in a cardboard box punctured with holes and was carried carefully by Ronnie and Liza Bennetts, aged seven and ten respectively.

"It's for you," said Liza.
"But I don't want a cat," replied a mystified Sister Phillips.

Ronnie explained: "Daddy said if you didn't get a cat you'd die."
Sister Phillips wondered if she was still dreaming. But she was an early riser and had been up since five. She was certainly awake.

"Yes, that's right," Liza looked as virtuously like a lifesaver as she could manage.

"Well, Liza, Ronnie, you'd better bring him in now and we'll sort this out. I'll get him some milk. Whose cat is it?"

"Ours," said Ronnie.
"Does your mother know you've brought it?"
"Well, no," confessed Liza. "But we heard Dad say we must keep you alive."

Sister Phillips no longer feared she was dreaming. She now began to have worse forebodings. "Am I going mad?" she thought.

The cat, large, black, old, and lazy, had emerged from his prison and was lapping contentedly.

"Listen, Liza, I'd better ring your mother and see what it's all about. Can you wait for a moment?"
"No, we'll be late for school," said Ronnie.

"All right, leave him. What's his name?"
"Egbert," said Liza. "Dad calls him Egbert the Unready because he's so slow."

The children departed.
Sister Phillips rang Maud Bennetts. "Oh, Maud, the children have brought me your cat. They said it was to stop me from dying."

"Good heavens," said Maud, and laughed. "These kids! It's all a mistake. Listen, dear, you remember when we gave you that little party for your birthday at the Mothers' Guild last week, you were telling us that your only sister in England had died last August? Well, you said: 'Now that my old cat Oswald has died, too, I've got no more responsibilities and can die peacefully.'"

Sister Phillips began to see light. "I believe I did say something like that," she said. "But I was joking."

"Of course," Maud laughed. "We all knew that. I told Bert at dinner and we laughed over it. Bert said: 'Somebody ought to give her a cat and keep her alive. This town can't do without Sister May!' The kids must have taken it seriously. I'll send them up after school to get Egbert. Sorry, dear, but they think the world of you. You'll have to be careful when you joke about dying."

Before noon Sister Phillips had cause to appreciate Maud's advice.

The second cat to arrive was a big, yellow, ponderously tigerish type. The Mellor twins, Joe and Jill, brought him. He settled down contentedly with Egbert.

The third cat was young and lively. Little Marcia Harcourt had carried him from her home, a mile the other side of the town.

By this time Sister May had made a ritual of her refusals and thanks and explanations and arrangements for sending the cats back to their homes.

At times during the afternoon, between greeting new guests with new and assorted gift cats, May Phillips

came as near to hysterics as she had ever done. By mid-afternoon the cat population had increased to four old, tired, and lazy companions for Egbert and six lively, kittenish types. The noise from them at times was ear-splitting.

She reflected, half-amusedly, half-ruefully, that at all events, strange and disconcerting as it was, she had never had such a tribute of affection in all her working life. She had served in the war, worked in outback hospitals, and in the islands. Her last job as matron of the little town hospital had ended three years ago and she had settled down happily in her little cottage by the river that flowed through the township.

But not to rest. There was something in her cheerful calmness and kindly commonsense and humor that made every mother in trouble with little ones come straight to her before they even thought of the hospital. They came to her and she went to them, freely and cheerfully.

Every child in the place had known the comfort of her strong arms, loved her little crooning songs, the gentle, rich chuckle of her laughter, even the tears they saw in her eyes when they were safely over some crisis.

"Sisserrmay," the Aborigines down on the town common called her when she went there to mind them in sickness.

Her sense of humor began to appreciate the merriment of the adventure. She thought with a little throb of mirth what might have happened if the people of the common had heard about her "joke." They had no cats, but they had dogs! There must be a hundred of every type of mongrel down there. What an escape!

At teatime only one cat remained to be taken home in the morning. Thinking of the Aborigines she suddenly remembered that she had been due down there that morning to dress the burns on little Tommy Ibura's face. He had been caught in a blaze in the family shack.

But next morning when she found Tommy Ibura with his bandaged face sitting on her doorstep she had the queer feeling that this, too, was part of a comedy-dream when all sorts of things and people turn up suddenly from nowhere.

"Tommy, dear," she said as she took him inside. "You've come early because your face was hurting? I should have been down yesterday, but I was busy."

"Sorrigh," said Tommy.

He submitted to the dressing without a whimper, although the whole of one cheek was red raw.

"You not going to die?" he asked.

Sister May started. So the "joke" had really got around.

He went to the door and brought in a sugarbag. Amazed, Sister Phillips saw him bring out a bedraggled, half-starved, black kitten.

"This for you," he said. "I walked to Poolaroo last night. Bill Higgins said the baker there had plenty of kittens."

"You walked? It's twelve miles."
"Yeh."
"You walked all night?"
"Yeh. You not die now?" asked Tommy.

"No, Tommy, dear. I not die now."

She picked up the kitten and hugged it close to her, squeezing back the tears that half-blinded her as she fumbled for milk and bedding.

Tommy rose to go.
"You keep him, hey?" he asked.
"Yes, Tommy, I keep him — always."

(Copyright)

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 6

<p>ARIES MAR. 21—APR. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Gambling colors, green, blue. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.</p>	<p>★ Any minor good aspects are overwhelmed by major bad ones. Illusion and delusion rule affairs. Cupid is in tricky humor—and friends play an unsettling role. Beware 7th and 10th.</p>
<p>TAURUS APR. 21—MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Gambling colors, blue, grey. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.</p>	<p>★ Not a very nice menu this week—mostly a stew of mental middle and matrimonial mix-up, with a lovers' quarrel as a side dish. The heat's on, Sept. 8, but you can cope.</p>
<p>GEMINI MAY 21—JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Gambling colors, tricolors. ★ Lucky day, Friday.</p>	<p>★ Usually as mentally deft as a performing seal, you could fall off the ball this week. Communications could snarl up like a skein of wool after the kitten, Sept. 6-8 bad, but some luck on 8th.</p>
<p>CANCER JUNE 22—JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. ★ Gambling colors, orange, tan. ★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ Intending to make a loan or raise one? You've picked the wrong time. There's deception, false glamor, and amog about, especially Sept. 6-8. The 10th is bad also for romance.</p>
<p>LEO JULY 23—AUG. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Gambling colors, red, yellow. ★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ You come out of it better than most in a period of confusion, but the personal affairs of many could get in a mess. Sept. 6-8 bad, especially for 11th-19th bracket, but Sept. 11-12 is better.</p>
<p>VIRGO AUG. 23—SEPT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Gambling colors, green, red. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.</p>	<p>★ Although this is not a good time, get important business or new moves under way before next week, which is really wild. Sept. 6-8 and 10th are full of snarly pitfalls.</p>
<p>LIBRA SEPT. 24—OCT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. ★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey. ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Mon.</p>	<p>★ Main target for a bunch of bogle stars are home matters, real estate, and finance. The budget could get in a tangle, and you could get diddled, hence caution, especially 6th and 8th.</p>
<p>SCORPIO OCT. 24—NOV. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Gambling colors, blue, brown. ★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.</p>	<p>★ You'll be called on to use that detective flair—there's an 007 atmosphere surrounding your personal life, plus a message loud and clear to stay put. There may be tension at home.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23—DEC. 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Gambling colors, black, white. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.</p>	<p>★ Usually on target, you could easily miss this week—and it could lead to confusion and trouble. Important letters should be shelved. Zipping the lip will pay off, too.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN DEC. 22—JAN. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. ★ Gambling colors, rose, navy. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ Although your ruling star behaves himself, other planets get at loggheads. The result is some chaos at home and with muddling friends. Domestic to-do possible, 10th.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS JAN. 21—FEB. 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Gambling colors, brown, green. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Friendship means a lot to Aquarians, and this week friends loom larger than life. There is trouble around, so start nothing new, and watch out for a snake in the grass.</p>
<p>PISCES FEB. 20—MAR. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Gambling colors, green, black. ★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ If you have any legal business, try to postpone it until after Sept. 9. There's a lot of misinformation and wrong thinking about, and law matters could develop a devilish tail.</p>

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"ANNETTE." — Printed caftan with black braid trim is available in spruce/orange/green, navy/red/green, saxe/turquoise/orange, and navy/pink/green cotton.



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bust, \$11.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$11.95.

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Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

● NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 46. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



and calls waitresses 'sweetheart.' I'll dig two girl-size holes and plant you and Annette in them." "He smokes a pipe," Judy said, then grabbed at the grass in misery. Her father had smoked a pipe.

Her mother got up hastily and pulled Judy to her feet. "Let's get breakfast. I'm starved."

At school the next day, Judy told Annette it would be all right if her uncle called her mother. Three days later, he phoned.

"He invited me to hear the Leon Fleisher concert," her mother said, her voice flatly matter-of-fact. She pulled a yellowed leaf from the ivy plant on the windowsill and crumpled it in her hand. "It's all in what you tell yourself. I'm not saying that I'm going out with a man I've never met. Instead, I tell myself that I'm going to hear

Leon Fleisher play Beethoven. I think of Mitchell Baker as a pumpkin chariot that will whisk me to the concert, then whisk me back home again."

"Mitchell Baker doesn't look at all like a pumpkin," Judy said.

Her mother glanced at her watch. "I'll see for myself in an hour."

Judy was startled. "You're going tonight?"

"Yes." Her mother brushed a hair back from Judy's forehead, then touched her cheek. "You're just like me — always stricken with misgivings when someone follows your advice. Come on. I'll give you dinner."

ALL IN GOOD TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

"You'd better get dressed. I'll get my own dinner."

"There's beef stew. And cherry pie."

Judy knew she'd never get the beef stew down. She settled on waffles and ate them dry, not bothering to get the syrup. She felt jittery and ill-tempered, and just to give herself something to think about she tried to decide what her mother would wear. Leaving the cherry pie uneaten, she went upstairs to see, but then turned back and ended up sitting on the floor in the living-room, splitting stale pistachio nuts she had found in the candy dish.

"Is my skirt too short?" her

mother asked as she came downstairs.

Judy swallowed a nut so quickly it made her throat hurt. "You look perfect. Really."

Her mother looked at her for what seemed an eternity. Then she laughed, a tight, sad little laugh. "It's a cockeyed world, isn't it, honey? Here we are, a mother and her fifteen-year-old daughter. And who's going off on a blind date? Me — old Ma."

"You'll enjoy the concert," Judy said. She got up and walked across to the piano bench and sat down.

"Judy, why don't you ask Annette to come over? I'd feel better if you had company."

"I've got too much homework." Judy twisted around to the piano and started to play a Bach invention. She stopped halfway through and played a different one. Then she played "Green-sleeves" and was fiddling with "Scarlet Ribbons" when the door-bell rang. Her muscles went taut, but she kept on playing, hearing her mother's footsteps click on the tile of the hall.

Then a man's voice. Low. She kept on playing, as if she might somehow manage to create a river of sound that would carry her mother and Mitchell Baker out of the house without her ever having to look at them.

"And I believe you've met Judy?"

Judy's fingers flattened on the piano keys. She turned with a smile prepared.

Mitchell Baker smiled back. He was even taller than she remembered. And younger. "You play so well. Perhaps we should stay and listen to you," he said.

"Judy plays beautifully — don't let her fool you." Her mother looked perfectly poised, but Judy could tell that her voice was unnaturally brisk.

* Mitchell Baker moved to the window overlooking the garden. "Who has the green thumb?"

"A very pale green, I'm afraid," her mother said.

He looked at Judy. "Do you garden?"

"I pull weeds." "That's about the extent of my talents, too."

Her mother put her coat over her arm.

"I think you'd better put that on," Mitchell Baker said, and held it for her. The hand, emerging out of the lilac cuff, was bare of a wedding ring.

"Don't study too hard, Judy."

Her mother's eyes clung to hers, but Judy turned from them.

"Goodbye," she said to Mitchell Baker.

He took her hand briefly. "I hope we see each other again."

She didn't answer. She merely watched them as they walked out the door and down the long flagstone path. As they neared the driveway, Mitchell Baker cupped his hand under her mother's elbow. He said something and laughed, and her mother looked up and smiled.

Judy turned sharply and ran to the bedroom she still thought of as her mother's and father's. She opened the white leather jewellery case on the dresser but she saw no wedding ring.

Then she knew where to look — under the soft pile of slips and nightgowns, in the satin bag where her mother kept her father's horn-rimmed reading glasses and keychain with the Mexican run god. She pulled out the ring and flung herself across the bed and began to sob.

It was cooler in the room and darker when her sobs finally eased. She lifted her face from the pillow and saw the moon hanging tissue-paper thin in the violet sky. It was a broken moon. And she knew, lying there, that her father wasn't going to be able to fix it. Any fixing would be her own.

She got up and put the ring carefully back in the satin bag. Then she walked to the window and pressed her forehead against the glass. "Mother," she whispered. "I forgot to tell you. Have a good time."

(c) Barbara Polikoff, 1967.

Here's an interesting statistic . . .

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BUTTERICK PATTERNS

4173.—Semi-fitted A-line dress with high round neckline has centre-front slit, short kimono sleeves, and bow trim. Jacket has bell-shaped sleeves, button-loop closing, is lined to edge, and reversible. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



4304.—Easy-to-make A-line dress with oval neckline gathered into self-band, cut-away armholes. Belled raglan sleeves also included. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4190.—Slightly A-line dress in evening or street length. Full-length sleeves in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.



4301.—Pretty two-piece. Sleeveless overblouse is softly shirred at neckline and slim skirt is darted into waistband. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



2178.—Suit co-ordinates. Contrast back-buttoned overblouse, jacket with contrast facing and collar, slim sheath skirt. Details for self-collared jacket with below-elbow sleeves and flap pockets also included. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 53 cents includes postage.



2198.—Knee-length nightgown and curved yoke and lace trim. Brunch coat, pyjamas, and shortie pyjamas included in pattern. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 50 cents includes postage.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.

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NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MAD DOG DILL, one-time Public Enemy Number One, was responsible for the meeting between Mandrake and Lothar. Dill's role is explained by the magician. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Semaphoring for chauvinists (4-7).
- Batting times (7).
- Nothing starts nothing ends a broken tug to surpass (5).
- Loud clamor about something (3, 3, 3).
- It is of minor importance, but it counts in cricket (3).
- Underdone (4).
- Stockings (4).
- Odd spirit (3).
- To spoil plans you must upset it (5-4).
- A Finn, who was a famous long-distance runner (5).
- Has the right to vote, and, if headless, he is a reader (7).
- Profaning (11).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN



- Cavalry weapon covered with lace (5).
- The son of it is a rogue (3).
- Part of France, which can be used as lace (6).
- A place for concealing articles of value (5-4).
- No dining-room furniture, yet remarkable (7).
- Correct injustice (5, 1, 5).
- One's betters can be non-qualified specialists (4-7).
- A river ant in a story (9).
- Bitter repentance about dots and dashes (7).
- Become visible (6).
- Padded jacket worn under coat of mail (5).
- Consume with tea (3).

Solution of last week's crossword.



WHICH PICTURE FITS YOU?

Are you a fun girl? Or do you drag through the day tired . . . never sick enough to stay in bed, yet never feeling inclined to join in the family fun.

If you have that continually tired feeling . . . if you find yourself being unusually nervy and irritable — perhaps your body is warning you that your blood, tissue, nerves and muscles need an extra supply of essential, health-giving vitamins and minerals!

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